The Outlook

Volume 89 Saturday, July 25, 1908 Number 13

CONTENTS

Campaign Publicity 629
The Prohibitionist Programme 630
Stockholders, Wage-Workers, and Shippers 630
The Cleveland National Forest 631
Concerning Automobiling 632
The Quebec Tercentenary 632
"As Others See" 633
A Reformer in Religious Education. ... 633
America no Longer a Missionary Land. 634
International Congregationalism 635
The Olympic Games 635
The British Patent Law 636
The Emperor Praises the Duma 636
William Mason 637
Theodore Roosevelt 638
The Educational Progress of the Year .. 640
Willing to Work 642
Summer Vesper Sermons: The Crown of Righteousness 643
By Lyman Abbott
The Democratic Convention 645
From a Staff Correspondent
The University and the City in Co-operation 655
By Charles William Dabney
Breakfast Time in Camp 662
By Caroline Dale Snedeker
A Workaday Creed (Poem) 666
By Eleanor Van Allen
M. Paderewski's New Variations 667
By Daniel Gregory Mason
Towboating 672
By Charlotte Teller
The Romance of American Expansion: William Henry Seward and the Alaska Cession 686
By H. Addington Bruce
The Heritage of the Emigrant 698
By Bertha Poole Weyl
Two Great Dairymen 705
By Andrew W. Hopkins and Frank B. Swingle
The Conscript 714
By Honoré de Balzac
I Wandered in the Wood (Poem) 726
By Mary Persis Crafts

Published by the Outlook Company, **287 Fourth Avenue, New York.** Chicago Office, Marquette Building.
The subscription price of The Outlook is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.
Postage is prepaid by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila (Samoa), Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, and Mexico. For Canada $1.20 should be added for postage, and for all other countries in the Postal Union $1.56 should be added for postage.
Change of address: When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.
Orders and instructions for advertising must be received eight days before the Saturday on which it is intended the advertisement shall appear.
Copyright, 1908, by the Outlook Company. Entered as second-class matter in the **New York Post-Office.**

Registered Trade Mark *Established Half a Century*

Dr. Deimel Underwear
(LINEN-MESH)

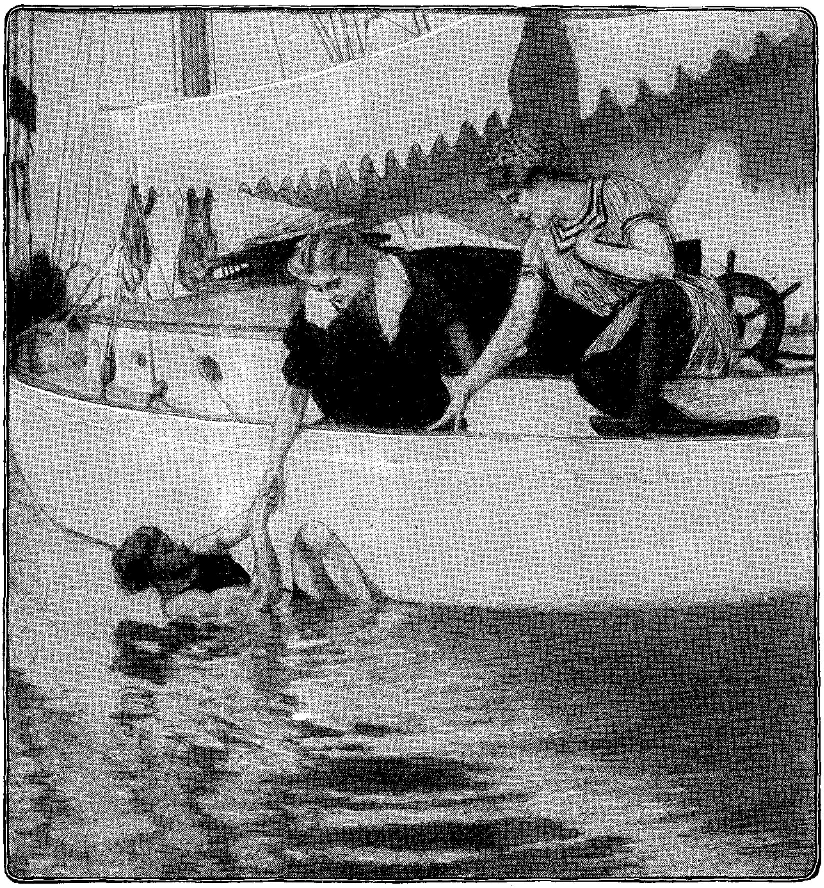
Try it this summer. You will be delighted with the result. It gives a cool, comfortable and healthful feeling no experienced with any other undergarments.

FOR MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

James McCutcheon & Co.

5th Avenue and 34th Street, N. Y. Opposite Waldorf-Astoria

COPYRIGHT 1908 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI



COME ON IN! THE WATER'S FINE!

And don't forget the Ivory Soap.

What if it *does* slip out of your fingers—you won't lose it.

It yields a lather that is a source of never-ending satisfaction, it is so soft and clean and white.

And it rinses easily; every particle of it.

Many soaps, even some of the most expensive ones, leave a film of soap on one's hands and face that only a vigorous toweling will remove.

That is not true of Ivory Soap. All it leaves is a feeling of absolute cleanliness.

Ivory Soap . . . . It Floats.

The Outlook

NEW YORK, JULY 25, 1908

Vol. 89
No. 13

Published by the Outlook Company, 287 Fourth Ave., New York. Chicago Office, Marquette Building.
Lawrence F. Abbott, President. William B. Howland, Treasurer. Karl V. S. Howland, Secretary.
Lyman Abbott, Editor-in-Chief. H. W. Mabie, Associate Editor. R. D. Townsend, Managing Editor.

$3 a year
10c. a copy

Campaign Publicity

Both the great parties have committed themselves to the policy of making public the accounts of their campaign funds, and the two candidates have on this point led their respective parties. On this issue, if it can be called an issue, each party has some advantage over the other. The Democratic party has written its promise into its platform, thus doing what the Republican Convention discreditably refused to do. The Democratic National Committee, moreover, at the specific request of Mr. Bryan, has announced that the accounts of the Democratic fund will be made public before election, namely, on October 15, and that all sums received after that date will be published upon the date on which they are received; that the publication of the names of contributors will apply to every item over one hundred dollars, and that no contribution of more than one hundred dollars will be received within three days before the election. In this respect the Democrats are in a position superior to that occupied by the Republicans, who have heretofore only promised to announce their accounts after the votes are cast. In two respects, however, the Republicans have a distinct advantage over the Democrats. Though their policy of publicity is not less voluntary than the Democrats', it is one which they have chosen to carry out in accordance with the law of New York State, which demands statements under oath, and provides severe penalties. The Republicans, moreover, have chosen in Mr. George R. Sheldon a treasurer who has in a State campaign rendered public the accounts of a campaign fund, and, therefore, who has a record which stands as a pledge of good faith. As to the Democratic plan of concealing the names of contributors sending in less than one hundred dollars, and of refusing any contribution of over ten thousand dollars, there is room for debate. Something reasonable may be said in favor of secrecy of contributions, on the same ground on which believers in good government defend the secrecy of the ballot; but it is perfectly possible for an appearance of openness to mask a real concealment; for a contribution of a thousand dollars, for instance, could be divided into ten contributions of a hundred dollars each, sent under dummy names. It may be also said that the setting of ten thousand dollars as a maximum accords with no principle and is purely factitious; that, moreover, there is no reason why any man may not contribute to a party as much as he pleases, so long as he contributes openly. As to campaign contributions from corporations, that question ought to be beyond discussion. Indeed, it is hard to escape the conclusion that there is something either disingenuous or ignorant in the assumption of virtue on the part of the Democratic National Committee in announcing that it would not accept any contribution from a corporation, and on the part of the Democratic Convention in demanding a law prohibiting corporations from contributing to a campaign fund. The Democratic leaders ought to know, if they do not, that a Federal law on the subject is already on the statute-books, which provides

> That it shall be unlawful for any National bank, or any corporation organized by authority of any laws of Congress, to make a money contribution in connection with any election to any political office. It shall also be unlawful for any corporation whatever to make a money contribution in connection with any election at which Presidential and Vice-Presidential electors or a Representative in Congress is to be voted for, or any election by any State legislature of a United States Senator.

The penalty which this law provides includes fine or imprisonment or both.

This law was passed and approved in January, 1907. In those who undertake to act as guides in political morals, ignorance on this subject is only less excusable than false pretense. In the meantime all good citizens can take pleasure in seeing these two great parties competing for the honors in a game of campaign publicity.

The Prohibitionist Programme

In spite of its name, the Prohibition party, which held its Convention last week in Columbus, Ohio, presents a platform that is not by any means all negative. In contrast to the platform of the Democratic and of the Republican party, that of the Prohibitionists is brief: its fourteen planks, with a preamble and a conclusion, could all be easily printed in one column of The Outlook. These planks include, of course, the suppression of the traffic in alcoholic beverages by Constitutional amendments and by Federal laws for Territories, dependencies, and inter-State commerce, accompanied by the abolition of the internal revenue tax; and, by vigorous enforcement of law, the suppression also of the social evil and of the "unspeakable traffic" that fosters it. Other distinctive planks are: "Uniform marriage and divorce laws," "Court review of Post-Office Department decisions," "Legislation basing suffrage only on intelligence and ability to read and write the English language." The remaining planks, with perhaps slight modification, set forth reforms advocated by the larger parties. The nominees are, for President, Eugene W. Chapin, of Chicago, who is also his party's nominee for Governor of his State, and, for Vice-President, Professor Aaron S. Watkins, of Ada, Ohio. One interesting incident of the Convention was the presentation to the National Committee of $906, the income from a farm which had been given to the party by the will of an adherent, to be kept intact in order that its profits might go to the Prohibition fund. It is to be remembered that the Prohibition party does not represent the entire temperance movement or even specifically the whole of the movement against the saloons. The fight against the public bar and against alcoholism is not to be measured by the fortunes of any one political party.

Stockholders, Wage-Workers, and Shippers

An old fable represents the different parts of the body each struggling to show itself that body's chief essential. The three elements having to do with railway transportation are just now engaged in a like struggle—the stockholders, the wage-workers, and the shippers. In 1907 railway net earnings were the largest on record. The results of last autumn's panic, as affecting transportation, were not evident until this year, the first half of which has been disastrous to traffic earnings and to consequent credit. Railways now need credit to obtain money with which to keep up their present physical condition and to provide for legitimate development. Credit depends upon earnings. In order to issue new stock the railways must earn enough to pay a fair rate of dividend. Some of them are unable to do so at present. Hence during the past six months certain companies have commendably reduced their dividends, in most instances with advantage to their credit. Other companies were able to maintain their accustomed dividend rate; still others, unable to maintain dividends from earnings, paid that accustomed rate from surplus, generally to their disadvantage, financially and morally. A surplus, that is to say a margin of earnings, in addition to those applied to expenses and dividend requirements, is essential to a railway's reputation. These surpluses are dwindling. How shall they be maintained, and how shall additional capital be obtained? As a basis for the issuance of new securities, earnings must be larger. How may they be increased? The reply has been: Either by reducing wages or by increasing freight rates. Considering the character of the service rendered and the increase of the cost of living, perhaps the present wage-scale is none too high. But, if it should be, its reduction could not become effective, it is believed, except at the end of a wide-spread and prolonged conflict with organized labor, at a cost to the country's business interests of ten times the amount involved in any reasonable increase in freight rates.

❀

Will the Railways Increase their Freight Rates?

As a decrease in railway wages seems out of the question, some transportation companies propose to raise their freight rates, in the expectation of obtaining a needed increase in their earnings. Despite the recent advance in wages, in the cost of materials, and in the cost of living, American shippers have enjoyed a long period of low freight rates. But this is hardly a reason for increasing them at a time of general depression, and impairing the buying value of those on whom the railways depend—the shippers. To this those who would increase them reply that the general market has begun to rise, and they propose to rise with it. It may be that in some instances and in some localities a slight increase of rates is justifiable. But the problem is complicated. For instance, transportation companies operating in the West, with its cheering outlook for bumper crops, are in a different position from those operating in industrial New England, a locality which may not so soon feel the return of good times. Any "horizontal" or general increase or decrease in rates—a flat ten per cent, for example—therefore, applicable all over the country, would hardly work with equal justice. On the other hand, particular increases in rates anywhere, if unreasonable, would invite complaint before the Inter-State Commerce Commission. There is only one way for all railway companies to obtain their desired credit and capital without incurring enmity, and that is to obtain it from the expected new business. For, as Judge Gary said, as reported in last week's Outlook, the signs are at hand that the country has now taken an upward agricultural and industrial trend. This should immediately affect the railways and give to them the credit which they naturally desire. A majority of the presidents of the Trunk Line Association have declared against rate advances at the present time; they add that a general advance in all rates has at no time been contemplated. An agreement to make such a general advance, as Mr. Clements, of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, is reported as saying, might bring the railways under that clause of the Anti-Trust Law which forbids pooling. Such an offense would not come under the jurisdiction of the Commission, however, but of the Department of Justice.

❀

The Cleveland National Forest

By proclamation of the President the name of the San Jacinto National Forest has been changed to the Cleveland National Forest. As Mr. Roosevelt says in his letter to Mrs. Cleveland, in which he announces the signing of the proclamation, the new name is given in recognition of President Cleveland's great services in promoting the policy of preserving the forests. It was he who, by proclamation in 1897, set apart the forest reserve which will hereafter bear his name. "President Cleveland," writes President Roosevelt, "was one of the first to recognize the need of forest preservation, and the creation of the San Jacinto and other forest reserves, with a total area of 25,686,320 acres, was one of the results of his foresight in this direction. Throughout his life he took great interest in conserving the natural resources of the Nation, and I particularly regretted his inability to attend the meeting of the Governors in May, because that meeting was in part the fruit of seed he had sown years before. The name of Grover Cleveland will always be prominently identified with the movement to protect the forests of the United States, and it seemed to me eminently fitting that one of the forests which he created should bear his name throughout all time." This vast wooded domain, named by a Republican President whose extension of the National forests has been among the most notable of his achievements, and bearing the name of a Democratic President who created it and who is in no small degree entitled to the honor of originating the forest policy of the United States, will stand as an enduring monument to the non-partisan character of the movement that has established and maintained these noble National possessions.

Concerning Automobiling

The New York Times of July 14 reports five automobile accidents occurring on the same day: two in Greenwich, Connecticut, one in Louisville, Kentucky, and two in Germany; all of them accompanied by serious injury to the occupants, one of them by a death. It is difficult to persuade the public, who find in almost every morning's paper a report of one or more automobile accidents of a serious nature, that it is as safe to drive an engine twenty to forty miles an hour over a highway as to drive a pair of horses eight or ten miles an hour. It is certain that the present law is not adequate for the protection of persons traveling on the highway from reckless drivers of automobiles. The automobile has become almost a necessity; it certainly is a permanent method of locomotion to which society must adapt itself, and from the careless use of which society must protect itself. In our judgment, the law fixing a maximum rate of speed is an almost wholly useless law, since there is no recognized method by which the rate of speed can be determined by persons outside the car unless they time the machine with a stop-watch. Moreover, there are stretches of straight road upon which thirty miles an hour is less reckless driving than eight or ten miles an hour is upon winding roads, or with a precipice upon one side, or through a forest where a long look ahead is impossible. The Outlook submits the following as a tentative scheme of law for the regulation of this new method of locomotion: 1. Making all reckless driving a penal offense punishable by fine or imprisonment or both; leaving the court to determine, under all the circumstances of the case, whether the driving was reckless or not. 2. A certain normal rate of speed, any excess of speed raising a legal presumption that the driving was reckless, and throwing the burden of proof upon the driver to show that it was not. 3. For a second offense, the imprisonment of the automobile. If a man does not know how to use an automobile with safety to the public, it should be taken away from him; if it were taken away from him, both the owner and the chauffeur would suffer the consequences of the reckless driving, and both ought to suffer. At the same time a fine should be imposed on the owner sufficient to pay the town for the care of the automobile during the six months or year it was in charge of the town. 4. Provision requiring any person, whether owner or chauffeur, to take out a license before he may drive an automobile, the license to be based upon his proved capacity to manage it, exactly as an engineer of a stationary engine is required to take out a license before he is permitted to operate one. These do not seem to us to be unreasonable regulations for the protection of pedestrians, carriage-drivers, and prudent automobilists against the recklessness of incompetent and careless chauffeurs and owners. We should like to hear what our automobile readers think.

⁂

The Quebec Tercentenary

The celebration in progress this week at Quebec bids fair to be one of the most notable events of its kind ever held on the American continent. It would be superfluous to rehearse here the intense and varied interest of Quebec historically, from the landing of Champlain, through the French régime, on to the triumph and death of General Wolfe. To this day it remains one of the very few cities on this side the ocean which have retained in outward appearance the quaintness and picturesqueness of the old days. The programme of the tercentenary really covers a fortnight, which began on July 16 with the arrival of six British men-of-war; but the most popular and striking incidents followed the announcements made in the streets on Monday by mounted heralds-at-arms and men-of-the-watch costumed as in the time of Champlain. To mention but a few of the events thus heralded, there were planned for successive days: several performances of a splendid pageant on the Plains of Abraham, in which four thousand people take part, a brilliant greeting to the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his landing, a mimic duplication of the landing of Champlain on his ship the Don de Dieu, with a historic procession to be reviewed by the Prince before the Champlain Monument, a night illumination of the combined fleets and the country round about and a display of fireworks on the Heights of Levis, the dedication of the Quebec battlefields, a great official Government ball, concerts, athletic sports, children's fêtes, receptions, and on Sunday a Messe Solennelle on the Plains of Abraham and a memorial service at the English Cathedral, at which the Prince of Wales will be present. This is a programme to excite the expectations of the most jaded sightseer; a special representative of The Outlook will try to give a pen-picture for the reader who is not fortunate enough to be present. Among the distinguished guests of honor are the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Dudley, Sir Arthur de Villiers, Lord Roberts, representatives of almost all the British colonies, of France, and of America; Mr. George Wolfe, a descendant of General Wolfe; Captain Murray, a descendant of General Murray; Marquis de Levis and Marquis de Levis-Miropoix.

❀

"As Others See" Mrs. Humphry Ward, who is interested in the anti-woman's suffrage movement in England, and has recently visited this country, where she has been making some study of our social and political conditions, has written a letter to the London Times, giving the results of her observations concerning the woman's suffrage movement in the United States. Her letter is interesting and valuable because it gives the view of a foreign observer whose impartiality the advocates of woman's suffrage may question, but whose intelligence and fair-mindedness cannot be questioned by any intelligent and fair-minded person. A passage from this letter we here reproduce because it enables us to see ourselves as others see us:

> After sixty years' agitation . . . the woman suffrage demand . . . is now in process of defeat and extinction, and that not at the hands of men, but at the hands of women themselves. Recent attempts have been made to revive it, especially by suffragists from this side of the water. But the results have been very small, and will only serve to strengthen the hands of the opposition. Since 1896, indeed, in five States the suffrage constitutional amendments have been defeated at the polls, and in 1903 the legislatures of thirteen States rejected woman suffrage bills of one type or another. School suffrage has been secured for women in twenty-five States, but the striking thing is that the suffrage agitation and the "unwise pressure brought to bear on legislatures and public officials" has hindered the natural progress of women in this field of work so well suited to them. In two States—Connecticut and Ohio—the abolition of the school suffrage has actually been discussed. School suffrage votes have been defeated in five States in the last three years, and a bill "requiring that at least one-third of the members of Boards of Education appointed by mayors should be women was defeated in New York in 1899." This melancholy result—from an English point of view—seems to be mainly due to the general disapproval and opposition which the woman suffrage movement has excited.

Mrs. Ward favors the influence of women in matters of educational and social reform; she approves of their taking some share in local government; and she suggests some methods by which this can be done without involving them in the duties and responsibilities of general suffrage. But she is also clear that "the present women's agitation, interfering as it does with the power and responsibility of men in those spheres where men are alone competent to act, and must act, for the common benefit of the State, should meet with a speedy and effective opposition among women themselves." She declares that in the United States "the suffrage movement has been checked, and will be ultimately defeated, by women themselves," and she calls on the women of England—the silent women who are opposed to the suffrage movement—to accomplish by their active opposition the same result.

❀

A Reformer in Religious Education If not only pupils in the Sunday-schools, but also people in the churches, are studying the Bible with more intelligence and understanding than formerly, it is due in a considerable degree to what are popularly known as the Blakeslee Lessons. Dr. Erastus Blakeslee, who devised and developed the system of study bearing the name of The Bible Study Union Lessons, died last week in Brookline, Massachusetts, in his seventieth year. He was a Civil War veteran, who enlisted as a private, and held every rank from Second Lieutenant to Colonel, and at the end of the war was commissioned Brevet Brigadier-General of Volunteers for gallant conduct. After engaging in business, he entered the ministry. It was during his pastorate at Spencer, Massachusetts, that he, realizing the need for more systematic study of the Bible, arranged a special series of lessons for his young people. Out of these grew the series of lessons which he published for general use in Sunday-schools. About a year after their publication, he resigned his pastorate in order to devote himself wholly to the development of the idea that they embodied. Failing to secure the recognition of his principles in the International Lessons, he became the head of a separate movement. Before he began his work in 1891, the almost invariable method among the Sunday-schools involved the study of the Bible by piecemeal. Little passages of Scripture were printed on leaflets, or in pamphlets, and distributed among the pupils. Then a teacher, generally unprepared by any special study, or indeed by any previous thought, engaging the attention of the pupils as best she could, undertook to deliver to her class a little homily with this passage as a text; or drew out from them by turns little homilies in answer to questions printed in the accompanying "Helps." Young people in this wise might receive very good counsel, but they acquired very little knowledge; they might learn to repeat phrases and verses, but they learned almost nothing of the message of any writer as a whole, or the significance of any period or movement in Biblical history. In his system of lessons, Dr. Blakeslee insisted on two things: first, the use by the pupils, not of substitutes for the Bible, or fragments, but the Bible itself; second, some continuity of the study of a writing or a period. Another element in the Blakeslee system is the grading of classes. Under the methods that had grown up, every class and every school studied the same passage of Scripture on the same day. Dr. Blakeslee did away with this practice, which involved requiring the infant class and the group of mature men and women in the Bible class to traverse the same ground together. Though not by any means ideal, and though, of course, affected by the necessity of conforming in some degree to the bad habits in which the churches had been educated, these lessons wrought a very beneficent change in many Sunday-schools. They have been proved practicable, not only in great city churches which can call upon comparatively skilled teachers, but also in country churches whose resources are small in money and limited in personnel. These lessons have had a perceptible influence upon the International Lessons, as seen in the restoration of the Bible to many Sunday-schools, and in the adoption so recently as this year by the International Lesson Committee of an optional course of graded lessons. In the general progress of Bible study there have been, of course, other influences, such as the American Institute of Sacred Literature and the Religious Education Association, but no influence has been more direct and widespread than that which Dr. Blakeslee exerted.

❀

America no Longer a Missionary Land

Pope Pius X has reorganized the courts of the Vatican. Popular interest, however, will be more awakened in a particular reform of administration than by those of organization. The Congregation of the Propaganda was established to deal with all questions concerning missionary lands and lands which have no diplomatic representative at the Vatican. The Pope now removes from its jurisdiction the United States, Great Britain, Canada, Newfoundland, Gibraltar, Holland, and Luxemburg. Thus these countries cease to be considered missionary lands. Instead of applying to the Propaganda for the decision of all questions, these countries will now apply to the congregation particularly involved by the particular question. But the most immediate change of administration will be seen in the creation of new dioceses and the appointment of new bishops. Instead of being dealt with by the many cardinals who compose the Congregation of the Propaganda, these matters will now be dealt with directly by the Cardinal Secretary of State, who has daily audiences with the Pope. The Congregation of the Consistory will then carry out the papal decision. The American hierarchy, for instance, will now treat directly with the Pope, just as the French, Austrian, and Spanish do. In this country the procedure as to the nomination of candidates, however, will continue the same; that is to say, the priests and bishops of a diocese or archdiocese ballot for three names, each of these names being sent to Rome. It is to be presumed that the names will now be considered more expeditiously, whether more dispassionately we are not prepared to say. At all events, the change will, we believe, bring about a more sympathetic general relation between the countries above mentioned and the Vatican. The new order of things in general is another indication that Pius X, conservative in certain directions—as in his relations with France, for instance—is not ultra-conservative as regards some other branches of his administration.

❀

International Congregationalism

Close upon the Pan-Anglican Congress at London, the International Council of the Congregational Churches at Edinburgh has just ended. Five continents were represented in its membership. Over a hundred delegates sailed from Boston, and about fifty from Montreal. At London in 1891, and at Boston in 1900, the Council met at home, so to speak, but not so this year. Congregationalism in Scotland may remind one of "a lodge in a garden of cucumbers"—Isaiah's simile for beleaguered Jerusalem. But this meeting in the citadel of Presbyterianism was not infelicitously appointed. It imparted warmth and encouragement to the little Congregational Union in North Britain. It received from the "Auld Kirk," the Established Church of Scotland, an expression of more intimate relationship than could be had at present from the Established Church of England. Besides the hearty welcome given it by Dr. Theodore Marshall, Moderator of the Kirk, it was greeted with a fraternal address by a deputation of ministers and elders of the United Free Presbyterian Church, headed by Dr. Alexander Whyte. The Lord Provost and magistrates of Edinburgh also came to welcome the Council, and the city's hospitality was generous. Sir Albert Spicer, M.P., distinguished among English Congregationalists by eminent services, was chosen Moderator. The addresses and discussions which filled the week proceeded from the theoretical to the practical. The theological basis of the churches, its relation to philosophy, to the evangelical facts, and to Christian experience, with the limits of its restatement, came first; then such subjects as disestablishment, the socialistic movement, moral leadership, culture, and philanthropy, the training of the ministry, church polity and fellowship. The note of the conservative and of the progressive were each strongly pronounced. Of the former the most prominent representative was Principal Forsyth, of London, in the opening address—"Forgiveness through the Atonement the Essential of Evangelical Christianity"—which suggested certain aspects of scholastic theology subtly modernized. Of the latter the most prominent was the Council sermon by Dr. Gordon, of Boston—on which The Outlook commented last week—a noble argument for the freedom of religious faith for "revision, expansion, revolution in the intellectual life, as knowledge grows and insight deepens." The programme of the Council has been criticised with some reason as capable of betterment, and seems to have aroused rather feeble interest in the English Congregational Churches.

❀

The Olympic Games

No fewer than twenty countries were represented last week in the Olympic contests at the enormous Stadium built for the occasion in the London suburbs. This structure can seat sixty-eight thousand spectators, while there is standing room for about twenty-three thousand more. Unfortunately, the weather has not been of the best, and partly for this reason, partly because of lack of organized publicity, and partly perhaps because track athletics do not fire the popular love of a fiercely fought combat like football, the attendance has been meager as compared with the preparations. There seems also to have been a lack of system in arranging the plans—at least, it is a little difficult at this distance to tell just what contests belong to the Olympic Games proper, and what are going on simultaneously but separately. The American athletes are chiefly concerned in field and track athletics (which may be said most closely to stand as the modern successors of the Greek games) and will base their claims to success on what is called international scoring—five points for a first, three for a second, one for a third; the Olympic managers, on the other hand, will only recognize the first man in each contest as a winner, and after some wavering have decided not to award any general international championship. The American victory in rifle shooting at Bisley just before the Olympic Games was most gratifying, and has been followed by a greater degree of success in the Games proper than that attained by any other nation except Great Britain; the last-named country, however, is, as we write, before the conclusion of the contests, far in the lead. The entire programme for Olympic and non-Olympic sports included such varied trials of speed, skill, or strength as swimming, javelin throwing, hurdle racing, discus hurling, pole vaulting, all kinds of walking and running races, gymnastic exercises by societies of men and women, bicycling, water-polo, shot-putting, and even miniature-rifle shooting. It has been pointed out that the American delegation alone "comprised Anglo-Saxon, Teuton, Slav, Celt, black Ethiopian, and red Indian." An odd outcropping of national feeling was seen in the desire of the Irish and Finnish delegations not to be classed as British and Russian—a desire promptly suppressed by the managers. About twenty-five hundred athletes marched before King Edward on the opening day, and this was by no means the whole number present. There have been some complaints as to the fairness of the rules, but that was perhaps inevitable.

The British Patent Law

The new British Patent Law may accomplish for Great Britain something of what the Protectionists there want to accomplish by a reform in the British fiscal policy. Henceforth, in order to keep a patent inviolable in Great Britain, a foreign manufacturer who patents his process there must establish factories for the manufacture of his product. For instance, the manufacturers of American typewriters and cash registers must henceforth make their products in Great Britain. Already a shoe machinery firm and a safety razor company have started plants in England to comply with the law. It is believed that about $125,000,000 of foreign capital during the next twelve months will be invested in factories in Great Britain, mostly by American and German firms. The new law affects Germany even more than it does America, if we may judge from last year's percentage of applications for British patents, 36 per cent from Germany as against 26 per cent from the United States. German politicians, influenced by that important representative body, the Bund der Industriellen, are now clamoring for retaliation, quite forgetting, it would seem, their own stringent patent law and their ultra-protectionist tariff. Our position is better than the German, because our patent laws are virtually as liberal as were those of Great Britain. Hence we can retaliate by compelling the British patentee in America to make his products in this country. But we may be sharply reminded, in the course of time, that Americans have registered about three patents in London for every patent registered in Washington by Englishmen. It will be interesting to see, nevertheless, what Congress will do to satisfy the expected clamor from our typewriter, cash register, shoe machinery, safety razor, and other companies, who now consider themselves rather "hard hit" by the British Patent Law.

❀

The Emperor Praises the Duma

In signing the decree for the adjournment of the Duma, the Lower House of the Russian Parliament, which has just closed its session, Nicholas

II expressed general approval of the Duma's work, mentioning especially its attitude towards three administrative departments—those of education, the army, and the navy. Regarding the first, his Majesty frankly sympathized with the Duma's championship of "student universities"—the new university system, with practically full autonomy and free from the Government's former tutelage—and, as reported, specially approved the motion in the Duma, made by Professor Paul Milyukov, the liberal deputy, to permit so-called "listeners" to complete their courses of study. As to the army, the Emperor was apparently no less frank. He declared himself impressed with the earnestness of the attacks made by the Octobrist (Moderate) leader, Guchkov, upon the unnecessary number of grand dukes in high military position, having obtained preferment through birth rather than through ability and experience. Incredible as it may seem, Nicholas II is said openly to have concurred in President Khomyakov's suggestion that the presence of so many grand dukes in the army was, in reality, militating against the true monarchical principle. The Duma's criticism of the double-headed and triple-headed authority existing in the army, in consequence of the practical duplication of positions, was met by his Majesty's announcement of contemplated reforms. Finally, as to the navy, the Emperor even approved the Duma's rejection of the battle-ship scheme, saying that it was easy to understand Parliament's refusal of piecemeal appropriations until a comprehensive programme could be presented. If Nicholas II now shows himself disposed to treat the Duma not only with respect, but with sympathy, the Duma, in turn, shows itself disposed as never before to co-operate with the Government. Having rejected the Government's extreme financial proposals, it signalized its adjournment by passing a great budget.

❀

William Mason No other American had more intimate relations with the great men of music in his day than William Mason. His death last week, in his eightieth year, severs one of the few strands that have connected this day with one of the golden eras in music. Dr. Mason had made the acquaintance of Schumann, Liszt, Brahms, Wagner, Rubinstein, Raff, Joachim, and a large number of other musicians of the middle of the last century. With some of these, including Liszt, he was on intimate terms. His life covered also a period of great expansion in musical appreciation in America and contributed largely to it. He came of a musical family. His father, Dr. Lowell Mason, whose name is known to-day chiefly because of the enduring hymn tunes he composed, was one of the musical pioneers of the country. As a boy William Mason frequently accompanied his father on his tours for the purpose of conducting "musical conventions," which were more than singing schools, rather what might be called embryonic music festivals. From his experiences he unquestionably not only learned music, but also received an unconscious training in observing his father's extraordinary skill as a teacher. When twenty years old he went abroad. Of the five years during which he studied, mainly in Germany, the last he spent as a member of the famous circle which surrounded Liszt at Weimar. Since then, for over fifty years, he has been one of the influential musical forces in America. His reputation as a pianist is exceeded by his reputation as a teacher. Indeed, he deliberately abandoned the life of a virtuoso that he might devote himself to teaching. He has been more than a teacher of the piano; he has been an apostle of the musical art. He was virtually, if not literally, the first to give piano recitals (unembellished with vocal "attractions") in the United States. With Theodore Thomas, as the first violin of a string quartet, he helped to introduce Brahms to American audiences as early as 1855. He did perhaps more than any one else to make Schumann known here. Telling of his experiences, he wrote in his "Memories of a Musical Life":

> Shortly after my return from Germany I went to Breusig's, then one of the principal music-stores in the city—the Schirmers are his successors—and asking for certain compositions by Schumann, I was informed that they had his music in stock, but as there was

no demand for it, it was packed away in a bundle and kept in the basement. Pretty soon, however, my pupils began calling for Schumann's pieces, and Schumann moved up from the cellar to the main floor.

With Theodore Thomas and John Knowles Paine, William Mason ought to be remembered with gratitude by all Americans who share in those riches which the education of the public in musical taste has made possible.

❀

Theodore Roosevelt

Theodore Roosevelt's declination of the Presidency would have been more dramatic, but not more real, if the Republican Convention had nominated him by acclamation and he had declined by telegraph. Had he spoken a word of consent, he would have received the nomination with but insignificant opposition. Had he not exerted all the influence he possessed to prevent the nomination, it would have been proffered to him despite his anticipatory declination. We doubt whether any President ever worked so hard to secure a renomination as Theodore Roosevelt has worked to prevent it. Friends and foes, agreed in nothing else, did agree in this, that had he been nominated he would have been elected and that no one but himself could prevent the nomination. The country has never seen such an act of renunciation, so persistently maintained, against pressure so strong and so constant, against appeals to public spirit so sincere and fervent, from so great a mass of confidence and affection. And this inflexible determination to lay down the office at the time which he had before fixed in his own mind and announced to the public is the more notable because exercised by one who, while in the office, had stood, against all critics, for the dignity and the power of the Chief Executive, had successfully combined with it the position of popular party leader, and had unreservedly and unaffectedly declared the delight experienced in the strenuous life which the office involved. Nor was this resistance to the popular demand due wholly either to his post-election pledge or to his devotion to the anti-third term tradition; more than to either, it was due to his conviction that the new policies which he had inaugurated could best be promoted by making himself immune from any reasonable suspicion of using his office to promote his own personal ambition.

Popularity does not always demonstrate the possession of either patriotism or statesmanship. Marius was not a patriot nor Aaron Burr a statesman. Brilliant qualities may temporarily dazzle, and appeals to popular prejudice or passion may only reflect, when they appear to convince, democracy. The apparent leader is sometimes really a follower. What a courtier is to royalty a demagogue is to democracy. On the other hand, infelicitous peculiarities of temper or manner may obscure real worth and give superficial criticism an opportunity of which it is never slow to take advantage. Thus contemporary and historical judgments are not always identical. Who cares now for the loose-fitting garments, the awkward manners, or the homely features of Abraham Lincoln, except as they help to emphasize his human and lovable qualities? Who thinks him vacillating because he was patient, or frivolous because he found relief from the burdens of his life in a humor not always refined? History will undoubtedly report Mr. Roosevelt as the most popular President that ever occupied the White House. Will it also report him one of the greatest? We believe that it will.

The United States in the first hundred and twenty years of its existence grew in territory, in population, in wealth, and in the complexity of its problems far beyond the farthest possible foresight of its founders. Moreover, while politically it grew more democratic, industrially it grew more autocratic. Absorbed, first, in their pioneer problems, then in those growing out of slavery, the Civil War, and Reconstruction, the people had neither time nor thought to give to the great but unrecognized changes going on in the social life and structure of the Nation. Popular discontent with industrial conditions found at length a voice in Mr. Bryan; but, unfortunately, he spoke not only for, but chiefly to, the discontented. The prosperous and satisfied would not listen, or listened only in wrath or scorn. Mr. Roosevelt is by temperament a democrat, but by birth and education an aristocrat. Politically he belonged to the party which possesses, in the North, a majority of the wealth and culture and of the privileges which wealth and culture bring. When he spoke, those formerly heedless gave heed. He has been criticised for his method—too noisy, it is said. But when a people are asleep, noise is necessary to wake them up. Mr. Roosevelt's methods have wakened, none too soon, a somnolent class.

This he has done as an agitator. As a reformer he has seen not merely what the people wish, but what they need. In interpreting their needs and in suggesting remedies he has combined two qualities not often combined in the same person—high ideals and practical efficiency. He has sought to transform the Republican party from one of special privilege to one of equal opportunity. He is accused of imposing upon it new and strange policies: this accusation would be his highest praise had he not also succeeded in infusing it with a new spirit. Railway rate regulation, conservation of natural resources, improved waterways, forest and mining land reservation, have all one object in view—the preservation for all the people of the values which rightfully belong to all the people. There are rights of private property; these the Republican party has always insisted on. There are also rights of public property; these, in spite of much opposition from old-time leaders, Mr. Roosevelt has induced the Republican party to insist upon. But with these ideals is accompanied political efficiency. To accomplish this conservation of the public welfare a strong government is necessary; and a strong government Mr. Roosevelt is neither afraid to demand nor to administer. His ideal is equable railway rates; he would secure this ideal, not by making the railways weak, but by making the Government strong. His ideal is international peace. International peace he would secure, not by making the Nation defenseless, but by equipping it with an adequate navy. He is accused of stretching the Constitution, and no doubt he is at odds with those who think that local liberty requires Federal inefficiency. But no accuser has been able to designate any definite act of his which any tribunal, we might almost say any authority of standing, has pronounced unconstitutional.

In this endeavor to make special privilege always and everywhere subordinate to the public welfare, Mr. Roosevelt has not appealed to class consciousness. He has been equally ready to invite to the White House Mr. E. H. Harriman and Mr. John Mitchell; to demand justice for the Trade Union and for the Trust; to condemn the murderous outrages perpetrated in the far West in the name of organized labor, and the more deft violations of the law planned under expert legal advice and perpetrated by great corporations. He defends the Japanese from mobs in San Francisco and negotiates with the Japanese Government to prevent further emigration of Japanese coolies to our shores. He appoints a negro Collector of the Customs in Charleston despite hot opposition from Democratic sources, and he disbands a lawless company of negro soldiers despite hot opposition from Republican sources.

We believe, then, that when Mr. Roosevelt lays down the cares, the duties, and the joys of office next March to enter upon his well-earned if somewhat vigorous vacation in the wilds of Africa, he will retire with the hatred of a few unprincipled men whose characters he has exposed and whose lawless practices he has made more dangerous and difficult, with a steadily diminishing hostility from a larger number who have neither comprehended his character nor the times and the country in which they were living; but with the confidence and affection of the overwhelming majority of the plain people, regardless of party affiliations. And we believe that the public esteem for him will increase as the years pass on and the country understands better than it now can the dangers to the Republic which he has done so much to avert, and the future welfare of its people which he has done so much to promote.

The Educational Progress of the Year

The signs of the times as regards education have appeared most plainly within the past twelvemonth in the activities of educational societies. Within the year 1907 there were organized the National Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education, the American School Hygiene Association, the Education Section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and three new departments of the National Education Association, namely, those devoted to technical education, to rural and agricultural education, and to the common educational interests of several National organizations of women. To these should be added the recently formed American Nature-Study Society, and numerous new local organizations. It is an extraordinary record for so brief a period, and shows at least that we are at high tide of pedagogic discussion.

Whether the discussion is to eventuate in things done, in fair proportion to the things projected, it is too soon to say. Some things worth doing have already been accomplished in several of these fields. There is a definite effort under way to translate plans for improvement into actual legislation, and that effort in half a dozen States and more has taken shape in the appointment of special educational commissions. These commissions have varying powers and purposes; but in most instances they have been authorized by State legislatures, have been provided with public funds in moderate amount, and are charged with the task of proposing a revision of the school laws of their several States. Especial interest attaches to the Industrial Education Commission of Massachusetts, and to the effort in that State to get public industrial schools into actual operation, as well as to determine their relations with the general educational system of the commonwealth.

Several of these educational commissions came together in conference at Cleveland during the recent meeting of the National Education Association. It is significant that the quickening of educational interest in so many of the States is joined with new efforts toward co-operation between the several States and between the States and the National Government. This appears as one of the marked characteristics of the recent educational movement, or, we may say more broadly, of the recent American movement in public affairs. The conference of Southern State superintendents of public instruction, which has been so fruitful of good things, led the way to a conference of the chief educational officers of all the States and Territories, which met at Washington in February last, on the call of the United States Commissioner of Education. This conference was attended by thirty-six of the fifty officials concerned, and was in its way a forerunner of the great conference of governors at the White House, in May, which stamped the policy of inter-State co-operation on the history of this age.

While no measures have been enacted by Congress to widen the educational activities of the National Government, several proposals looking in this direction have been under discussion. Among these have been projects for National aid to agricultural and industrial education in normal schools and high schools. A new bill for a National university has been introduced, on the initiative of the National Association of State Universities. This bill provides that the proposed institution shall receive students who have reached the grade of advancement represented by the master's degree, and shall itself give no academic degrees whatsoever.

Parallel with the discussions of American educational bodies, and on a larger scale, are the proceedings of certain international congresses. Such congresses, a notable group of them, touching education on various sides, have been provided at widely scattered meeting-places on three continents for the year 1908. Among them may be mentioned the International Congress on the Welfare of the Child, held at Washington in March, under the auspices of the National Congress of Mothers; the Third International Congress for the Advancement of Drawing and Art Teaching, to be held at London in August; the International

Congress for Moral Education, at London, and the International Congress of Household Economy and Arts, at Fribourg, Switzerland, both called for the month of September; the Tuberculosis Congress, to meet at Washington in November; and the First Pan-American Scientific Congress, at Santiago, Chile, which will convene on Christmas day.

Other developments of the year have lent new emphasis to the international movement in education. Among them are the beginnings of an interchange of teachers of foreign languages between educational institutions of the United States and the Kingdom of Prussia; the return visit of American teachers to European countries, initiated by Mr. Mosely after the manner of the pedagogic pilgrimage from England to America arranged by him two years ago; the new interchange of university lecturers between the United States and Scandinavian countries, in which Chancellor MacCracken has already appeared as American representative, and will soon be followed by President Nicholas Murray Butler; the tentative plan for co-operation between universities of North and South America; and the consideration by the National Council of Education, at its recent Cleveland meeting, under the leadership of Dr. William T. Harris, of the possibility of closer co-operation between the teachers' organizations of different lands.

Among the most interesting occurrences of the year in other lands than our own are the disturbances in Austrian and Russian universities, of which only incomplete accounts have appeared as yet in this country. The new school legislation of the Kingdom of Prussia has gone into effect, with considerable need of readjustments confronting the authorities responsible for its enforcement. France is proceeding quietly along the lines marked out two years ago. The British Isles are very much awake, with some new hope of agreement upon an education bill for England, to take the place of the unfortunate Birrell Bill of two years ago, and with Mr. Birrell himself making surprisingly hopeful progress, in his new secretaryship, toward a working university scheme for Ireland, and with a new education bill for Scotland in the making. On the other side of the world, China is putting forth painful effort to adjust her new educational programme to her old civilization, and especial interest centers just now on the educational use to which she will probably put the large indemnity fund returned to her by the Government of the United States.

It would be hard to overestimate the influence of a drawing together of the educational forces of the peoples of the world. In this country it is an influence which combines with still more powerful tendencies at home to sharpen our definition of educational standards and set those standards to a rising scale. This standardizing movement has gone steadily forward during the past year. Perhaps the most significant single step in the movement was the action of the National Association of State Universities in its meeting at Ann Arbor, whereby an objective criterion for admission to that organization was for the first time adopted and published. Under the operation of this new rule, the Universities of Minnesota, Illinois, and Missouri were immediately added to the membership of the Association.

Among the personalities of the year's educational history, the loss by death of Superintendent F. Louis Soldan, of St. Louis, Professor Thomas Day Seymour, of Yale University, and President Charles Cuthbert Hall, of Union Theological Seminary, call for special mention; and also the retirement of Sheldon Jackson, for twenty-three years General Agent of Education for Alaska, and of Presidents Henry Hopkins, of Williams College, and Richard H. Jesse, of the University of Missouri. President Hopkins is succeeded by President Harry A. Garfield, and President Jesse by President A. Ross Hill.

On the other hand, there are not wanting conspicuous examples of long educational service with no considerable loss of physical or spiritual power. President Angell still directs the affairs of the University of Michigan with the fine tact and wisdom which have characterized his service in that office since the year 1871. President Eliot is just enter-ing upon the fortieth year of his administration at Harvard, with abundant evidence of a continuance of his old-time vigor and leadership. Even his long term of service is surpassed by that of William F. King, who has been President of Cornell College, Iowa, since 1865. And the supposedly uncertain office of school superintendent has presented the remarkable record of Enoch A. Gastman, who died some months ago, after a service of forty-seven years as head of the public school system of Decatur, Illinois.

Oberlin College, within the year, has celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of its founding. The College of the City of New York has taken formal possession of its magnificent group of new buildings. Miss Laura D. Gill has resigned as Dean of Barnard College. The trustees of Swarthmore College have declined to accept a bequest conditioned on the discontinuance of intercollegiate athletics, on the ground that, irrespective of the value of the property involved or the wisdom of the condition imposed, they have no right to bind the College for all time in a matter in which freedom to change with changing needs is altogether desirable. The terrible disaster at Collinwood has led to immediate improvement in provisions for the safety of school children, and the larger questions of school-house construction and of care and training for the health of pupils have come in for more extended consideration. Medical inspection, play, athletics, school fraternities, and more definite moral instruction are closely related topics which have shared in this awakening of new interest.

The questions which have loomed most conspicuously through the educational discussions of the year have been those relating to agricultural and industrial education. They are questions which are beset with practical difficulties; but definite forward steps have been taken in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Wisconsin, Oklahoma, and other States, and it is confidently believed that the difficulties will not prove to be insurmountable.

On the whole, the year has not been marked by single events of commanding importance, but rather by steady progress on many parallel lines. In all grades of instruction, emphasis is now laid on the adjustment of education to the needs of daily life, with a strong bent toward training for distinct occupations. The professional spirit is dominant in higher education and the industrial spirit in higher elementary education. The secondary schools, as so often in the past, are the battle-ground for conflicting ideals and policies. It is altogether clear that the professional-industrial trend is making good a lack in our nineteenth-century schooling. But it is to be regretted that the advocates of liberal culture, or, if that is now a word of uncertain meaning, the advocates of historical and literary culture, are not able to command a better hearing in the educational symposium of the time. They have an especially grave responsibility in the present situation; for a vocational education, if it lose its hold on historic human values, will surely weary of its successes and be obliged to grope its way back to the things that make success of any kind worth while.

❀

Willing to Work

He is a very rich man now, and he made his fortune one morning while he was still a boy. A fortune is not made when the last thousand dollars have been gathered and counted; it is made when a boy or man takes the decisive step towards success, or shows the decisive quality which will sooner or later command it. For success, although sometimes a matter of opportunity, is rarely a matter of accident; and even when it is a matter of opportunity the harvest is not gathered in unless there is a strong man ready to do the reaping. This man showed the stuff that was in him by a little advertisement in a local newspaper: "A willing boy wants work." That was notice to the world that a capable, trustworthy boy was to be had, who would not measure his work by his wages, but put his mind and heart into it; and the world is always on the watch for that kind of a notice, because it needs the boy who is behind it and is anxious to employ him. To be both willing to work and eager for the chance is to set one's feet squarely on the road to success at the start; after that it is only a matter of time. The road is full of half-hearted, uninterested shirkers who would stop and rest from their labors if somebody would give them food and clothes, and of unambitious drudges who plod along and do as little as they can. The boy who has trained himself to run and is eager to put forth his strength goes straight to the front. The willing boys who want work always get it.

And what is true of boys is equally true of men. The willing man is rarely out of work. If half the energy put into getting more wages and cutting down hours were put into cheerful, faithful, competent work, far more would be accomplished in the way of securing better conditions. In every department of life, willingness and competency are at a premium because so few men, relatively, put real heart and skill into what they are doing. A host of men are continually inveighing against general conditions, the order of the world, the hardness of life, the indifference of Providence. Society is full of men of good character and fair industry who never take the trouble to make themselves masters of the thing they are doing, and who, when the time of slackness comes and they are dropped from the list of active workers, do not understand that they have discharged themselves. As a matter of fact, except in very rare cases, no man need be discharged. It is possible for even the average man, by zeal and hard work, to get such a grasp of the thing committed to him that his employer cannot afford to lose him. Almost every man who chooses can make himself invaluable. As a rule, men discharge themselves because they do not make themselves necessary. Willingness is the beginning of this process of education in skill. The great majority of men fail because they do not work hard enough or intelligently enough. They are content to do what is set before them, and they do it fairly well, but they do not do it supremely well. In every field of work the complaint is heard on all sides that it is difficult to get a man who takes an interest in his work and does it with thoroughness. Niggardliness of effort and slovenliness of manner are characteristic of a host of men who might be expert workmen if they chose. They lack willingness; they are not willing to endure the discipline, to give the time, to deny themselves in order to get their tools thoroughly in hand. The willing man, except in very rare periods, can always find work. People are glad to have him about.

SUMMER VESPER SERMONS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

THE CROWN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward.—Gen. xv. 1.

THE reward of righteousness is righteousness. Christ calls on us to follow him. What shall we have, therefore? The privilege of following so great a Leader. God calls us to live the divine life. What is the recompense? The life that we live.

We do not forego life here for life hereafter; our earthly crown for a heavenly; a brief pleasure for eternal joy; earth now for heaven then. The reward is not green fields and a tree-shaded river. Those this world furnishes us. It is not a street whose pavements are gold. The New Jerusalem is described as paved with gold to make clear to us that what we so foolishly covet here we shall find but as the dirt beneath our feet there. The reward of godliness is God.

The tree of life which bare twelve manner of fruits grows on earthly soil. "The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, fidelity, meekness, self-control." The reward of living the life of the spirit is the possession of these fruits. The reward of loving is love, of peace-making is the peace that is made, of suffering long and still being kind is long-suffering, of self-control is the joy of controlling one's self. The reward of the athlete is his ability to run or to pitch or to row; the reward of the scholar is his knowledge; the reward of the thinker is his power to think; the reward of the artist is his capacity to express himself in form and color. So the reward of the divine life is divine living; the reward of following Christ is the joy of ministering to others instead of being only the recipient of others' ministry; the reward of self-sacrifice is the joy of laying down one's life that others may live. The reward of motherhood is the privilege of mothering one's child; the reward of patriotism is the privilege of serving one's country; the reward of industry is the opportunity to do something that is worth doing. So the reward of godliness is serving God. He who does not find the reward of Christian living in his Christian life may well doubt whether his life is Christian.

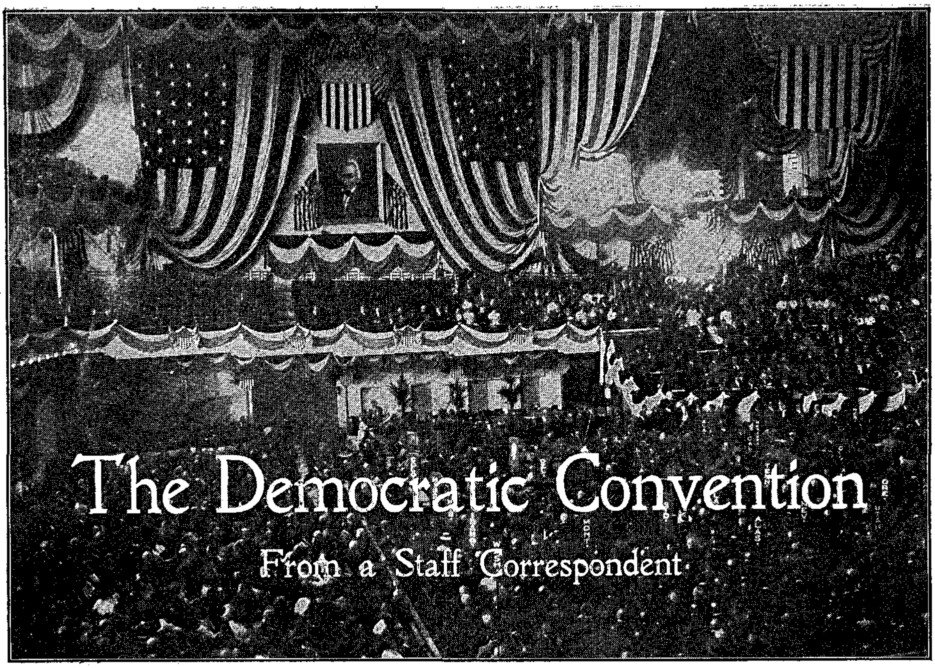
But that is not all.

There is joy in companionship. He who takes his pleasures in solitude has but a poverty-stricken idea of happiness. We increase our sensuous pleasures by eating and drinking together. Merriment adds to merriment in jovial companionship. To share pleasure is to enhance pleasure. The student's task becomes the student's delight if two congenial scholars can fellowship each other in the study. Our intellectual life is both richer and more joyous in a college than in a hermitage. Co-operation adds interest to work, provided it is a real co-operation in spirit, aim, ambition, not merely in mechanical toil. The factory system has its abundant evils, but it is more enjoyable to weave in companionship with a fellow-weaver than in solitude as Silas Marner did. Solitary confinement proves insupportable; almost any companionship is welcomed after all companionship has been for a time denied. We shall never overcome the exodus from the country to the city until we find a way to promote companionship in agricultural pursuits.

And the higher the fellowship the greater the joy. Fellowship in frolic is good; the fellowship of real co-operation in accomplishing a desired end is better; fellowship in intellectual endeavor brings a serener and a deeper joy; fellowship in mutuality of affection and of service, as in the family, transcends all other fellowships, unless it be fellowship in worship, which, when it is real, not merely formal, brings with it a peculiar joy inferior to none.

To work for God is to work with God. To follow Christ is to live with Christ—to march in the same road, engage in the same campaign, share in the same experience. To enter God's service is more than to be his servant. It is to be his child. It is more than to do his will; it is to be in purpose and spirit one with him. Religion is the life of God in the soul of man. To be religious, Christianly religious, is to have God as our Companion. Then, truly, our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ. Then our will is to do God's will; then we see the world as God sees it; then we do our little to help God achieve what he is achieving; then we are cheered and sustained by the unfailing hope of Him who sees the end from the beginning. God is himself our exceeding great reward.

* * *



The Democratic Convention

From a Staff Correspondent

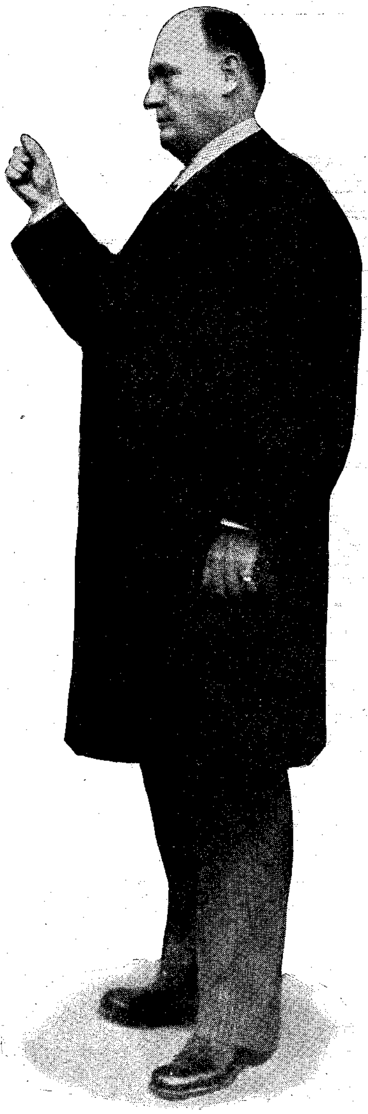
AT three o'clock and forty minutes and twenty seconds on the morning of Friday, the tenth of July, the Chairman of the Democratic National Convention announced through the voice of the Secretary (his own had faded to a husky whisper) the unanimous selection of William Jennings Bryan as the party's candidate for the Presidency. On the wall facing the platform the hands of the clock, with self-effacing unanimity, pointed mendaciously to the hour of twelve. For, so plausible rumor had it, Bryan must be named, at least in legal fiction, before the dawn of an unlucky Friday. For a moment the Auditorium roared its approval. Then the two thousand representatives of the Democratic party and the ten thousand spectators, who had remained faithful through the dragging hours since early evening, went out into the glorious Colorado dawn. It must have seemed an omen, to the hearts of those rejoicing thousands, of the breaking of a new day for Democracy, united once more under the peerless leader, whose two defeats had left him doubly undismayed and made his followers doubly faithful.

The actual nomination had come, in the hour when the vital forces are at their lowest ebb, as an anti-climax. The climax had swooped down upon the Convention, without premonition and without preparation, at an idle moment on Wednesday. When the session began, shortly after noon, the Committee on Credentials was not ready to report, and until the result of their deliberations had furnished the basis for the permanent organization of the Convention, no business could be undertaken. But neither delegates nor audience wanted to take a recess just then, and sundry orators were offered opportunities to entertain the gathering. The first two men suggested were not present. Then, in response to vociferous appeals from the galleries, the floor was given to Thomas P. Gore, the blind Senator from Oklahoma, which he described as "not only the youngest but the most Democratic State," but which unprejudiced observers of its representatives at the Convention were moved to denominate "the most bumptious of the States." Senator Gore had been speaking, simply and effectively, for only a few minutes when he referred in complimentary phrase to Bryan. Delegates and guests instantly applauded, first moderately, then with mounting enthusiasm, then, as the contagion swept through the hall, with riotous abandon. Before any one knew how it had happened, the Convention was embarked upon a demonstration. The band, picturesque in its cowboy costumes of woolly "chaps," flannel shirts, red bandannas, and sombreros, began to hammer out the time-honored inciter of demonstrations, "Dixie," and the uproar swelled into a crescendo. Every one was on his feet and almost every one standing on his chair. From the closely packed ranks the waves of sound rolled to the roof to be reflected in literally deafening reverberation. The noise was indescribable, almost inconceivable.

A banner with a portrait of Bryan appeared from somewhere and moved toward the front. One by one the standards bearing the names of the States were torn from their places and followed its lead, converging on the speakers' platform like a Birnam wood of blue and gold. When ten minutes had passed the platform bristled with standards, while on the floor only six remained in place—Minnesota, true to her favorite son, John Johnson, supported by Connecticut; Delaware, with her neighbor State, New Jersey, and Georgia, faithful to George Gray; and New York, with no candidate, but evidently glorying in her splendid isolation. Five minutes more and the standards began to march about the hall, weaving in and out through the aisles, inciting to fresh enthusiasm as they passed. Still the tumult rose and fell in waves, the band alternating with the crowd in sustaining the note. "Dixie," "Red, White, and Blue," "My Country, 'tis of Thee," "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Auld Lang Syne," and "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night" followed fast on one another's heels, with "Tammany" betweenwhiles sounding an invitation to the New York delegation to help on the cause of harmony. When a half-hour had passed, a big American flag appeared on the platform, and the dignified Sergeant-at-arms grasped the staff and waved it back and forth with splendid rhythm. Three-quarters of an hour, and a woman in white, bearing the Colorado standard, mounted the speakers' table, another with the American flag got up beside her, and a little girl in white, with enormous blue bows on waist and pigtails, held up the Massachusetts standard between them. Forty-eight minutes, and a howl of delight that made the previous noise seem like calm burst forth. The record-breaking Roosevelt demonstration at Chicago had been beaten. Then the crowd settled down to make it good measure, and it was forty minutes more before Senator Gore could proceed with his speech.

It was the climax of the Convention, and sounded in no uncertain tones its keynote. When the demonstration had lasted for an hour, a rotund and beaming assistant secretary of the Convention, hailing from Omaha, who stood beside the writer on a desk in the press section, turned and remarked, with ponderous humor, "I'm inclined to think, sir, that there's a good deal of Bryan sentiment in this Convention." And there was. It was a Bryan Convention just as the Chicago gathering was a Roosevelt Convention, but with a difference which emphasized the appearance of singleness of loyalty. At Denver the leader of the party and its candidate were one; at Chicago the leader, by his own deliberate act, had made his candidacy impossible, and the enthusiasm for the past and for the future must be expressed for different men. The Denver Convention and the party it represented believed in Bryan and the Bryan policies; so it nominated him. The Chicago Convention and the party it represented believed in Roosevelt and the Roosevelt policies; but it might not nominate him, so it selected the man who best represented the Roosevelt policies and the Roosevelt spirit.

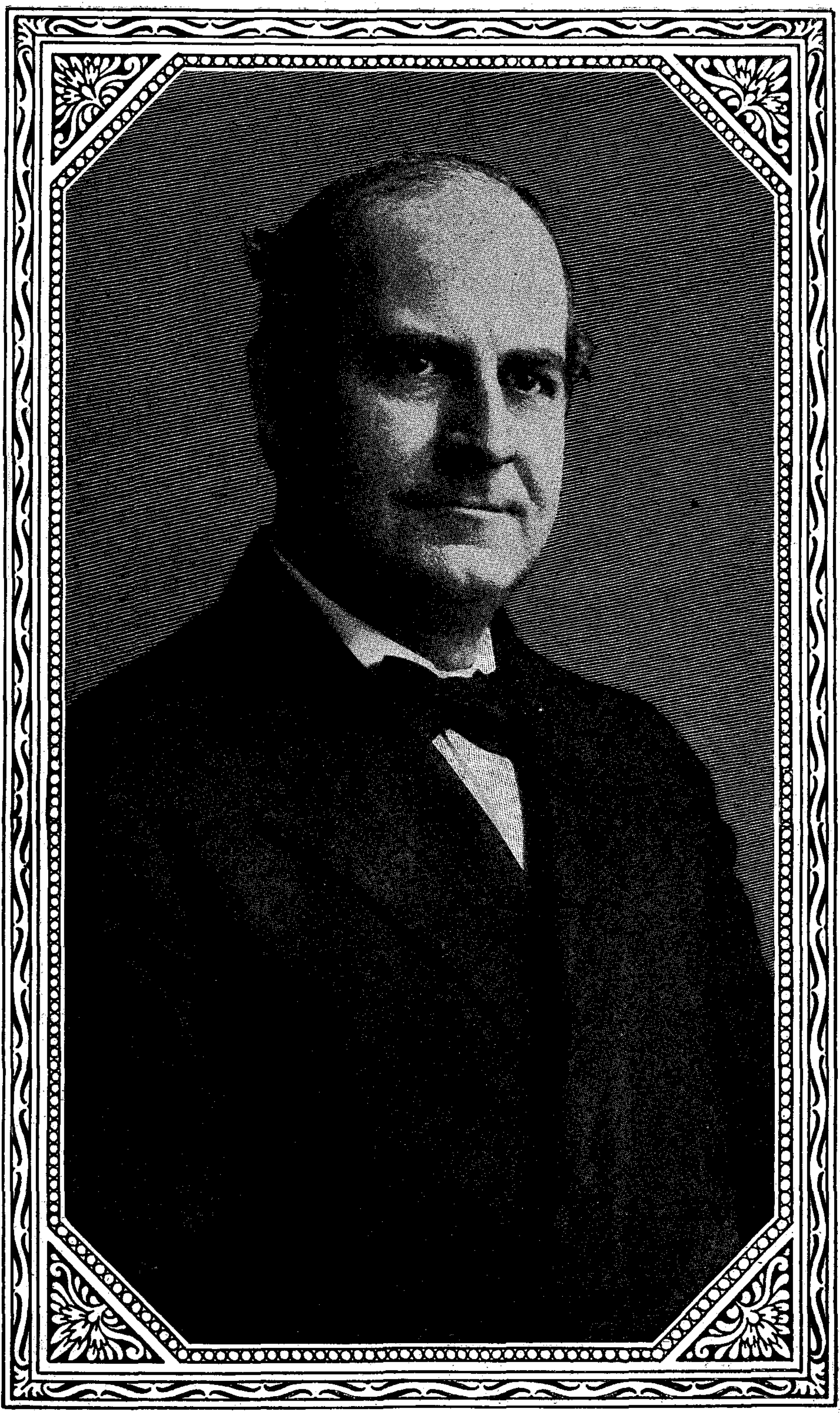
It was a Bryan Convention, not only in spirit, in belief, and in enthusiasm, but in management and control. Three times during the sessions, methods which savored strongly of the "steam-roller" were used against those who were unfavorable to the Bryan cause. The first incident came at the close of the first day's session. The delegations from the different States had selected their members for the different committees—Credentials, Rules, and Platform—when the Temporary Chairman announced that two lists had been handed in from Pennsylvania. Now, in Pennsylvania there were two factions, one headed by Colonel Guffey, the State National Committeeman, and the other by ex-Congressman Kerr. The Kerr faction favored Bryan, and the Guffey faction was opposed to him. Eight seats in Philadelphia districts, to which Guffey men had been elected at the primaries, were contested, and the outcome of those contests would determine which faction would be in the majority in the delegation. The National Committee had decided in favor of the Guffey claimants, and had placed them on the temporary roll of the Convention. One list of committee members was selected by the majority of the delegation as it then stood, and the other by the minority, the latter being the Bryan group. When the Chairman announced the receipt of the two lists, one of the Bryan leaders, Ollie James, of Kentucky, moved that the question which list was the rightful one should be referred to the Committee on Credentials. A Guffey delegate from Pennsylvania moved as an amendment that the Convention declare the list presented by the majority of the delegation to be the one entitled to recognition, but the Chairman ruled that his motion was out of order, and that only the motion of Mr. James was before the Convention. The motion was then carried. Whether Mr. Bell, the Chairman, who is a young man of attractive personality but of manifest inexperience as a presiding officer, was rattled or whether he was acting under instructions, I do not know. But in either case his ruling was patently unparliamentary and unjust. Until the Committee on Credentials had made its report, the temporary roll of the Convention, prepared by the National Committee, was the only one which the Convention could recognize. Since a majority of the Pennsylvania delegation, as it appeared on the temporary roll, had selected members of the various committees, their selection should have been accepted without question. The effect of the Chairman's ruling and of the action of the Convention was to deprive Pennsylvania of all representation on the Committee on Credentials and the Committee on Rules, and to postpone for it representation on the Committee on Platform until its work was half done.



MR. H. D. CLAYTON

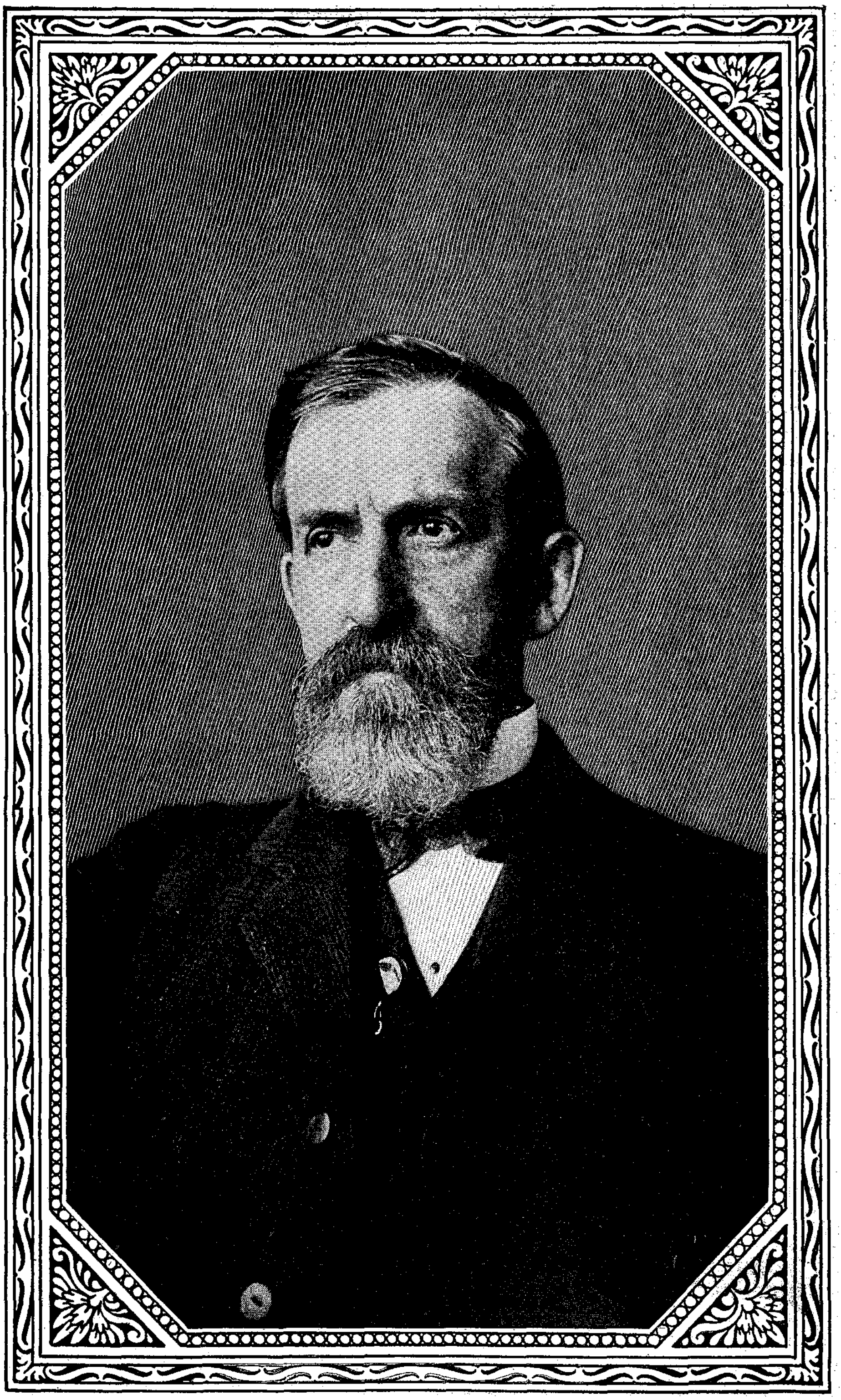
The Permanent Chairman

So the "steam-roller" passed for the first time over the anti-Bryan men from the Keystone State. Its second passage, effectually completing the work of the first, came on Wednesday night. The Committee on Credentials had worked for more than twenty-four hours on the contests which came before it, and the report of the majority of the Committee recommended that the eight Guffey delegates be unseated. The ground of the recommendation, as given by the Chairman, was the charge that at the primary



COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY HARRIS & EWING

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN
The Democratic Candidate for President



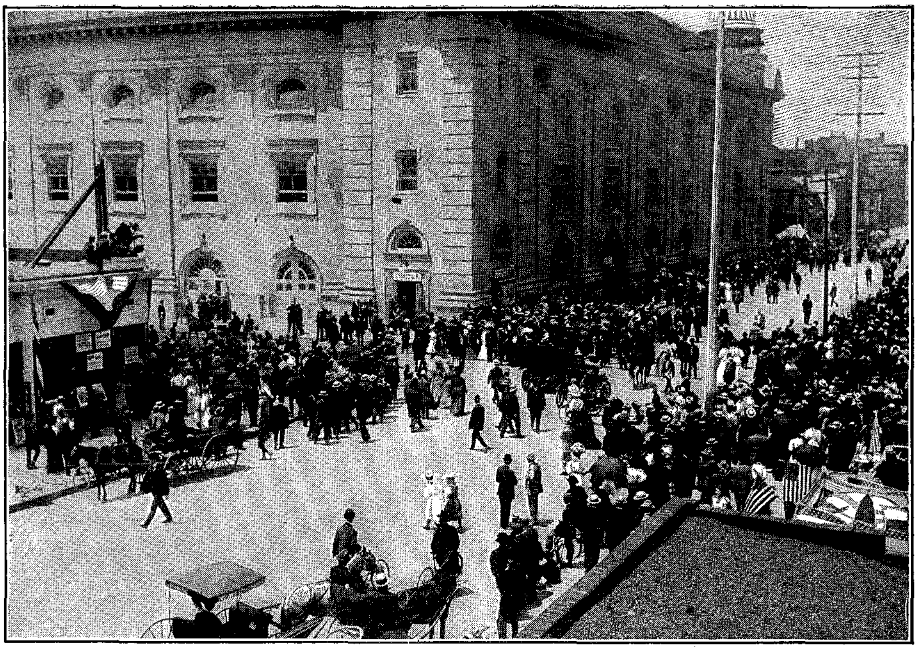
COPYRIGHT BY WALDON FAWCETT

JOHN WORTH KERN

The Democratic Candidate for Vice-President elections which chose them Republicans had voted as Democrats. This charge was supported by inference from the fact that at the primaries many more votes were cast than the number of Democratic votes normally cast in those districts. This was the only argument for the majority report presented by the Chairman. A minority report, signed by fourteen members of the Committee, asking for the retention of the delegates elected at the primaries, was presented by Mr. Straus, of Maryland, who made a strong legal argument in favor of that position. He stated that the contesting delegates came with no credentials from any Democratic organization in Pennsylvania, that they had not appealed from the result of the primaries to the county or the State convention, nor to the State courts, as they were entitled to do under the law, and finally rested his case on the principle, which is found in the law of every State in the country, that when an election contest is preferred, it must be shown, in order to sustain the contest, that enough illegal votes were received or legal votes rejected to change the result. "There was not the slightest suggestion," he said, "in this case that there were enough votes illegally received or rejected to have changed the result." No attempt was made to meet Mr. Straus's convincing arguments, but the debate was closed by Governor Haskell, of Oklahoma, who made a bitter demagogic harangue, violently attacking Colonel Guffey and his supporters. Then the "steam-roller" passed on, eliminating the Guffey men by nearly a two-thirds vote. The Guffey forces had the evidence, but the Bryan forces had the votes.

The third appearance of the roller was trivial compared with its first two performances, but it was distinctly distasteful to a lover of fair play. It occurred when the name of Governor Johnson was placed in nomination for the Presidency. The Minnesota delegation was aided by a few delegates from other States and little groups of spectators in various parts of the hall. In spite of their fewness they made a pretty respectable racket, but when they had been at it only five minutes the Chairman began to pound with his gavel and to shout for order. Unable to accomplish his purpose, he sent the Sergeant-at-arms into the hall to make the delegates take their seats and quiet down. But their efforts were of no avail until the enthusiasts from the North Star State had kept it up for nearly half an hour. When it is considered that twice the business of the Convention had been halted for more than an hour while the throng cheered for Bryan, it was distinctly unsportsmanlike to try to deny to the Johnson supporters a reasonable time for the expression of their sentiments. It afforded one observer, at least, distinct pleasure to see that the enthusiasm refused to be shut off so cavalierly; and it looked to him like poetic justice that the Chairman howled himself so hoarse in the attempt that he was of no use as a presiding officer during the rest of the Convention. In passing it may be noted that the Johnson outburst furnished an illuminating commentary on the mathematical value of demonstrations as a basis for computing popularity. For the Johnson supporters, only a few hundred in number, and without any of the extraneous aids of band, marching standards, waving flags, women and children standard-bearers, which the Bryan forces had used to the utmost, and against the unsportsmanlike efforts of the Convention officials, "demonstrated" for nearly a third as long as the record-breaking tribute to Bryan.

It was a Convention of speech-making. On three different occasions the work of the body was held up awaiting the reports of committees, and the time was filled in with some oratory and much near-oratory; on Thursday evening the gathering listened to nominating and seconding speeches from nine o'clock till three the next morning, except for one hour, when a second Bryan demonstration was being let off, and another hour while the platform was being read; and on Friday two hours were filled with speeches naming candidates for the Vice-Presidency. An unfortunate incident of the speech-making occurred when Richmond Pearson Hobson, the young man who sank the Merrimac in the mouth of Santiago Harbor, and who takes himself with the greatest seriousness, was invited to the



A CORNER OF THE CONVENTION HALL

platform. In tones of solemn admonition, he warned the Convention, from the depths of his vast knowledge and experience, that war with Japan was inevitable. Unimpressed by the awfulness of the fate which the young man prophesied, his hearers begged him to desist, but with outstretched finger pointing to heaven and with flashing eye, as if he were curbing wild beasts of the

THE DELEGATES IN SESSION CHEERING EIGHTY-EIGHT MINUTES FOR BRYAN, THE LONGEST CHEER ON RECORD desert, he awaited the silence which they owed him and his message. With difficulty he finished his plea for a great navy to save us from Japan, and retired, having made a profound impression—on one man in the hall. It was a sorry exhibition of tactlessness, to make such statements about a friendly nation in a Convention of one of the two great political parties of our own country. His words will have no effect here, but they might have much and deplorable effect in Japan.

The most important speeches, of course, were those of the Temporary and the Permanent Chairman, but they were far apart not only in quality, but in the reception given them by the Convention. The writer prefers to believe that the words of the Temporary Chairman, Theodore A. Bell, of California, more truly represent the spirit of the Democratic party to-day, and hopes that his speech, rather than the other, sounded the real keynote of the campaign. Mr. Bell, as has been said, has an engaging personality, but he is not a magnetic speaker. His speech, however, reads better than it sounded, and, unlike the Temporary Chairman at Chicago, he could be heard. He indicted the Republican party for what its majority in Congress had failed to do, although many of those things are pledged for future performance in the Chicago platform. He declared that "among the great evils that afflict the country at the present time is the abuse of corporate power," and added in telling phrase, "Whenever the mutterings of the people become too threatening, the cry of confiscation goes up, and appeals are frantically made to the sacred rights of property. . . . Let the people take warning. Whenever the wrongs of to-day become the vested rights of to-morrow, the Nation is in deadly peril." He asserted that the Democratic party "is not an enemy of all corporations" and "is not opposed to production on a large scale, but it is unalterably opposed to monopoly in production." He pointed the distinction between the attitude of the two parties on this great question (as Democracy sees it) in these words:

> Viewed in the light of a great moral question the control of corporations should remain a question of common concern rather than a political one, but the shameful complacence of the Republican party in permitting its forces to be controlled and operated by the most offending corporations of the country throws the problem into the political arena and compels the public to choose between the Democratic party, that will, and the Republican party, that will not, place some restrictions on incorporated greed.

He pledged the party to the revision of the tariff for the removal of special protection to trusts, and for the lowering of duties to a revenue basis. He scored the Republican party for its failure to declare for publicity of campaign contributions, calling upon the voters of the country to "consider seriously whether the refusal of the Republican party to disclose the sources and amounts of its election finances is not a confession of the debasing and corrupt use of moneys in its campaigns." He declared that "this Democratic Convention must frankly and unequivocally pledge itself to such legislation as will prevent the writ of injunction from being converted into an instrument of oppression," promised that the party "will continue to labor for the direct election of United States Senators," and asserted its belief in further amendment to our laws giving the Federal Government supervision over the issuance of railway stocks and bonds, and providing for the physical valuation of railways. He finally demanded the extension of Chinese exclusion to cover "Asiatic immigration of whatsoever character." He sounded the call to arms for his party in the words:

> Democracy is once more called to the arena to battle for the sacred principles of self-government. It must wage an uncompromising war for the return of the Government to the hands of the people, and this means that the phalanx of special interests must be broken. The triumph of the people can come only through the Democratic party, for the life of its chief political opponent is so absorbed into the artificial life of the monopolies and trusts that it excludes the hope that the Republican party will ever be able or willing to regain a separate existence where it can honestly discharge its duty to the people.

It was a clean-cut, straightforward address, summing up Democratic criticisms of their opponents and enunciating the Democratic principles on which the party will make its appeal to the country probably as temperately and with as good spirit as is possible in any political pronouncement. It was listened to with attention and frequently applauded.

An interesting incident occurred when Mr. Bell made his only reference to President Roosevelt. In criticising the influence of the White House on the Republican nomination, he said, "It is up to Taft to pledge support to those great democratic principles that have given to the President his only place in the hearts of American citizens." His words met with an instant response, and a real though not extended demonstration swept through the hall. It looked like enthusiasm for the President's personality, though it may have been merely approval of the principles which he has followed in his Administration. In any case it was a tribute to him which could hardly have been expected in a Democratic convention.

It was a distinct contrast to the reception given to the speech of the Permanent Chairman, Henry D. Clayton, of Alabama. His address was an ill-tempered denunciation of President Roosevelt, and was received with apathy. He declared that

> The nomination of his would-be successor was largely accomplished by the use of official patronage and coarse machine methods, and has delighted the chief apostle of strenuosity, and, at the same time, has not perturbed the conscience of the one-time civil service reformer, now the boss, an adept in the bestowal of public plunder and forgetful of all his resounding moral commonplaces.

He reiterated the anti-election charges brought forward four years ago by Judge Parker, and in the opinion of most fair-minded men effectively disposed of by the President's prompt and unequivocal reply. He reproached the President with all the sins of omission of the Republican party for the past seven years, giving him no credit for the things which he had urged so strongly upon Congress, and indeed making an unwarranted and unfair insinuation in the latter half of the following statement:

> Thus, my countrymen, in this review we have the spectacle of a President urging a refractory Congress to pass needed reforms and appealing in vain, or we have another spectacle, that of a President, for the sake of his own popularity or for the sake of the popularity of his own candidate, making a political play, but urging that Congress do what he must have known it would not do, and what we are forced to consider he did not wish done.

It was a speech bitter in spirit, unfounded in many of its assertions, and unjust in its implications. The party would do well to let it pass into oblivion, and tune its campaign utterances to the keynote sounded by the Temporary Chairman.

The speech which formally nominated Mr. Bryan was about equally divided between adulation of the candidate and abuse of the enemy. Among other thing Mr. Dunn said of Mr. Bryan:

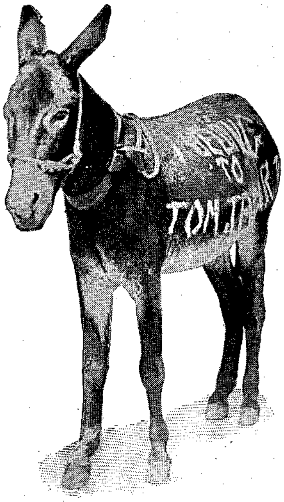
> He is a man whose nomination will leave no doubt as to where our party stands on every public question. His genius for statecraft is shown by the constructive work he has done in proposing reforms, and by the ability with which he has fortified his position. But we may go further.
>
> A few months since he visited the principal nations of the world. He came in contact with the leading minds of Christendom, and the world abroad recognized his greatness and paid him that tribute justly due to men of high attainments.
>
> In the most distinguished peace convention that has assembled in recent years he proposed a plan which, if adopted, would prove more effective than any arbitration treaty that has yet been made, and by his influence he secured its approval by the representatives of the twenty-six leading nations there assembled.
>
> Is he thoroughly informed regarding the issues of this campaign? Read his speeches and his writings, which for nearly twenty years have been a part of the political literature of the nation. Is he sincere, brave, and determined? Even his political opponents now admit that he is.
>
> Honesty is inherent in him. He was an honest lawyer before he entered politics. He was honest in his political methods before his statesmanship was recognized by the Nation; and he has been honest throughout his political career.
>
> His convictions have been his political creed. He has impressed these convictions upon others, not by dictation, but by arguments addressed to the judgment and the conscience.

The platform occupied the painstaking attention of the Committee for two days and nights, and was finally presented to the Convention at midnight on Thursday. While waiting for the Committee to report, the rules had been suspended and the nominating speeches begun. The gathering had indulged in its second Bryan demonstration, which lasted over an hour and had some picturesque features which the first one lacked, and the name of George Gray, of Delaware, had just been presented for the Presidency when the Platform Committee filed into the hall. The platform was read *in extenso*, but every one was too weary for any great expression of interest or approval. But the fact that it was presented by a unanimous Committee, that it was adopted without debate by a unanimous vote, and that it had already received the approval of Mr. Bryan seems to indicate that it was the platform which the united party wanted. The document read and accepted, the business of nomination dragged its slow length along, till at three o'clock the roll-call began. On the first ballot Mr. Bryan received 892½ votes, while Judge Gray received 59½ and Governor Johnson 46. Then, on motion of Minnesota, seconded by Delaware and Georgia, the nomination was made unanimous, and the tired crowds went home.

The nomination for Vice-President was made on Friday very much as it was at Chicago. Until Mr. Bryan was nominated there had been dozens of candidates in the air, most of them in a state of receptivity, some of them in a state of eagerness. But with the Presidential nomination made, the party leaders consulted together, advised with Mr. Bryan by telephone, and decided upon John W. Kern, of Indiana. On Friday four names were presented to the Convention, but before the roll-call for nominations was more than a fraction completed the direction of the wind was clearly apparent. As the roll-call proceeded, the three other names were withdrawn, and at its end Mr. Kern was selected by acclamation.

To sum up, it was a Bryan Convention, loyal to his policies and obedient to his will, because the party believes in him and wants his leadership. It acted with unanimity and ended in harmony, with only one sore spot apparent, in the Pennsylvania delegation, in the treatment of which the Bryan forces had forsaken justice for the sake of political advantage. There had been a little opposition to the nomination of Bryan, but the supporters of the defeated candidates had pledged their loyalty to the Bryan cause when the result was announced. The two great demonstrations had testified to the personal popularity of the Great Commoner, and the platform adopted by the Convention had raised a standard under which the united party could follow his leadership.

H. J. H.



THE UNIVERSITY AND THE CITY IN CO-OPERATION

BY CHARLES WILLIAM DABNEY

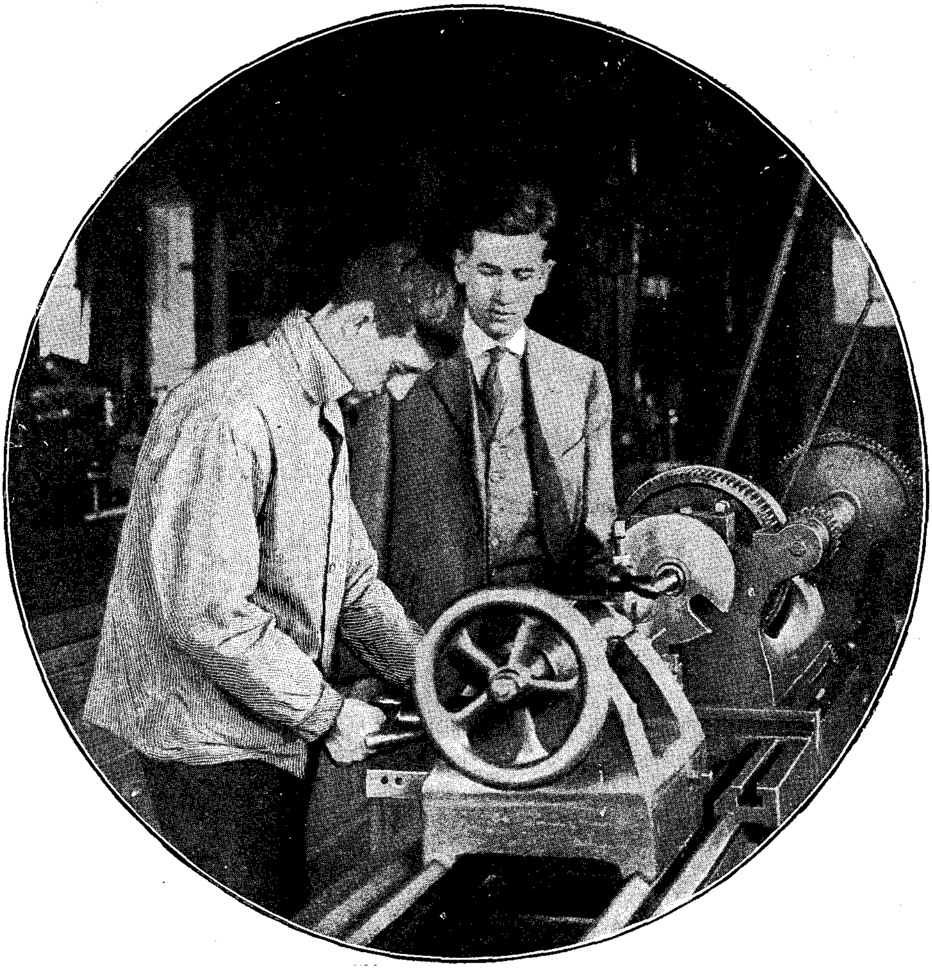
President of the University of Cincinnati

ALL our universities, especially the great State universities, have manifested recently a growing consciousness of their duty to the public. The service of the University of Wisconsin to the agricultural, industrial, and political, as well as to the educational interests of its State is a splendid illustration. The municipal university, however, owing to the closeness and intimacy of its relations with its constituency, can perform many kinds of public service impracticable for State and much more for private institutions. As a part of the municipal organization of the city, it has unusual opportunities for co-operation in the service of the people. The university of the city, as distinguished from the university in the city, should be not a mere co-ordinate organ among the many in the social body, but the brain, directing all the other organs. When this relation is fully realized and established, boundless possibilities for service appear.

The University of Cincinnati, though not yet wholly under municipal control, stands in intimate relations with the city. Though originally privately endowed, it later derived support from a municipal tax, with the result that last year the income from this source exceeded a little that from private endowments and tuitions. A magnificent site has been given by the municipality in Burnet Woods, a broad park on the hills in the center of the city, and from the Legislature of Ohio authority has just been obtained to appropriate funds for buildings and equipments, so that the institution is now in the process of becoming a fully developed university, made up of the customary colleges, the only one in our country under municipal auspices. These things have created a fresh obligation to serve the people, an obligation the University is seeking to discharge by a broad, liberal policy of co-operation with all the educational, social, and industrial interests of Cincinnati.

In response to The Outlook's request to describe some of the newer phases of our work, I select, for brief discussion, as best illustrating the principles and methods of this co-operation, the experiment we are making in educating engineers. Since the essential feature is the co-operation of the University with manufacturing establishments, this is called "The Co-operative Course in Engineering."

It has been recognized for some time by both educators and employers of engineers that our method of training youths for that profession is far from satisfactory. Our engineering colleges were the outgrowth of academic institutions, and naturally took their methods from them. The earliest professors held such titles as "Professor of Mathematics and Civil Engineering" and "Professor of Physics and Electrical Engineering," implying the origin of this branch of instruction. When students multiplied and separate colleges were organized, they were still controlled by men trained in the old schools, who ofttimes never had had any experience in practical work. The old four-year course was merely divided into two parts, the first two years being devoted to mathematics, the sciences, and languages, and the latter two to professional study and technical training; the result: a graduate neither a scholar nor an engineer. His college course did not permit him to read widely nor to learn to write accurately, while his scientific and technical training was limited to what he could get in the college laboratory and shop. While some of these colleges gave admirable training in mathematics and the sciences, pure and applied, none gave any knowledge of shop organization and practice, of the value of time and materials or the methods of handling labor. Efforts to establish real manufacturing shops in connection with technical schools have only partially relieved this difficulty. No matter how many shops the school may have or how well equipped, they are out of date in a few years. No matter how thorough and progressive the instruction, the students learn in college but few of the important things underlying economic production. Colleges cannot impart that sound business sense that determines the success or failure of manufacturing enterprises, and, in consequence, all great engineering establishments require technical graduates to serve as apprentices for at least two or three years before undertaking any responsible professional work. Beginning their apprenticeships when grown men, and compelled to do disagreeable mechanical work alongside uneducated boys, the best graduates under the old method frequently fail as engineers of works, or else take subordinate positions in drawing-rooms or laboratories, or become specialists in certain lines. The fact is, the colleges alone have rarely produced the all-around



IN THE MACHINE SHOP

A pair of Co-operative students in the machine shop. The one at the lathe is in the midst of his week's work, the other the same week is studying in the University class-rooms and laboratories, but at this moment is visiting his alternate. As a rule, while one is in the class the other is in the shop.

engineers who become great managers and superintendents. Teachers of engineering observe that young men who have had shop or field training always make the best students in college and the most successful engineers afterward. These and similar facts well known to both instructors and engineers, led us to attempt here a new plan for training young men for the several higher engineering professions.

Our object was to find some way to bridge the great gap between college and life, between education and business. Under the old, traditional method we withhold young men entirely from productivity for a period in order to train them to produce. Was it possible to arrange a course in which the two disciplines, the liberal and the practical, should be given at the same time? The fundamental principle in our new plan is a full recognition of the separate functions of the school and the shop, and a frank acknowledgment that the college can never teach the practice of the shop any more than the shop can give the liberal training of the college. Therefore the best results would be obtained under some plan that would confine the college to its proper field of education, pure and simple, while the real, commercial factory

IN THE LABORATORY

A companion picture of the students on the opposite page. The one to the left is performing experiments in chemistry under the direction of the instructor, who stands in the middle. The alternate has removed his overalls and jumper to return the visit. As a matter of fact, in practice alternates never see each other at work.

THE CINCINNATI UNIVERSITY, WEST FRONT

afforded all the strictly technical discipline.

Believing firmly in this hypothesis, the University has secured pledges of co-operation from about fifty of the best equipped manufacturing establishments in the vicinity of Cincinnati. They agree to employ a certain number of students as apprentices, and to give them a graded course of practical training while taking their college course. The training covers as nearly as possible the entire manufacturing process from the raw material to the finished product and is under the direction of an officer of the college. The young men are assigned to the factories in pairs, so that one works one week and the other the next, the two between them keeping their particular piece of work, or the machine, going steadily. The students of each year's class are thus divided into two sections, one studying in the college while the other is working in the factory, and *vice versa*. The details of the plan were worked out by Dean Herman Schneider, of the College of Engineering. Many of them must be determined by local conditions, but some features are of general interest.

The college course of the Co-operative students includes all the mathematics, the sciences, pure and applied, the cultural studies, too, given in the best colleges of engineering. It is no short-cut or emasculated course. The time used is six years, though at the rate the students are progressing now, they will complete the required studies in less time, unless additional cultural and professional studies are added, as now seems desirable and probable. During the collegiate summer vacation, Co-operative students work all the time in the shops, with the exception of one month. They receive the best wages paid apprentices, and are promoted every three months, normally earning at least two thousand dollars in the six years. As the total expense of a student in Cincinnati is only five or six hundred dollars a year, he can earn, at least, three-fourths of his expenses while he is getting his profession.

The course is as economical in time as in money. Co-operative students accomplish the usual college work in alternate weeks in six annual sessions, a net time of three, or one session less than is required by others. They have six years in which to digest the instruction, do collateral reading, make observations, and get experience. They spend three times as many hours in shops as ordinary students—not school shops either, but real, commercial shops. Since the other student spends not less than two years as an apprentice before he gets an engineer's position, the Co-operative student will also get at his lifework just as soon and will be much better prepared for it in every way.

The judgment and patriotism of the Cincinnati labor leaders have prevented any opposition from the unions. Preference has been given to properly prepared young men already in the shops, and the sons of the workingmen will get the chief benefit of this unique method of earning an education. The plan has the united and enthusiastic support of all the manufacturers.

Only about thirty per cent of the youths who enter our engineering colleges graduate. Since it costs at least a thousand dollars a year for each, there is an enormous waste here which no other business would stand. The cause is found not wholly in the young men or the prevailing instructional methods, but partly in our careless methods of admitting students. Engineering colleges admit young men almost without attention to their physical, mental, or temperamental fitness for the engineering profession. Every other factory takes more care in selecting its raw material. Boys decide these things for themselves, and any dean can tell on what absurd, unreasonable grounds. Seventy-five out of every hundred of our candidates, for example, want to become electrical engineers. Ask them why, and they tell you that the profession has a "great future," that this is the "electrical age," etc. They believe that an electrical engineer does wonderful, spectacular things, but have little conception of the real work of the profession and no thought of its requirements.

The great advantage of the Co-operative plan is that it gives an opportunity to test the candidate's fitness for the profession in the beginning. For the present our standard is that of the best engineering colleges—sixteen units—including all the customary mathematics, liberal studies, elementary sciences, and modern languages. If so accepted, the young man is put in a factory the 1st of July, and works as a regular apprentice under the observation of the superintendent of the shop and our supervisor throughout the summer months. He usually finds out very soon for himself what he is fit for; if he does not, the superintendent and the supervisor do. When the college opens in September, the young men to be admitted finally have been selected and paired up for the factories. The result of this test is a class of students superior in physique, mind, energy, initiative, and "engineering sense." Naturally and unconsciously they do at least twenty-five per cent better in the college classes than other engineering students. Their attitude is entirely different. Others need to be led, if not driven; the Co-operative students come nearer leading their teachers than any we have ever known. They are keen to know the application of everything taught, but are still appreciative of the cultural studies.

At first the regular engineering college courses were used, modified to suit the alternating plan. It is evident already, however, that both our courses of study and methods of teaching will gradually be changed to meet the needs of these earnest students. For example, they are causing their instructors to give up traditional methods. The instructor in mathematics demonstrates a formula and then asks, "Do you understand that?" Quickly comes the reply, "Yes, but what shall we do with it?" In the shop the student is handed a tool and taught to use it, and then return it to the tool-room. Handed a formula or theory in the University, he demands to be shown its use and application. The ordinary student will only hold it until examination time and then hand it back.

The Co-operative students often declare that if a thing has no practical application, it is useless to them. The instructor is driven thus to hunt up applications of every theory. This system has developed a new method of instruction which the students call the "reverse quiz." At the end of the hour the instructor gives them permission to ask any questions bearing on the subject, and he always finds this the most interesting, and often the most difficult, part of his work. These things are rapidly demonstrating that much of the scientific and technical instruction given in our colleges is not only archaic, but out of place, and often entirely wrong.

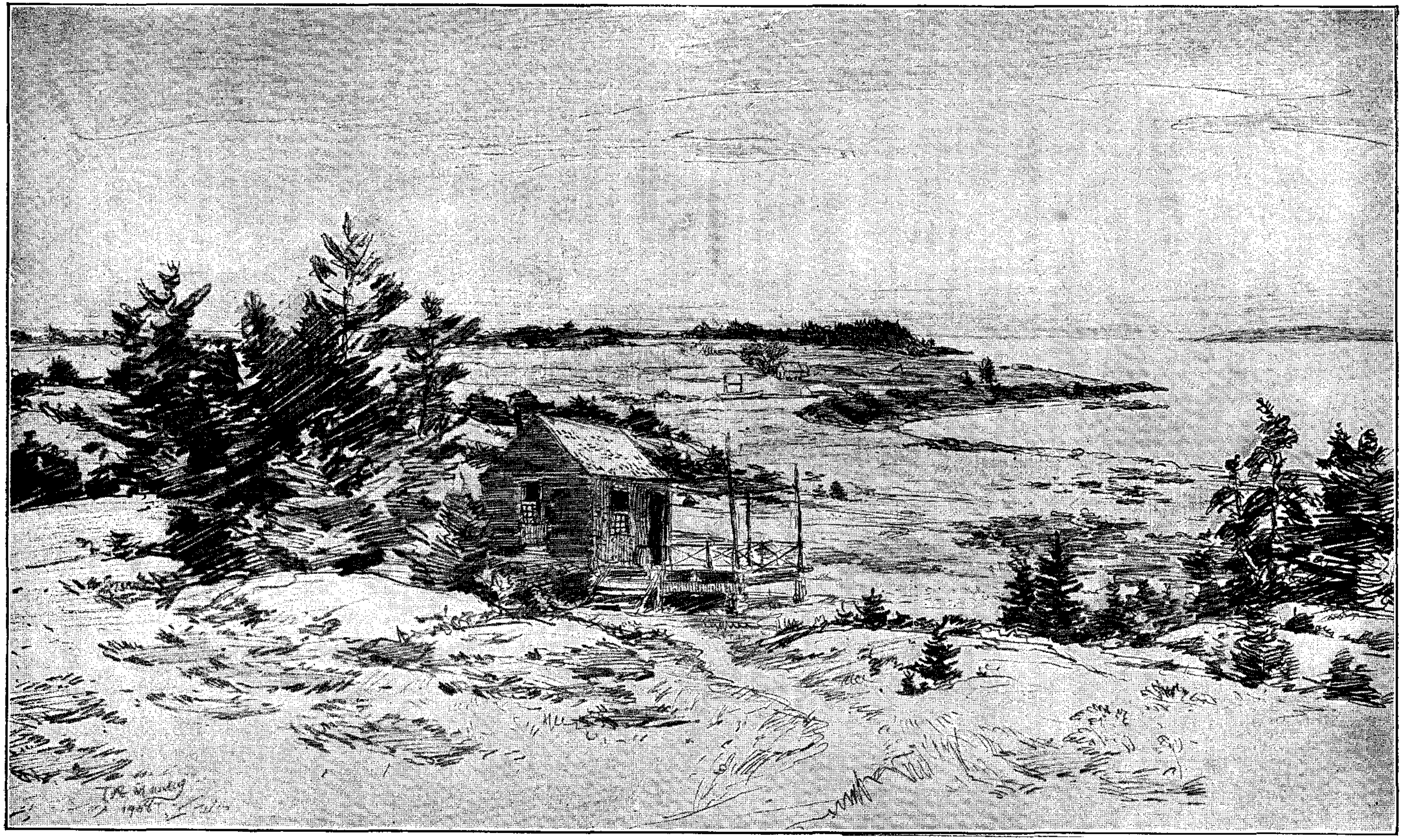
From the administrative standpoint, "The Co-operative Course in Engineering" is highly satisfactory. The college saves all the expense of buildings, equipments, supervision, and instruction in extensive practice shops. Consider what a vast plant the University would have to maintain if it provided itself the varied and excellent facilities given it free by the fifty great co-operating factories. The repetition of lectures, recitations, and laboratory work does not cost much. In any case the large classes must be divided into sections. Laboratory facilities are used to better advantage when the sections alternate by the week, for the students work through longer periods and with less interruption. The only additional expense results from the repetition of illustrative experiments and general lectures which could be given to large classes.

From the educational standpoint, the success of the Co-operative course is most interesting, because it conforms perfectly to the latest theories. No more effective scheme was ever devised for educating by real work for real life, or for training men in schools for efficient service to society. It promotes the heartiest sympathy and co-operation between the community and the school. An illustration of this in Cincinnati is the existence of an association of the co-operating manufacturers formed for the purpose of supporting the University in this and similar enterprises.

Similar methods of co-operation have been established between the College for Teachers and the elementary and secondary public schools, under which the college uses any public schools it desires for observation, practice, and experiment, and undertakes, in return, the training of all candidates for teachers' and principals' positions. This educational co-operation is only two years old, but it has accomplished excellent results, including the establishment of a merit system of appointing and promoting teachers, with preference and higher salaries for college graduates having professional training; and the introduction of manual training and the complete remodeling of the courses of study. External classes, also—not ordinary university extension courses, but regular college instruction for which credit is given—are held in branch libraries and public school buildings. Courses in the late afternoons and on Saturdays for the teachers of the public schools, and conferences on courses and methods for the different grades, are other illustrations of co-operation through the College for Teachers.

Suggestions and proposals for co-operation in other ways, all most interesting and some of tremendous import, are offered constantly. The University has, for example, held several examinations of experts for positions in the municipal service, and this has suggested that its faculties might conduct all the scientific and technical examinations for the civil service system about to be established in Cincinnati. Our great new City Hospital will soon be completed, and it is proposed to intrust all the scientific, and perhaps all the medical work, to the College of Medicine of the University. The several departments of science frequently attack original problems encountered in the manufacturing shops, the proportion of successful solutions having been excellent. There is a consistent demand by private corporations and the municipality for scientific tests and expert advice.

There are, of course, peculiar difficulties and cares connected with the administration and work of a municipal university. The relations with the people are so intimate and their interest is so keen that the demands upon the officers and instructors tend to become more and more numerous and exacting. But this close touch with the people leads eventually to a better understanding and calls forth a heartier and more abundant support. Opportunities for service are almost limitless, and it appears to be only a matter of time and experience until co-operation is developed between the University and the people of the city in all lines of educational, scientific, and social endeavor. In our experience the disadvantages of the city relation are mainly mythical, the result largely of individualistic traditions or academic prejudice. They are not inherent, and most of them will be removed when we learn better how to shape educational methods to meet the needs of the people. The relation with the city is a tremendous advantage in itself, if for no other reason, because it makes co-operation easy, and service of the public becomes thus the University's very breath of life. The justification for the city university is the city's needs.



THE SCENE OF THE COMEDY

BREAKFAST TIME IN CAMP

A LITTLE COMEDY OF OUTDOORS

BY CAROLINE DALE SNEDEKER

WITH DRAWINGS BY THOMAS R. MANLEY

WARNING: This sketch was written for a little girl to record some happenings of her summer. Adults are strictly enjoined, under the laws of childhood's storyright, from reading it, unless they read it aloud to listeners of the gentler sex who have not yet achieved their fifteenth year. The following grown-ups are specifically excepted from the terms of this injunction: those who love the blue of the ocean on an early summer morning, the form of a pine tree growing by the rocky edge of the sea, the fragrant odors of a kelp-covered beach, the plumage and song of birds, or the faithful comradeship of a dog. These may read it because they are likely to have preserved enough of the unspoiled spirit of youth to enable them to enjoy it.—THE EDITORS.

PLACE

A lonely Island in Penobscot Bay.

TIME

Early morning.

SCENE

A cabin near the shore. Green meadows stretching around the Bay. Woods in the distance. Path leading to tents which peep over neighboring rocks.

PERSONS

Aunt Kate. In authority.
Caspar. } Her sons. Big students.
Tom. }
Lady Lorna. Loaned to the Island because there was no Little Girl.
Macgregor. A gray Collie.
Sundry furred and feathered Islanders.

(*Enter* Aunt Kate *with her burnt-out lantern of the night before, and* Lady Lorna *bearing her red hair-ribbon.* Macgregor *follows respectfully behind.*)

Aunt Kate (*before unhooking the cabin door*). Snuf-f-ff! Doesn't the morning smell good!

Lady Lorna. Oh, Aunt Kate, you're so funny.

Aunt Kate. But it does. Snuffff! And look at the cove, with the long, clear, golden path of the sun. Yes, and those soft, white banks of fog over Hardy Island. And, oh, look how the fog-cap on Farm Island has rifted, and you can see the barn and the treetops sticking through.

(*They enter the cabin. Aunt Kate lights the fire. Lady Lorna ties her ribbon, standing on the locker in front of a crooked mirror.*)

Macgregor (*in his most wheedling tone*). Please, ladies, may I come in?

Aunt Kate. No, Macgregor. You know what Tom would say.

Macgregor. But Tom isn't here. Please! (*This last word is spoken with the tail.*)

Aunt Kate (*severely*). That's bad morals, Macgregor.

Lady Lorna. Oh, please let him in! He is so good. And see how he is shivering.

Aunt Kate. That's put on.

Lady Lorna and *Macgregor* (*in chorus*). Pl-ea-se!

Aunt Kate. Well, you are entirely too charming a dog. Come in.

(*Macgregor bounds in and jumps up on the locker, where he tries to knock over Lady Lorna.*)

Fire (*in stove*). Crack, crack, crackle, crackle!

Lady Lorna. I wish we had some surprise—a secret from the boys.

Aunt Kate. Good: what shall it be?

How would it be to make some corn bread and hide it away?

Lady Lorna (*with transport*). Lovely! Fine! May I help?

Aunt Kate. Yes. Bring all the little pans and grease them (*mixing and stirring*). Now, Lady Lorna, pour in the meal. Now the sour milk.

(*They put the corn bread into the oven.*)

Lady Lorna (*close to Aunt Kate's ear*). Aunt Kate, may I ask you a great favor?

Aunt Kate. Yes, indeed.

Lady Lorna. Will you make me some Cove Island candy?

Aunt Kate. That I will, your Ladyship.

(*She butters some crackers, scrapes a little bitter chocolate on them, and covers with brown sugar, which she pats down very smooth. Lady Lorna bites one daintily.*)

Aunt Kate (*dubiously*). Candy before breakfast! I wonder what her mother would say. But then— (*She turns to the stove.*) Corn bread's done now. I'll cover it up on top of the stove. Now call the boys.

(*Lady Lorna takes down the breakfast-horn.*)

B. Horn (*loudly*). Too-oot! Too-oot! (*Silence.*)

B. Horn (*impatiently*). Toot, toot! Are you never coming to breakfast? Toot-ti-toot! Toot-ti-toot ti-toot!

(*A sleepy* "All right!" *is heard from the tents. Presently two tousled heads are seen over the edge of the meadow, going toward the sea. After still another interval the boys, fresh and blooming, appear on the path.*)

Macgregor (*peeping through the window*). Wow! I must vamoose! Good-by, ladies!

(*He bounds out of the cabin, and receives the lords-of-creation on the veranda steps.*)

Macgregor (*deceitfully*). You can see, gentlemen, by the wag of my tail, that I have not been in the cabin, and that I did not knock the Lady Lorna off the locker, and that I did not stick my nose into the oven to smell the corn—

Lady Lorna (*horrified*). Macgregor, you're telling the secret!

(*Caspar and Aunt Kate carry the table, already set, out on the veranda. Tom brings out the coffee and great dishes full of hot oatmeal. Lady Lorna is jumping up and down in a very undignified manner, and making signs to Aunt Kate.*)

Lady Lorna. Now may I reveal the secret?

(*With a great shout she brings out the corn bread and sets it on the table.*)

Caspar and *Tom* (*with uplifted hands*). Great! Um-um! Hurrah for Lady Lorna!

(*They sit down and say Quaker grace. The sunshine is very bright now.*)

Aunt Kate (*who faces north*). Oh, see. The wind has gone around to the north, and the sea is a deep, even blue, and the hills up the opening of the Penobscot River are sharp and clear. What color they have, like indigo! Listen!

(*A curious, rich, gurgling trill is heard from the cove, and the three Loons who live near Hyacinth Point sail in to make their morning visit. The strong black swimmers, each with his white necklace and keen uplifted head, move steadily up the broad bay, trailing long angles of disparting ripples.*)

Loons. The top o' the mornin' to you, Lady Lorna!

Seagulls (*always quarrelsome*). Quea, quea, quea! Queak! We are the owners of this bay! What are you doing here, you Loons? All the fish belong to us!

(*The Loons regard the Gulls with dignified silence, only sounding now and then their sweet, lonesome trill that seems part of their silence. They float up until Lady Lorna can see their bright, watchful eyes.*

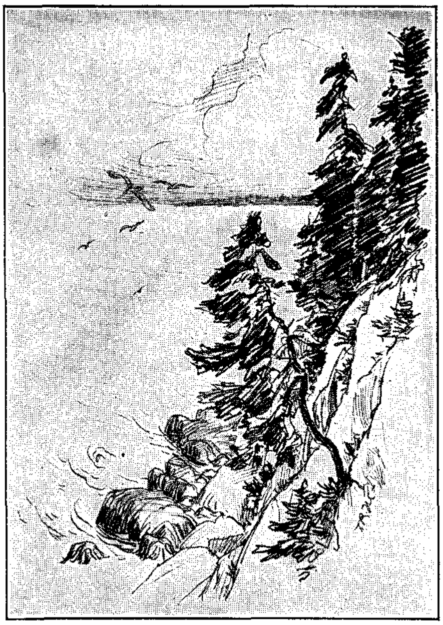
Tom rattles back his chair.)

Loons. Mercy! what was that?

(*They dive quicker than the quickest wink, and do not come up for a long while, and then far away.*)

Caspar. There's Mr. Fishhawk. How do you suppose he just lies there on the air with his motionless wings outspread? Mother, can't you see his head moving as he looks this way and that, watching the surface of the water? . . . Gracious!

(*Every one starts up in amazement. For Mr. Fishhawk has fallen from his height like a dropped stone. He hits the water with a splash, dives, and emerges with a great fish flapping and



struggling in his claws. He flies, floppity, floppity, over the South Hill to the swamp. His fish is so heavy that he cannot fly more than a few feet above the ground.

As they sit down again to breakfast, Aunt Kate gives another sniff with her nose.)

Aunt Kate. Oh, what is that dire, tragic, awful smell?

Caspar (*dramatically*). The corn bread! The last pan of corn bread!

(*He bolts into the cabin, and returns with a scorched, shrunken cake.*)

Chorus. Woe, woe! Alas! Too bad, too bad!

Macgregor. But it isn't too bad at all. If you good people only knew how I am suffering the pangs of hunger, you would give that corn bread to me.

Humans (*who are not smart enough to understand dog-talk*). What shall we do with it?

Macgregor. You have heard of "mouths watering." Behold this pathetic pool upon the veranda floor!

Tom. Happy thought! Give it to Macgregor-dog.

Macgregor. Thomas, I kiss your feet!

(*Once more they begin breakfast.*

But now the Crows are having a really dreadful time. They have come sailing from the North Wood after a long and noisy wrangle, and are being attacked by a swarm of little Kingbirds, who dart at their heads and eyes with rapier-like rapidity.)

Kingbirds. Oh, you black, villain Crows! Take that! and that! You would steal our eggs and our babies, would you? (*They dart and peck.*) Get away! Avaunt! Skeedaddle!

Crows (*clumsily cringing under each flash of their indignant little enemies, and diminishing down the bay*). Caw! Caw! Owtch! Owtch! Owtch! Owtch! Owtch!

(*Silence again.*)

Tom. Well, as I'm living, there's a little baby duck in the cove. I don't think he can fly. Look at him swim right in to shore. I believe I can catch him with my hands.

(*Pushes away his breakfast, and runs down the bank, shoves a boat into the water and rows toward the little Duck.*)

Duckling (*pretending not to see Tom*). I like this Island. But I wish I could find my mother.

(*Duckling glides along just in front of the boat. Tom puts out his hand. Duckling dives, and rises again a few inches out of reach. This is repeated several times. Now they are far out in the cove. Hesitatingly the Duckling lifts from the water. All expect him to fall back again. The stumpy wings flutter, flutter, flutter, but the course of the little Duck is steady and sure.*)

Duckling (*from far away*). Hey, Tom, did you ever get left?

(*Tom returns crestfallen to the veranda.*)

Aunt Kate. Well, that was a wild duck chase for sure!

(*Tom starts in once more at his cold breakfast.*)

Macgregor (*approaching with his most engaging manner*). Tom and assembled company, behold in me a most industrious person. I have routed every last one of those swallows out of the shop. I have chased them round and round this cabin. And what's more, I was five several times within a quarter of an inch of catching one.

Tom. Yes; I noticed it.

Macgregor. And now, don't you think I deserve some fun? Oughtn't you and Caspar come and play human-hoop with me? Come, do the monkey-roll!

Tom (*rising and making a deep bow*). Well, Macgregor, I suppose it is no concern of yours that I, who am clean filled up with oatmeal, coffee, corn bread, bacon, and Cove Island candy, should stand on my head.

Macgregor. No, indeed. None whatever.

Tom. Come along, Caspar.

(*Caspar and Tom go out on the grass in front of the cabin, lock arms, heads, and legs, and at a signal begin to roll over as a human hoop.*)

Lady Lorna. Oh! oh! oh! (*Prancing and dancing as she never would be allowed to do within the limits of Greater New York.*)

(*Macgregor flies at the boys in feigned wrath, barking and biting each head that comes uppermost, now Caspar's curly yellow, now Tom's brown.*)

Caspar. Macgregor, you rascal, stop biting my ear!

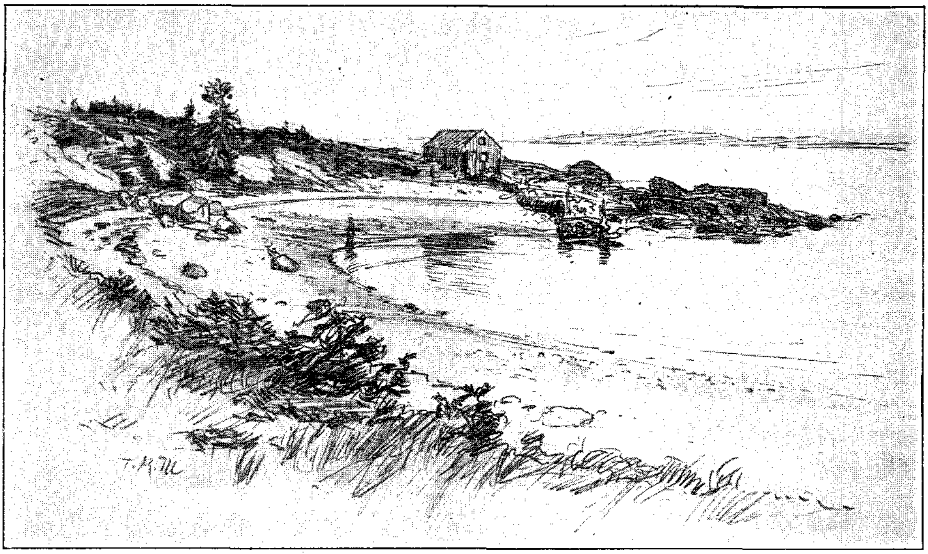
Macgregor. Oh, excuse me! But please let me do it again. It's so nice!

Aunt Kate (*after a time*). No more play now. Dishes must be washed.

Dishes. Rattle, clatter! Rattle, clatter! Bang, clang, wang! Now we're all here, sitting on our shelves.

Tom (*hanging out dish-towels*). I'm going to chop wood.

Caspar. I'm going to cut a path in the forest.



Lady Lorna. I'm going to make a throne-room of pink scallop-shells down on the beach.

Aunt Kate. And I'm going to sit in front of my tent and write a book.

EXEUNT OMNES

Chorus of Sheep (*in the distance*). Ba-ba-ba! Ba-a-a!

A WORKADAY CREED

BY ELEANOR VAN ALLEN

The Earth, my Mother;
Mankind, my Brother;
Thou, God, my Father;
Dear Life, my Lover;
My Works, my Children;
Sleep and Amen.

M. PADEREWSKI'S NEW VARIATIONS[1]

BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON

OBSERVERS of contemporary music often find themselves wishing that two qualities, one or the other of which is, as a rule, plainly shown by every important modern work, might be more frequently combined. For want of better names these qualities may be called coloristic impressionism and structural solidity.

The first is notable in a great variety of modern works. First shown distinctly in the romantic music of Schumann and Chopin, it has now become very widely disseminated, and may be traced in such otherwise dissimilar composers as Tschaikowsky, Dvořák, Grieg, Fauré, Debussy, Charpentier, Strauss, and others. This impressionism may be briefly defined as a certain richness and lavish wealth of tonal coloring, produced by overspreading the harmonic framework with a web or veil of subsidiary tones which, because of their so-called "dissonant" nature, do not merge with it, but rather blur and soften the hard clarity of its outline

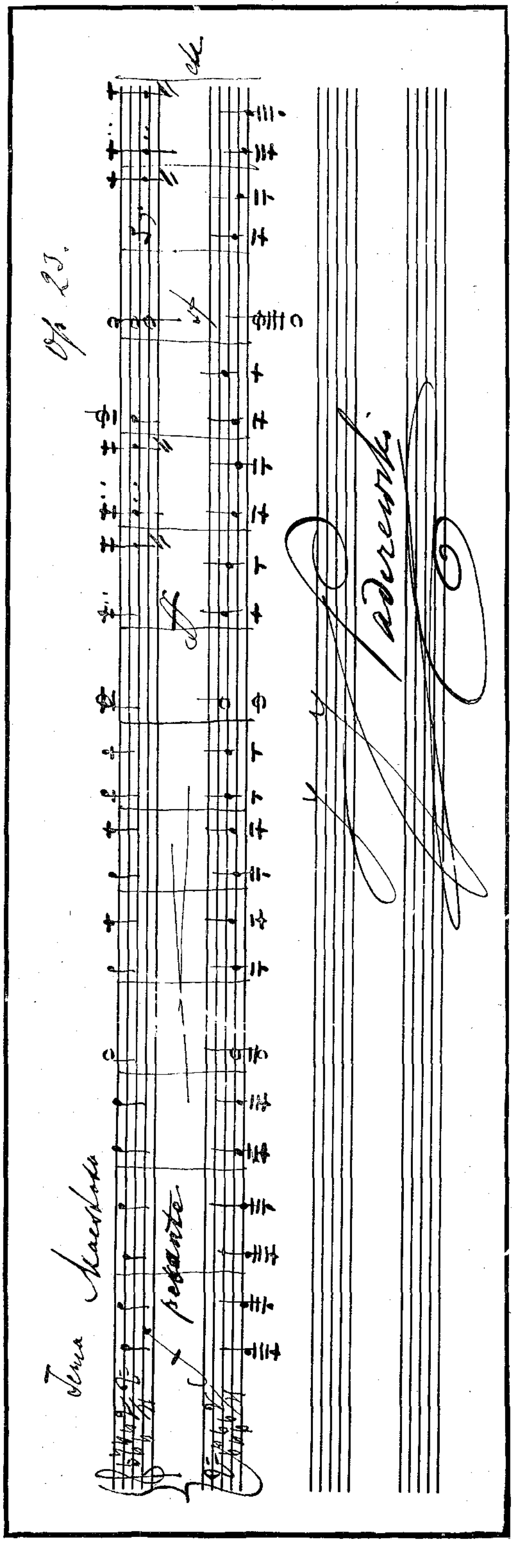
A similar treatment of color in painting is nowadays familiar to every one. The modern painter seldom leaves his lines quite distinct; he prefers to melt and interfuse them, so to speak, by means of an infinity of minute brush-strokes, or, if he is working in crayon or charcoal, by a free use of the "stump," which softens and obscures all the outlines. Just so Chopin, for example, is fond of blurring his chords by means of richly designed ornaments of grace-notes, which, by the aid of the pedal, are made to fuse with the fundamental harmony and form a veil about it. In the orchestra similar effects are obtainable in many ways. A high musical authority has happily defined the peculiar character of M. Debussy's orchestral coloring by saying that he "orchestrates pedal effects." When Strauss ends one of his symphonic poems with the chord of C-major in the strings, letting the wood-wind simultaneously breathe softly the chord of B-major, he is aiming at a similar blurring of the tonal mass. In one way or another most composers of to-day aim at this kind of coloristic impressionism, often attaining combinations of the most kaleidoscopic profusion and gorgeousness, or of the most subtle vagueness and softness.

The great defect of the modern impressionist is that, in his search for these fascinating colors, he is led to neglect the supreme importance of line, of form, of structure. Here again the analogy of painting is helpful to the layman. The impressionistic painting is good only if the fundamental design, with its formal qualities of balance, symmetry, composition, etc., comes clearly to the eye in spite of the veil of color in which it is enmeshed. We rightly feel that bad drawing spoils the most subtly or richly colored picture. Now in music the lines are the melodies, and the composition is the solid scheme of harmony to which these melodies in their orderly and sustained progress give rise. And so, if a piece of music be fragmentary or trivial in its melody, or if its harmonic basis be incoherent or monotonous, or in any way unsound, no richness of tonal coloring will suffice permanently to conceal these radical defects. Hence it is that every well-trained musician lays such stress on the capital importance of polyphony (the concurrence of melodies), on harmonic logic, and on formal symmetry and proportion.

Unfortunately, however, while the musical impressionists of to-day are almost invariably weak in polyphony and structure (Debussy, for example,

---

[1] Variations et Fugue, sur un Thème original, par I. J. Paderewski, opus 23.



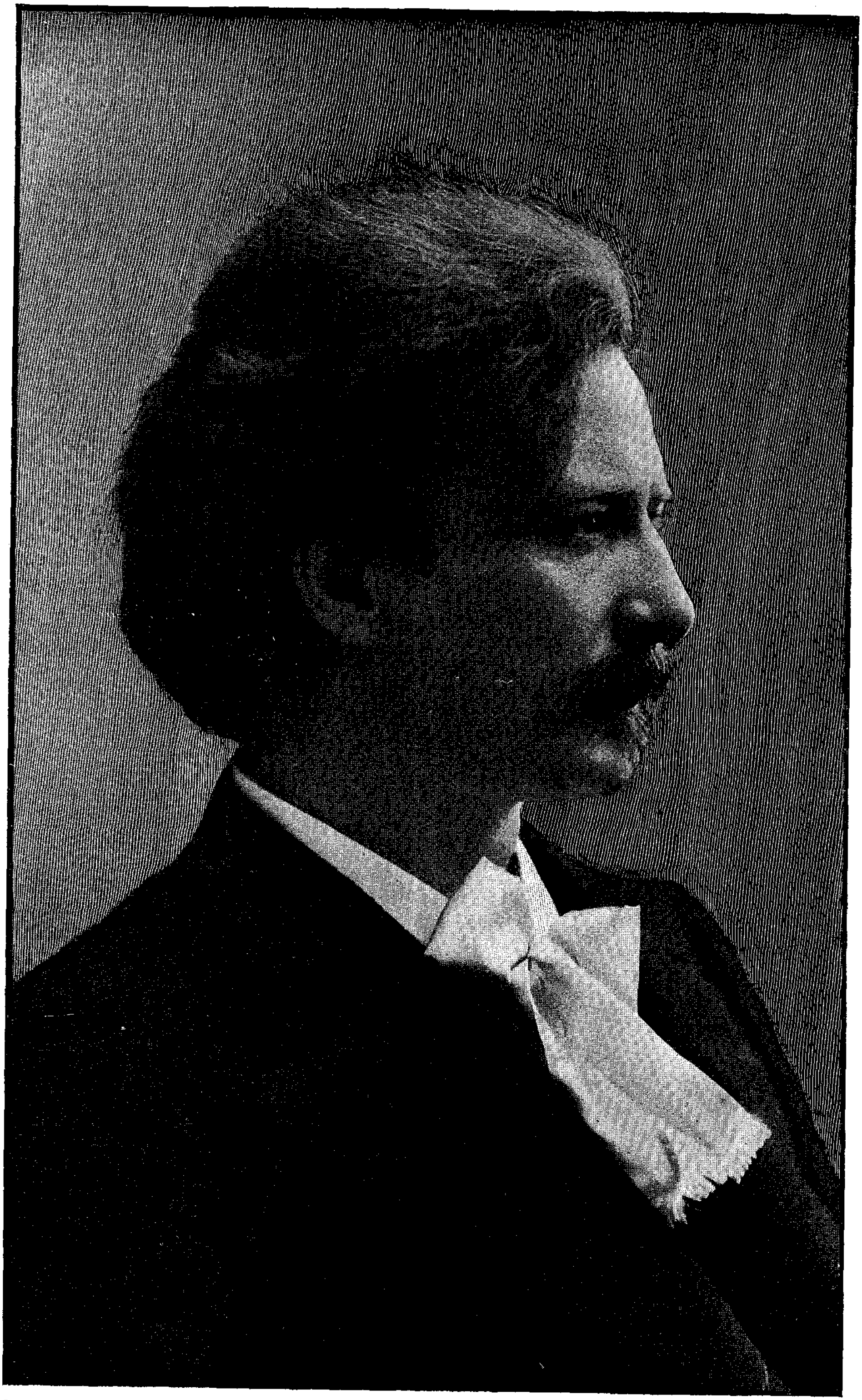
THE THEME OF THE VARIATIONS

Written and signed for the author by M. Paderewski

being incapable of sustained melody, and such a man as Maurice Ravel perversely eccentric in harmonic design), the opposite school, which follows classical tradition in matters of structure, and of which Brahms may be taken as the highest type, is frequently dull, gray, and bleak in coloring. In line Brahms's work is often as grand, as broad, as august as a mountain range, but this mountain range, to follow out the figure, sometimes stands cold against the sky, with no vegetation to soften its contour. In a word, the impressionists are too often flimsy or even chaotic in form; the masters of line too often fail to achieve coloristic warmth, profusion, atmosphere.

The object of this rather long prologue is to make clear to the untechnical reader the extreme rarity in modern music of a work which combines, as M. Paderewski's new Variations combine them, these usually opposed qualities of richly sensuous coloring and splendidly intellectual vitality of form. To the critic ever longing in vain for music firmly founded in its ultimate elements on classical tradition, yet satisfying also the ear used to rich modern color, the publication of such a work is a memorable event.

M. Paderewski's earlier work has taught us to expect from him not only admirably idiomatic writing for the piano, making use of all its many shades of tone-coloring and its subtlest mixtures of *timbre*, but also ingeniously conceived impressionistic effects. He was one of the first composers to use "seconds," "sevenths," and other dissonances, to soften or enrich his harmonic design, as for example in the Barcarolle in his Album de Mai (published nearly twenty-five years ago), in his Toccata, "Dans le Desert," and in his



PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVIS & SANFORD

IGNACE J. PADEREWSKI

Concerto in A-minor, opus 17. In the present work he carries these effects much further, besides showing the greatest originality in the treatment of the fundamental harmonies on which they rest. The fifth variation, for instance, is of the freshest and most novel coloring, produced by rapid chromatic thirds which pass from key to key in a kaleidoscopic and at first bewildering way, conducted nevertheless with such unfaltering mastery that the final effect is perfectly logical and indeed inevitable. The fourteenth, marked *Allegro feroce*, seems at first harsh and forbidding on account of the unaccustomed harmonies; yet one sees after a little study that if the first measure be accepted as a musical premise, the rest follows with the inexorability of syllogism. Most interesting, if not most beautiful, of all is Variation XV, with its constant delicate blur of "seconds." Its concluding measures are shown in Figure I. The reader will note the wondrously soft richness of the tonal coloring in the last two measures, imparted by the G-sharp and the E-sharp added to the simple "tonic chord" by the right hand. Play the passage without these two dissonant tones, and it is quite commonplace; add them, and one throws over the chord a magical shimmer, as of moonlight on a familiar scene. This magical glamour is spread over the entire variation by the deftly placed dissonances. As for the skillful use of the varied sonorities and modes of tone-production of the piano, our expectations from a composer of M. Paderewski's reputation as a pianist are naturally high; and they are not disappointed.

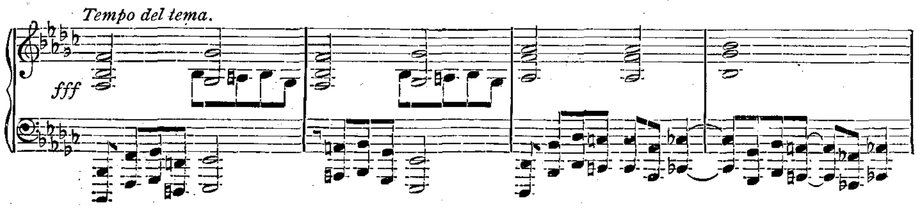


FIGURE I

Now all this interesting use of impressionistic color and of contrasting sonorities, masterly as it is, would not suffice to give M. Paderewski's composition the importance it possesses, were they not combined with a plastic beauty of melody, a vigor of polyphonic style, and a splendid breadth and poise in the form of the work as a whole, which, as we have said, is most rare in modern music. Hence our critical attention quickly passes to these other considerations which have to do rather with the element of design, in which classical music is so supreme, than with that of color.

There is every evidence that this work is the mature product of a musical intelligence of great native power, perfected by untiring discipline and wide experience. The broad plan of the work as a whole, with its deliberate, cumulative climaxes and its artfully placed moments of relief in lyrical feeling or in purely fanciful by-play, the extraordinary elasticity and resourcefulness of the rhythmical treatment, the contrapuntal skill shown throughout and reaching its apotheosis in the fugue, and the certainty with which, in spite of all momentary contrasts, the general emotional mood of austere and somber passion is maintained—all point to the same conclusion. In a word, this is no work of merely superficial brilliancy, of "effects" cleverly strung together; underneath its almost bewildering richness of color is a classical stoutness of texture and firmness of outline.

This may best be discerned by glancing at those variations in which the theme, in its initial presentation heard in all the simplicity of bold unison, is at once closely adhered to and ingeniously enhanced. Variation I presents it literally, adding merely a bass and an intermediate voice which fill out the harmony. With this should be compared No. XII, which resumes the theme literally in the bass, after the foregoing digression, while above it is a new set of subordinate melodies. For all its simplicity, this is a real germination of the original thought. Variation III subjects the first phrase only of the theme to further development. Variation IV resumes the theme almost literally in the bass, and at the same time adds a decorative upper voice. In Variation IX the rhythmic modification of the theme is most striking. It is "augmented" (*i. e.*, taken twice as slowly) and "syncopated" (*i. e.*, shifted to unaccented beats). There is an overpowering sense of restrained power, of brooding tragedy, throughout, the passion gradually manifesting itself more and more until, with the change to major in the next variation, a splendid climax is consummated. The reader should note how closely this tenth variation, in spite of its change to the major mode, adheres to the theme.

With its conclusion there is a change of mood, and two tones only of the theme are made the subject of the charmingly fanciful and rhythmically capricious Allegro scherzoso. Then, after the return to the theme in XII, already mentioned, comes, in XIII, a strange mood of indefinite yearning, with ineffectual attempts, as it were, to establish the theme—a wild, barbaric, eerie movement of absolute originality. This is enchained with the following section to which the harsh, plangent harmonies previously mentioned impart a quality of ferocity, gradually abating toward the end, and leading to a most unexpected close in which the theme once more appears in the bass, in its original simplicity.

Variation XV, to the mind of the present writer the loveliest of all, has already been discussed at some length; let it suffice to add that the connection with the original theme remains close even here, despite the entire change of mood and coloring. Variation XVII is a delicate aquarelle. Variations XVIII, XIX, and XX constitute a long and admirably sustained *crescendo* leading to the fugue.

This fugue is not only the emotional culmination to which all the preceding matter inexorably leads, but it is what very few modern fugues are, a highly complex yet absolutely logical piece of contrapuntal writing in which the various melodies are marshaled with unfailing command, now in lyrical episodes, now in stormy climaxes. Space fails for a detailed analysis; but the two points of maximum interest are as follows: first, the concurrence, at the bottom of page 31, of the theme of the variations (in whole-notes in the bass), the theme of the fugue (in eighth-notes in the upper register), and the fugue-theme in "augmentation" (quarter-notes in middle register); second, the great peroration beginning at the bottom of page 34, in which we hear the original theme and the fugue-theme marching in regal magnificence to the brilliant and sonorous conclusion in which all the tonal resources of the piano are called into play. This combination of the two themes, planned of course from the outset but held in reserve through all the preceding intricate windings of the music, is indescribably splendid (see Figure II). Such a moment of triumph, linked as it is logically with all that has gone before, is satisfying to both intellect and senses in a way that merely "coloristic" music can never be. It is the fitting conclusion of a work in which the best qualities of two species of music, too often opposed, are for once interfused in happy co-operation, a work which we cannot but feel must take, by virtue both of its daring originality and its normal evolution from what is best in the music of the past, a high and a permanent place in musical literature.

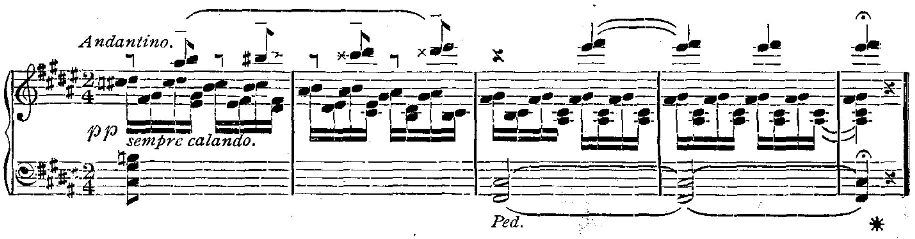
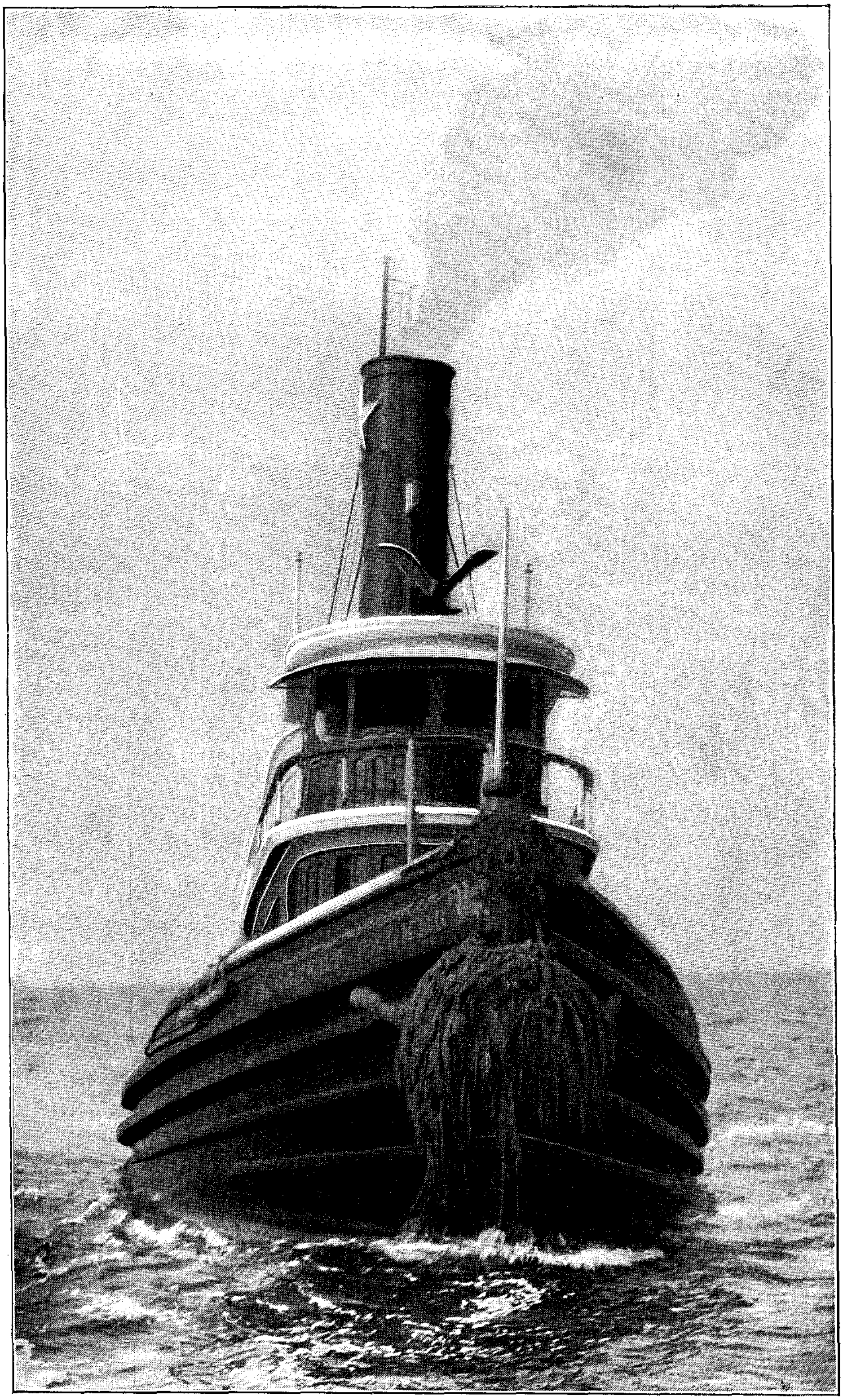


FIGURE II



THE TOWBOAT

TOWBOATING

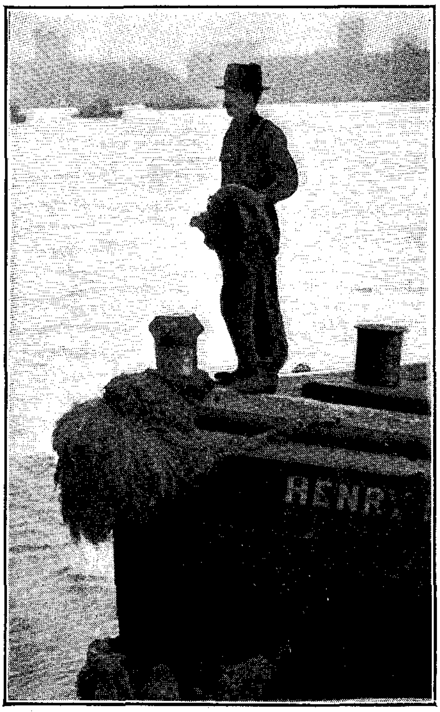
BY CHARLOTTE TELLER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR HEWITT

INTO the gloom of a low-browed room on South Street, facing the sea, I saw four men carrying a ragged and water-soaked rope as big around as a strong man's arm. The room has no front wall; it yawns upon one of the docks, and sucks in all the old hawsers, the old ship's lanterns and pulleys, that come near it. And the wharf-rats who were carrying the rope hobbled along under the dusty lanterns and pulleys with a sort of addle-pated gait, as though they were not sure whether they were on firm land or heaving deck. The rope sagged between them like a limp sea-serpent humiliated in being so openly assisted to its lair—the coil of it on a wagon backed up, ambulance-like, before the store, lessening as the coil in the shop grew.

Three months ago, weighing nearly five pounds to the foot, its five-hundred-foot length had been sold by a ship-chandler for eight or nine hundred dollars, and it had gone out to its duty of dragging heavy burdens—sailing vessels, strings of oyster-boats, oil-boats, coal-barges, and mud-scows. It has hung in the free air taut between the tug and the tug's tow, dipping now and then into the mild waves of the harbor, or for a few hours at a time lain idle, coiled upon the tug's deck, while the captain scanned the harbor for a chance tow or ran up shaky office stairs on South Street to get his regular towing orders. And ninety days has been a long life for a tow-rope; in freezing weather it would have come back to shore in icy stiffness at the end of sixty days. Now it will lie in the gloom waiting to be made into oakum or into paper. As oakum it will find its way to sea once more, perhaps between the planks of its old deck; as paper—there is just a sentimental chance that it may be paper for ships' charts, and so feel again the horny fingers of seafaring men.

The ship-chandler looked seriously at me as I gazed at the great coils of ragged rope. He did not feel the romance smothering there in the gloom of his dusty shop. He gave the wharf-rats a quarter apiece for the job, and they went back to sit on the edge of the dock, where the barges, the proletariat craft of the harbor, are waiting to be loaded—placid, equable barges which bear their burdens without creaking, and follow any tow-line, unable to go anywhere alone. They made an uncertain edge to the dock, and it seemed to me that if they lay there long enough they might grow fast to it, like parasites.

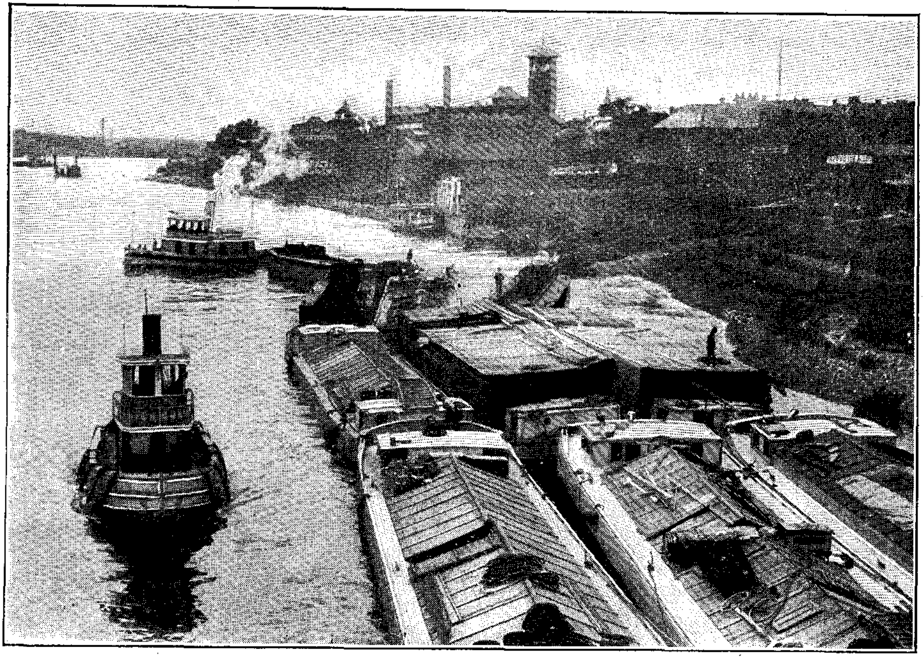


READY WITH THE LINE

As I stood there trucks came driving

noisily out upon the dock, and the loading began. The wharf-rats scrambled up to their feet to begin work or watch. Then a tug came suddenly from somewhere and made for the dock, and stopped before one of the barges with the air of asking a partner for the dance—a prearranged partner apparently, for there was no parleying, no wasting of effusive politeness. They got into position, the tow-rope was fastened to the forward end of the oblong craft, and they were off, leaving the other barges, like wall-flowers, unnoticed. The crew of the barge was one man, and he seated himself on a soap-box and watched the tow-rope rise and fall as the tug went out into the Bay again. Self-important to the point of impudence, nose in the air, smoke-stack bending back, its stern deck almost on a line with the water, it was like a small and boastful person who, in the deed, really goes beyond the boast.

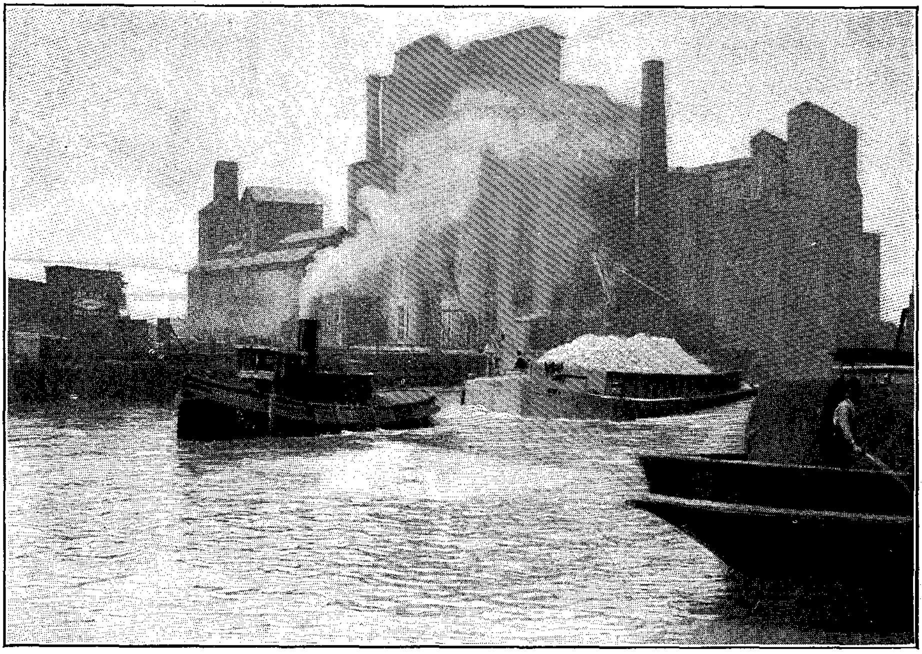
All tugs have that air; they take up their task with nonchalance and a holiday manner. For the most part they have a serene preoccupation with whatever task they have in hand—or, rather, at the end of their tow-line. On a bright morning dozens of them hurry about the Upper Bay, like bell-boys in a hotel lobby. They never make false starts or interfere with one another, never dodge like pedestrians on a street crossing. In a tip-tilted, competent way they rush about, for all the world as though they were intent on tidying up the harbor. It seems to me to be an endless and a thankless task, for no sooner do they put all the barges where they belong, bring incoming ships to anchor, and politely bow out departing ships at Sandy Hook, than they have it all to do over again; with the exception of a few islands and a few lighthouses, nothing out there in the Bay ever "stays put." Every morning the old residents—the barges with derricks, the scows which have a daily routine—occupy different places on the gray or blue waters, and there are newcomers besides. And the tugs get their orders by telephone from Manhattan or Philadelphia or the New Jersey terminals, and go to work with energy.



MAKING UP A TOW AT TROY

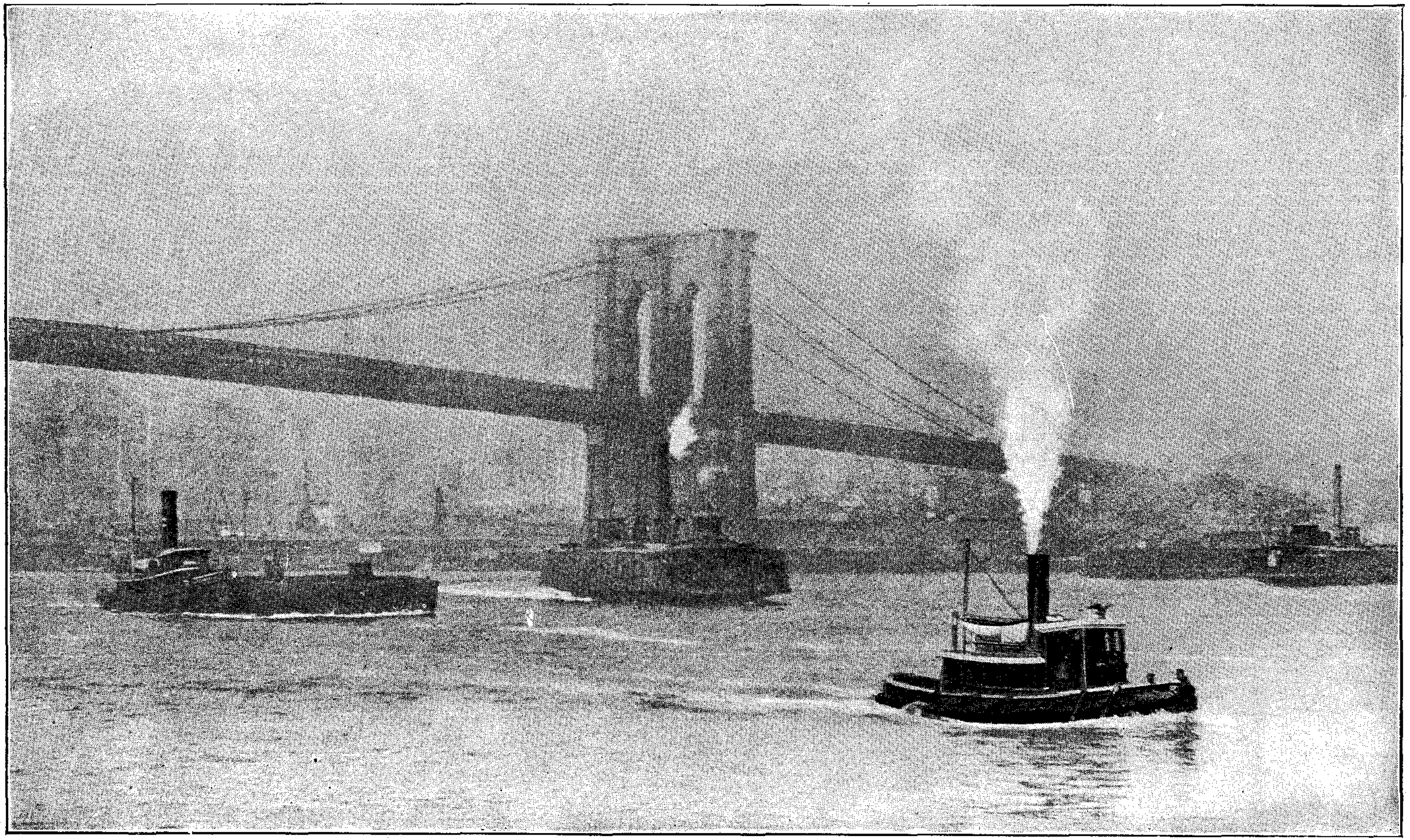
On Saturday the deep-sea travelers, the ocean liners, have the floor; on every day of the week the ferries take their slow, cumbrous way back and forth by schedule; but the tugs are always in action; they are the messenger boys, the middlemen, the small shopkeepers in the harbor. When they slide up alongside the stranger craft, they look like confidence men with a hayseed; and they are, for they make good bargains with these stranger craft when by chance the stranger is not under contract to do all its trafficking with one firm on Manhattan. And how they watch for a "free ship," as a ship not bound by contract is called! All the towboat owners, big and little, keep watch of the shipping news for such a one; it is by virtue of its freedom open to approach by all the unoccupied tugs in the harbor, who become on the instant grinning pirates in a small commercial fashion as they dash out beyond Sandy Hook in their eagerness to get their prey. Pleasant, I take it, waiting out there in the summer time, but as bleak and cold in winter as a cabman's place before the opera, and only the most eager ones stay out over night. Then, after all the waiting, the one which makes the ship's side first has the prize; the rest steam sorrowfully through the Lower Bay again and back to their familiar haunts in the Upper Bay, leaving the winner to make his bargain without competition. That is the etiquette of tugboat life.

Sometimes the bickering between tugboat and deep-sea ship over the price of towing into harbor lasts two or three days. If the incoming ship is still provisioned and not in too great a hurry, and knows besides what the fair price is, it holds out; but if there is a sick man or two on board, or any dead, it soon gives in and follows meekly into port, the victim of this impudent little hold-up tug, whose engines chuckle and puff with glee. You can see it any day on the harbor, and laugh too.



MAKING GOOD WAY WITH A HEAVY TOW

"No, we never butt in," the tug captain told me; "and there ain't many chances to any more; the free ships are scarce nowadays. We don't cruise much looking for them." And he sighed; he was one to feel that piracy had its romance and to wish for the high seas near Sandy Hook. He was a "porgyman," that is, a man with a small tug under no contract to any one, picking up its living like a street arab at a railway station. His tug had only a hundred horse-power, and that made it a "little fellow" in the minds of the other



ALL TUGS HAVE AN AIR OF SELF-IMPORTANCE

towboat captains. He had his own way, like a tramp, but none of the dignity of the official railway tugs which in their scheduled courses to and from trains are almost as unromantic as ferryboats.

These official tugs belonging to the railways—and there are several hundred of them—wear their badges on their stacks: three bands of orange with "B and O" perpendicular in black; "Lackawanna" on a white shield; "New York, New Haven and Hartford" in full on an olive-green band. All these indicate the ownership. They are there to carry freight and freight-cars across the Bay. One tug can tow as many as twenty-three cars on a barge alongside instead of astern. They are very important then, making haste slowly, like sprightly men who take heavy spouses out for an airing; they have right of way even before a ferry about to make a slip. But there is no romance for them; their duties are plain before them, day after day. They move scows and barges about with the easy grace of fingers moving dominoes, and there are rules for the game. They fit the growing system as though they ran on man-laid tracks instead of the open, glistening harbor.

Many of the provision companies and contractors have their tugs just as they have their cars to fetch and carry for them and no others. Standard Oil has at least twenty tugs in the harbor bearing its insignia. Then, under the letters "M," "S," or "C," the towing companies run their tugs for any firm or individual who will pay the price.

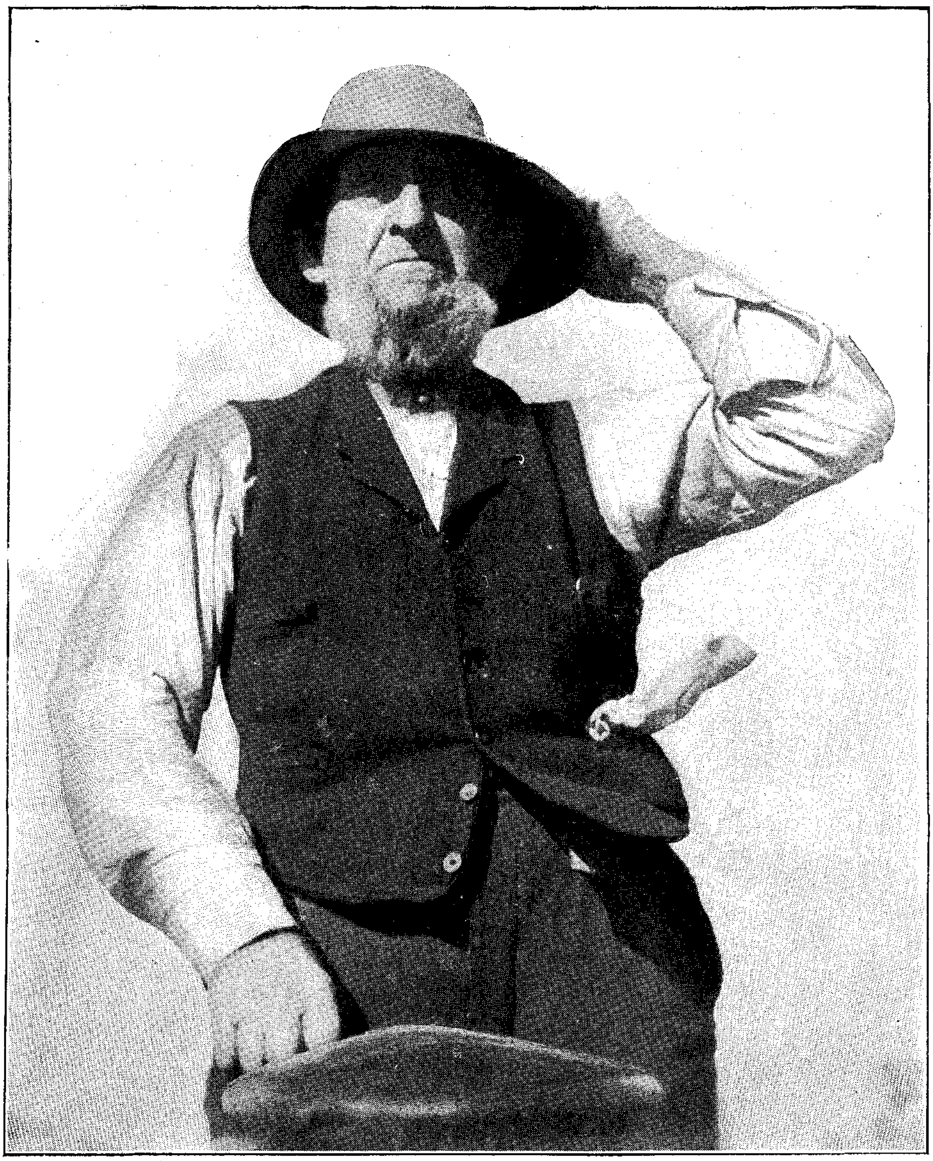
The days of rough-and-ready romance are going. I guessed this when, in one of the towboat offices on South Street, I read a sign done in blue pencil, "Tow will be made up at five o'clock every day. Boats *must* be ready when called for!"

So that is it? These dashing denizens of the Bay must be "ready when called for"? After all, then, the harbor is no more than a skating-rink for them, with parents and elders sitting on all four sides of the room, observant. But "ready" for what? Romance blinked at me, and suggested that these tugs might be going out to Sandy Hook to bring in majestic sailing vessels. Commerce grinned at me, removing a cigar from the corner of his mouth—a good cigar, mind you, not a sailor's pipe—"No, *we* don't cruise after sailing vessels; we carry mud."

At that the color died out of the harbor scene, sails drooped, breezes brought more of the smell of oil from the Jersey coast than of salt air. These little perky, flippant craft carry mud? The captain saw the look of pain, and took it for misapprehension. "Cellar dirt," he supplied as an explanatory synonym, and added, "At one hundred dollars a day."

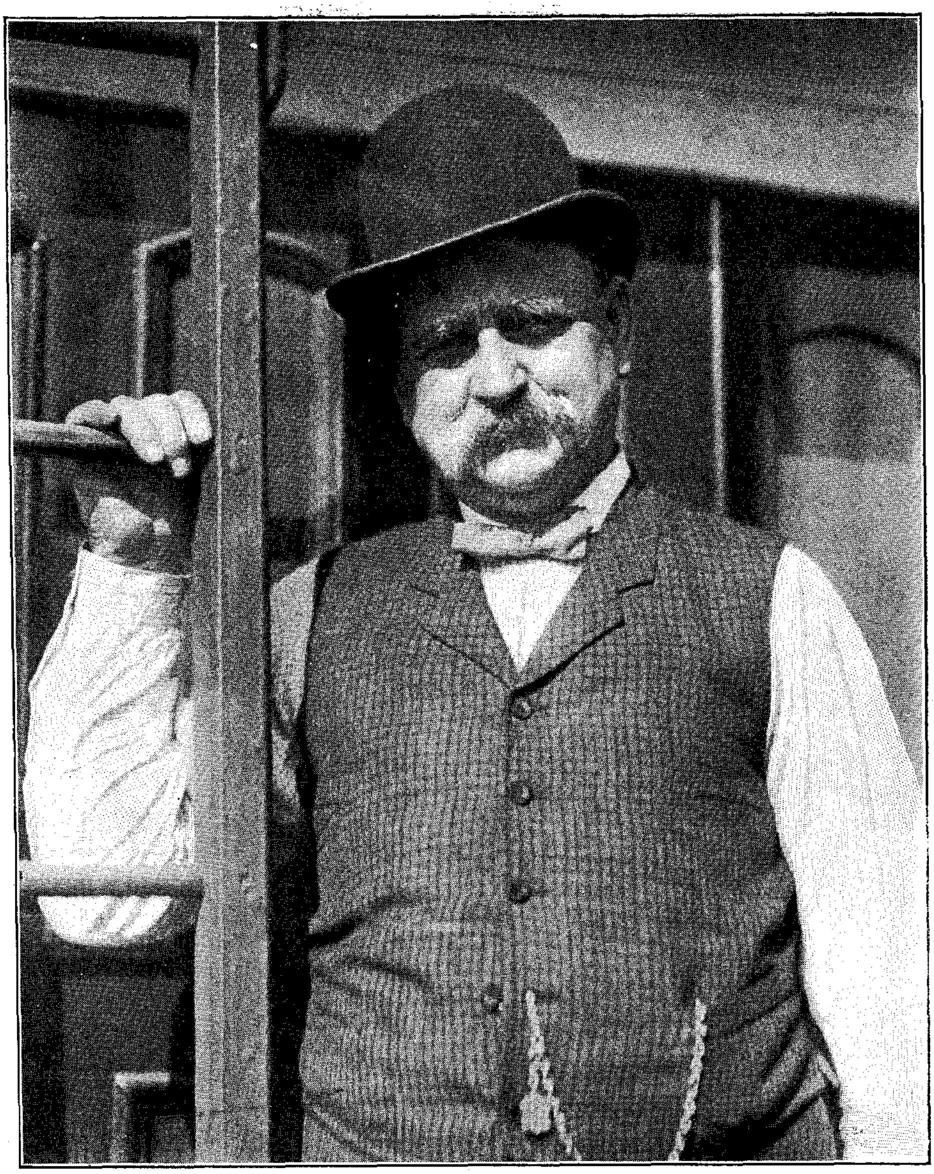
Nothing more need be said. It is the dogma of the age, the creed and doctrine. "A hundred dollars a day" for dumping cellar dirt outside Sandy Hook. There was the chance to go along and see it done; and, for all its prosaic possibilities, there was a touch of romance, as there always must be where salt spray flies. Three barges behind us filled with mud, but ahead the sun on the sea, and the waves getting bigger and bigger as we came near the Hook. But we had to conform to the law, to the regulation of the War Department, about this dumping. If the scows were emptied anywhere the towing captain saw fit, the mouth of the harbor might soon be choked up. To prevent this, one of the little white boats of the Supervisor of the Harbor was hovering about Sandy Hook, and our captain had to give his permit to its official and then dump under the close observance of the eye on the Supervisor's flag—the great round blue eye which flies from the mast, a symbolic rag. For all its prosaic purpose, the little white boat was one of the pictures of the harbor. Our tug was moving quickly towards Sandy Hook, the three scows *en train*; the Supervisor's white boat made a sudden bird-like swoop close to the tug, neither one slowing down at all, and the permit was handed at the end of a pole by a deck-hand to the officer—and each boat was quickly on its way thereafter. A few moments after, the cellar dirt sank into the sea, and the tug dashed back for further orders.

But Commerce, still sitting comfortably in his chair by his office window, with his telephone booth back of him, looked out over the dock and went into



THE CAPTAIN
Of the old time

further explanation. He had nothing nautical in his looks except the weather wrinkles about his mouth and sea-peering eyes. Without any hitching of breeches he answered all the questions I had gathered in gazing at the Bay. He told me that the average horse-power of a tug is about two hundred, and that such a tug can haul a sailing vessel of eight thousand tons as easily as a woman a baby buggy. There was no sailor's embroidery to his statement that it costs about twelve hundred dollars a month to run one of these tugboats, whose building costs from ten thousand to fifty thousand dollars. This original cost and running expense it is which makes it safer to contract for carrying cellar dirt than to lie low for a free ship. He told me that the crews are for the most part sailors who are tired of the deep-sea journeying and want to be near their homes; and that,



THE CAPTAIN

Of the new age

while their hours are long, their pay is good. He looked at it all from a counting-house point of view. A few years ago he was master on one of the tugs himself, and he expected all his captains to work as hard and as long as he. Now they are still at it for week's wages, and he watches the Bay from his office window and sends his orders over the telephone. He has become part of the system; he belongs to the Captains of Industry. But he sits with his back turned upon Manhattan; the Bay is his life.

When you say Manhattan, you are saying that New York—that is, the *real* New York—is on an island. I like to say it, for when I do I feel a certain superiority; I lose that terrifying sense of the city's ominous perpendicular walls stretching north and south, east and west. When I say Manhattan, I can see the ends of these walled streets. I know that they slip stealthily over the Harlem River bridges and after a while into country roads if I follow them far enough north. I know that they rush recklessly into the sea at the south and are done for, thank Heaven! And I can see them poking themselves, by means of docks, into the rivers, east and west. *It is only at the Harlem end that they save themselves from drowning.* And whenever I recall that fact I am comforted. Now that I have gone almost around Manhattan on a tugboat, the city is not any more monstrous than a picture post-card on whose margin I have been sailing. Looking at New York from a pilot-house window, I lost all interest in the tenement-house problem; it did not seem real in the least. Manhattan is only an island, and if people will crowd themselves into hysteria thereon, why do they ask for sympathy?

I did not put this as a question to the captain of the Arthur W., as we rounded the lower end of the island with our twenty-four hundred empty sugar-barrels on a barge alongside. He would not have been particularly interested. Manhattan is for him a picture too—a silhouette. "Thirty years ago," he said, "Trinity Church steeple was the highest point, but now you can only get a glimpse of it from one or two positions on the river."

He pointed out one building as we reached Battery Park as "the place where United Harbor No. 1 meets." United Harbor No. 1! There is something to hold you in the name, to please your fancy, to touch your heart even before you know what it means. There are three thousand masters, mates, and pilots who belong to the United Harbor, he told me, and they are called to meeting by a flag put up three days beforehand over the building. They are called to meeting, all of them, but only those who have regular hours can go—for the most part only the masters, mates, and pilots of the railway tugs and ferryboats; in other words, only those who have swung out of the chaos of towboating into its calmer waters.

The captain gossiped with me as we took our way through the cluttered river. The rules are simple. The tugs keep to the right unless the tide makes that hard, then courtesy is extended to the tug with the heaviest or most ungainly tow.

PICKING OUT A PARTNER

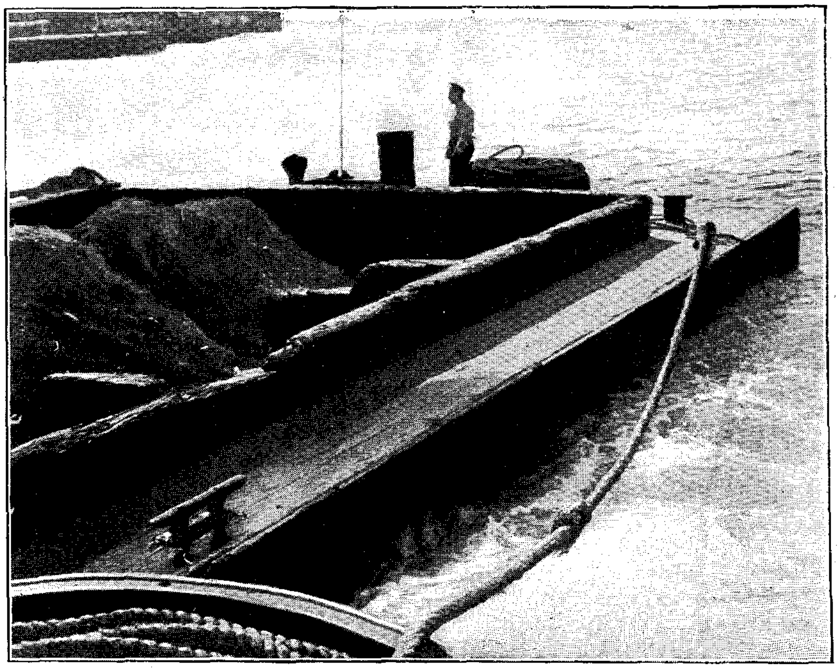
"Any man with a spark of principle," said the captain of the Arthur W., "will let a ferryboat make its slip, give it the right of way, for they are so big and awkward." With that he brought his boat and his barge of sugar-barrels to a full stop by pulling the rope which blew the whistle (whenever he wanted anything he pulled that rope, the deep whistle would blow, and the deck-hand come to attention). This time he put his head out the pilot-house window and said:

"Find the chef if he's anywhere about and have him make a cup of tea and a sandwich." Naturally the chef would not be far away, I decided, unless he had fallen off the tug, which he had not done, for before long he brought tea and, instead of a sandwich, buttered toast and cheese. He was little more than a boy, but he knew his art, and on the way back from Yonkers, where we deposited the barrels, he cooked a dinner which was served jubilantly.

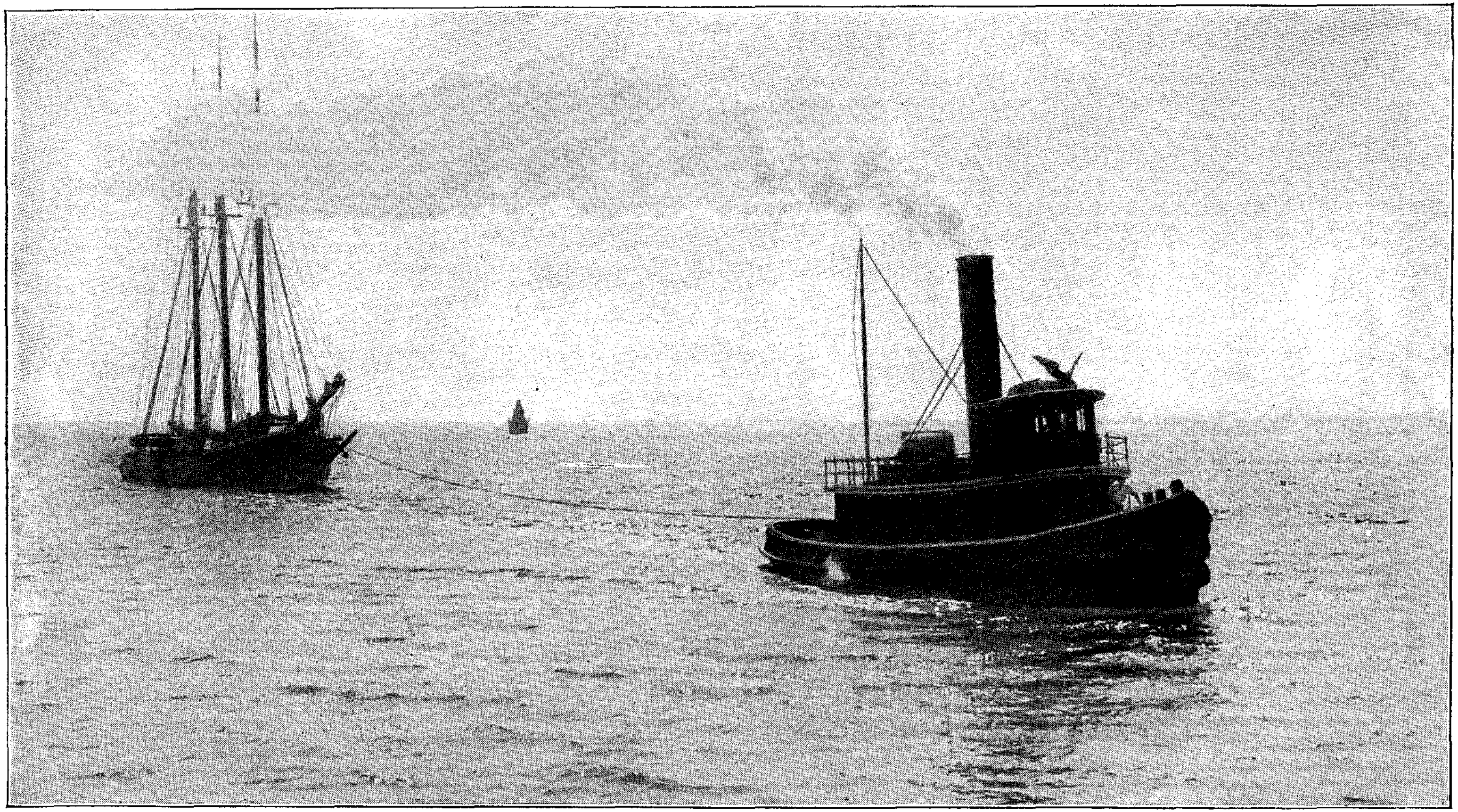
Day for the captain of the Arthur W. begins at four or five in the morning and ends only with the task. If at the end of the day he can tie up at the dock nearest his home, he can sleep on a bed; if not, he sleeps on the boat with the rest of the crew. According to law the maximum day is thirteen hours for these harbor men, but it averages sixteen hours.

This law for a thirteen-hour day was passed through the efforts of the American Association of Masters, Mates, and Pilots, to which United Harbor No. 1 stands in the same relation as a local union to the American Federation of Labor. Twenty-one years ago Captain Frank Ward and Captain Luther B. Dow, together with twenty-five or twenty-six other steamboat captains, met on January 12 to consider a protective association wherein the cause of one would be the cause of all. They met on a side-wheeler, the Minnehannock, whose picture hangs now in honor in their headquarters. And when they went back through wintry sleet and ice to their respective boats, their Association had been launched.

To-day the Association has a membership of ten thousand, and works in close union with the Association of Marine Engineers, the Seamen's Union, and the Bargemen's Union. They have as members the three hundred and five ferryboat deck officers, the several hundred rail-



THE MAN ON THE SCOW



BRINGING IN A COASTER

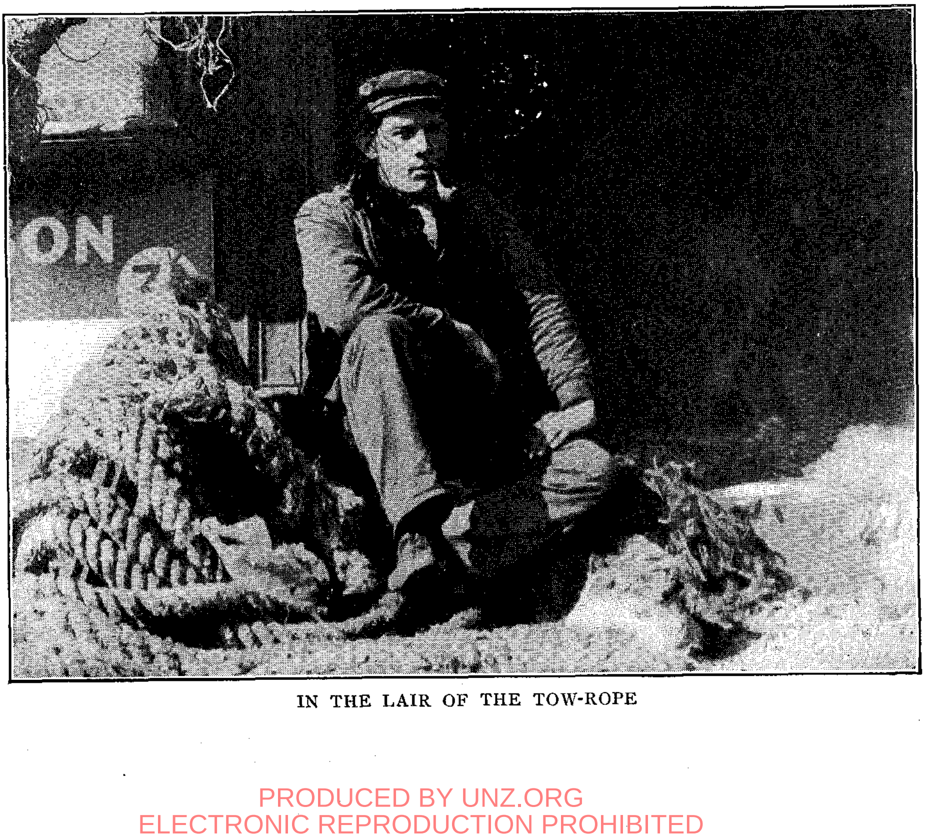
way tug officers, the officers of practically all the other tugs, and the officers of the coast-line boats. And very recently they have been joined by all the masters, mates, and pilots of the Red Star Line—a deep-sea line. Last year they raised the salaries of all their members from twenty-five to thirty-three per cent. Their minimum now for masters on what are called "first-class" ships is one hundred dollars, second officer eighty dollars, and third officer sixty dollars a month. On the "second-class" ships—that is, smaller ships—first officers get ninety dollars a month and second officers seventy.

When one day in their office I spoke of that accomplishment as a triumph for them, Captain Dow pointed out to me that it was not so great an increase as it seemed because of the increased cost of living. And Captain Cowan, one of the organizers, compared these salaries with the wages of bricklayers, carpenters, and plumbers. And these men are intrusted besides with the lives of thousands of human beings.

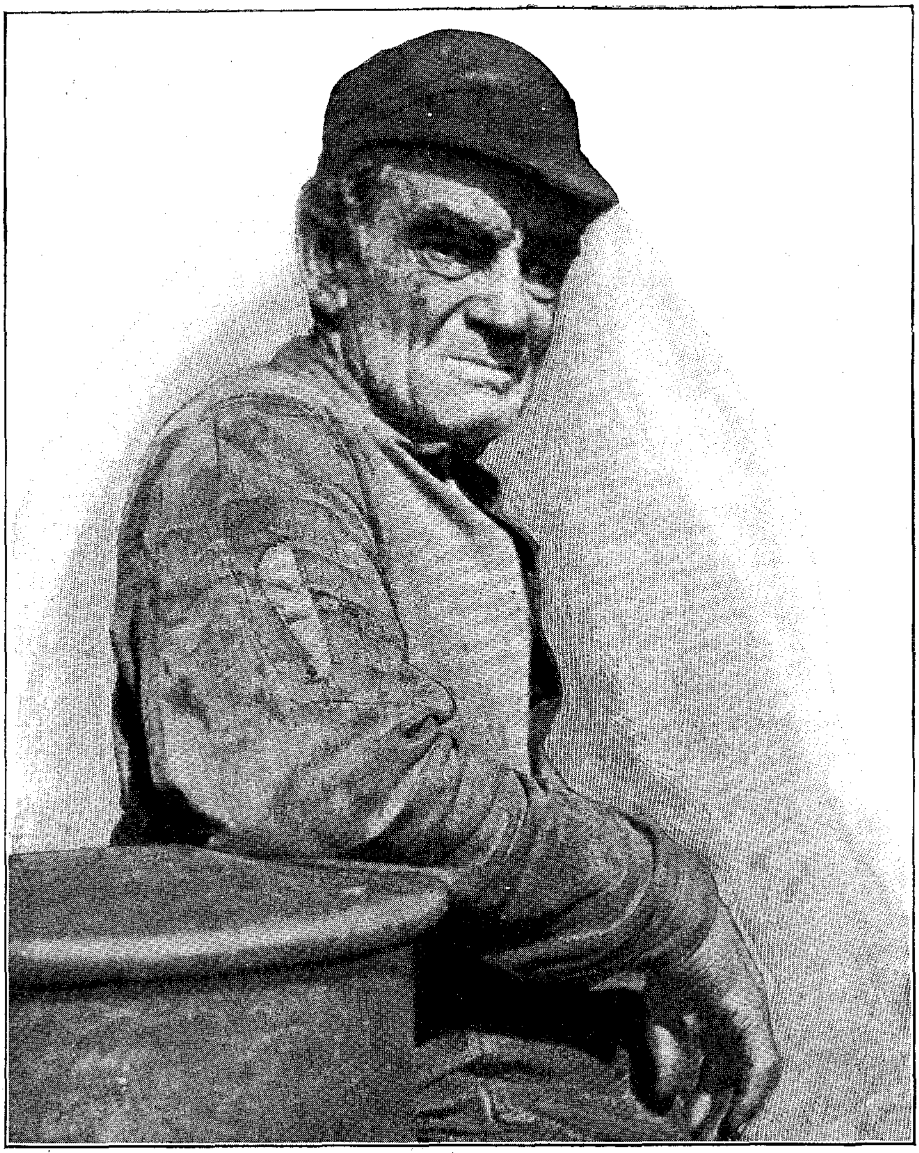
"Gold lace on their coats," said Captain Cowan, "and only a dollar sixteen a day additional in their pockets."

The captain of the Arthur W. gave me the constitution and by-laws to read, but I preferred to watch the river and the passing silhouette of the city. Yet I did notice one or two interesting facts as I glanced politely through the little pamphlet with the flags on the cover. There are funeral benefits and a feeling of responsibility for the widows and families of deceased members. They do not permit religious discussion; nor allow any member to have an interest in the making or selling of liquor. Nor do they allow any member to "take any place vacated by a brother at a reduction of wages." And then, if you please, the Grand Harbor does not hold an annual meeting, but a "regular voyage"!

The men who, without complaint, sleep and eat on the tugs twenty and thirty days at a time without going home have little voice in the organization, although they receive its benefits. They live with much jollity and comradeship, they do their week's washing when they can, do the mending as sailors must, and shave each other in spite of the jerky way of a tug; for when a boat is as full of engine as a tugboat must be, there is a constant jerk, the unmistakable tug



IN THE LAIR OF THE TOW-ROPE



THE ENGINEER

motion which you would recognize in the middle of the night were you to be carried aboard blindfolded.

Many tugboat men in the harbor are easy-going ones who do not feel the eager desire of the times for order in all things. Coming swiftly down the Hudson in the dusk, the captain showed no excitement; nothing of the chauffeur intensity was in his face, nor even the nervousness of that forefather of the chauffeur, the bicyclist.

"A towboat," he said, "is like a horse; you get used to it. Put a strange master up here, and he might make a mess of it." He slowed up a little to let a small motor-boat run across stream almost under his bow. Other small leisure-class boats were playing about like children in a park; Riverside Drive shone dull green in the dusk; Grant's Tomb and the Sailors' Monument were holding the last light of the sun sinking beyond the Palisades. The mate of the Arthur

W. was on the forward part of the unwieldy tow which we had taken on at Yonkers. He was a stolid figure, immovable in his attention to the river, except when he lifted his hand to signal the captain.

"He can't read or write," said the captain, "and so he can't become a master. He's an American, probably an oysterman's son on Long Island or the Jersey coast. You'll find lots of them to-day at Red Hook, growing up without any education. It's a shame he can't be a master, for he knows all there's to know about tugs and barges and ships, and he knows the shoals and lights and rocks better than most who pass the examination. Many learn it out of a book, and not out of the harbor, as he has."

Was that a defense or an apology? An American citizen, a man born on the outskirts of New York, illiterate, and before me there, watching the waters of the Hudson, a dark and indistinct figure now that night was dropping.

The lights began to come out along the banks, and were swinging suddenly into the riggings of all the craft. The Arthur W. had three lights, one above the other on the mast which is carried for that purpose and no other. Three lights mean that there is a tow; they are a silent statement of responsibility. They warn all the other craft not to tread on the tail of their coat, not to get tangled in the tow-line dipping into the waters of the Bay. In the dark the city had become nothing but a black mass pricked with lights unmoving, but out in the Bay tugboats were still hurrying about. Only the boats at anchor have quiet lights. From one tug bringing, so the captain said, canal-boats from Troy, there was singing as fine as any you hear from the gondoliers in Venice. Near by at anchor—for even in the dark the captain recognized these things—was a tug with a string of barges which would go out around Sandy Hook in the morning and take its way to Port Arthur, Texas—a three months' voyage, there and back.

There is risk in this coasting work, and, in a gale, danger—for then the tow-ropes may yield to the onset of winds and waves and a barge float off to sea, sometimes with men aboard. Then comes your heroism which endures even after the days of romance have passed; the captain and the crew of the tug, without hesitation, put themselves in great danger in going after the loose barge. Their sturdy courage is often rewarded. When it is not, the barge with its load goes out to sea, with little chance of drifting towards succor. Many, many bargemen in such storms have drifted out to sea and never been heard from since. Many men, too, have been washed overboard from the barges even in their regular course; for there are no railings on the barges.

About the first of November, with the beginning of the heavy gales, the barge captain leaves his family on land, after they have had a rent-free summer, with the harbor for a front yard. But sometimes the gales come sooner, as they did this year, and then you read of the barge captain who saw his wife and child swept by the waves into the Sound, with no possible help from the tug in the dark—a pitiful tragedy of the poor which I recall whenever I see one of the little square barge-houses with its green shutters and its bits of lace curtains at the windows. And the ragged tow-rope lying in the shadows of the shop may have hung between its tug and just such a barge.

WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LOANED BY
HIS SON FREDERICK W. SEWARD

THE ROMANCE OF AMERICAN EXPANSION

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

SEVENTH PAPER

WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD AND THE ALASKA CESSION

IN studying the territorial growth of the United States, it may not be amiss to remind the reader, the most conspicuous fact hitherto encountered has been the inevitability of the different acquisitions. The first migratory movement—the movement across the Alleghanies, following necessarily from economic stress and the genesis of a bold, enterprising, and restless people—was certain soon or late to give rise to a struggle for mastery of the Mississippi, the great mid-continent waterway. In good season a peaceful solution for the problem thus created was found in the Louisiana Purchase, transferring from the French to the American nation not only the Mississippi but also the enormous area to the westward watered by the Mississippi and its affluents. Then, and equally of necessity, was presented the question of acquiring the one piece of territory to the east of the Mississippi still held by alien hands, and constituting a serious menace to the welfare of the United States. This, again, was happily settled by the Florida Purchase, though only after the use of intimidative methods, amply justified, however, by the principle of self-defense and self-preservation.

Texas came next, an acquisition not in itself necessarily inevitable, but rendered so by the stupendous folly of the Mexican authorities in permitting the colonization of that outlying and practically unoccupied province by the representatives of a nation stronger than theirs and differing from theirs in race, institutions, and points of view. When the inevitable conflict arose, the National instinct for expansion was, as has been shown, powerfully reinforced by a sectional desire, and Texas, though not without a severe struggle, became a part of the American Republic. Meantime, and likewise under the secondary stimulus of sectional interests, agitation had begun looking to anticipation of the inevitable by carrying the westward movement still further forward—across the Rocky Mountains and down to the shores of the Pacific. As yet the Nation had not fully entered into its own, and vast expanses of internal territory were still to be occupied before a second transmontane migration would become necessary; but there were certain impatient souls who, rightly enough, urged that action should not wait on necessity. The outcome of their urging was, on the one hand, the occupation of Oregon, to which the United States was rightfully entitled, and, on the other, the seizure of California, to which she had no title at all, but which in the course of time, given a continuance of the conditions then existing in that remote section of Mexico, would almost certainly have accrued to her by force of "silent immigration." In any event, the acquisition of California speedily became an established fact, and with it the "manifest destiny" of the American people to pass from sea to sea, and to assume headship in the western hemisphere, found fulfillment.

Nor, with the instinct for expansion

thus strengthened and quickened by the unparalleled success and rapidity of the transcontinental movement, was it reasonable to expect that no further effort would be made to extend the dominions of the United States. On the contrary, everything pointed to such additional effort; with this difference, that while it had hitherto been comparatively easy to map out in advance the successive steps taken, it was impossible longer to predict in just what quarter future acquisitions would be found. That, clearly, would depend altogether upon new needs and wisely grasped opportunities, the element of inevitability remaining only so far as concerned the certainty that the Nation would not rest content with what had already been obtained. There were, of course, those who essayed the prophet's rôle, variously indicating Mexico, the West Indies, Canada, and even mid-Pacific and trans-Pacific territories as the next to be absorbed in the growth of the United States. But few were prepared for what actually occurred—the acquisition by purchase of the region in the extreme northwest known as Russian America. Remote, difficult of access, and generally believed to be worthless and uninhabitable, this was regarded by most Americans of the time as the least desirable of all possible territorial additions. Yet, thanks to the foresight, energy, and enthusiasm of a true statesman, William Henry Seward, it was the first to follow the Mexican Cession and the Gadsden Purchase.

Seward, for his part, occupies a unique place in the story of American expansion. The acquisition of Russian America is more directly attributable to him than is any other acquisition to the moving spirit most closely associated with it. And, unlike the others in our gallery, he was not born and brought up in an atmosphere peculiarly favorable to the development of expansionistic sentiments, but was, on the contrary, distinctly a self-made expansionist. His early years were spent on a farm in New York State, where he enjoyed few educational or other broadening advantages; and thereafter, until well past the age of forty, his interests were essentially State interests, although the eminence he rapidly attained in the councils of the Whig party, which he joined on its formation in 1832, inevitably widened his outlook. When, however, he began seriously to consider the future of the United States as a territorial as well as a political entity, the heritage of a naturally exuberant imagination, together with the influence of the teachings of his first political idol, John Quincy Adams, made itself felt; and he promptly ranged himself among the adherents of the Jefferson-Adams-Jackson-Benton school of aggrandizement. On only one important point did he differ from them—stoutly opposing territorial growth by the aid of military conquest. "I want no enlargement of territory," he once wrote, "sooner than it would come if we were content with a masterly inactivity. I abhor war as I detest slavery. I would not give one human life for all the continent that remains to be annexed."

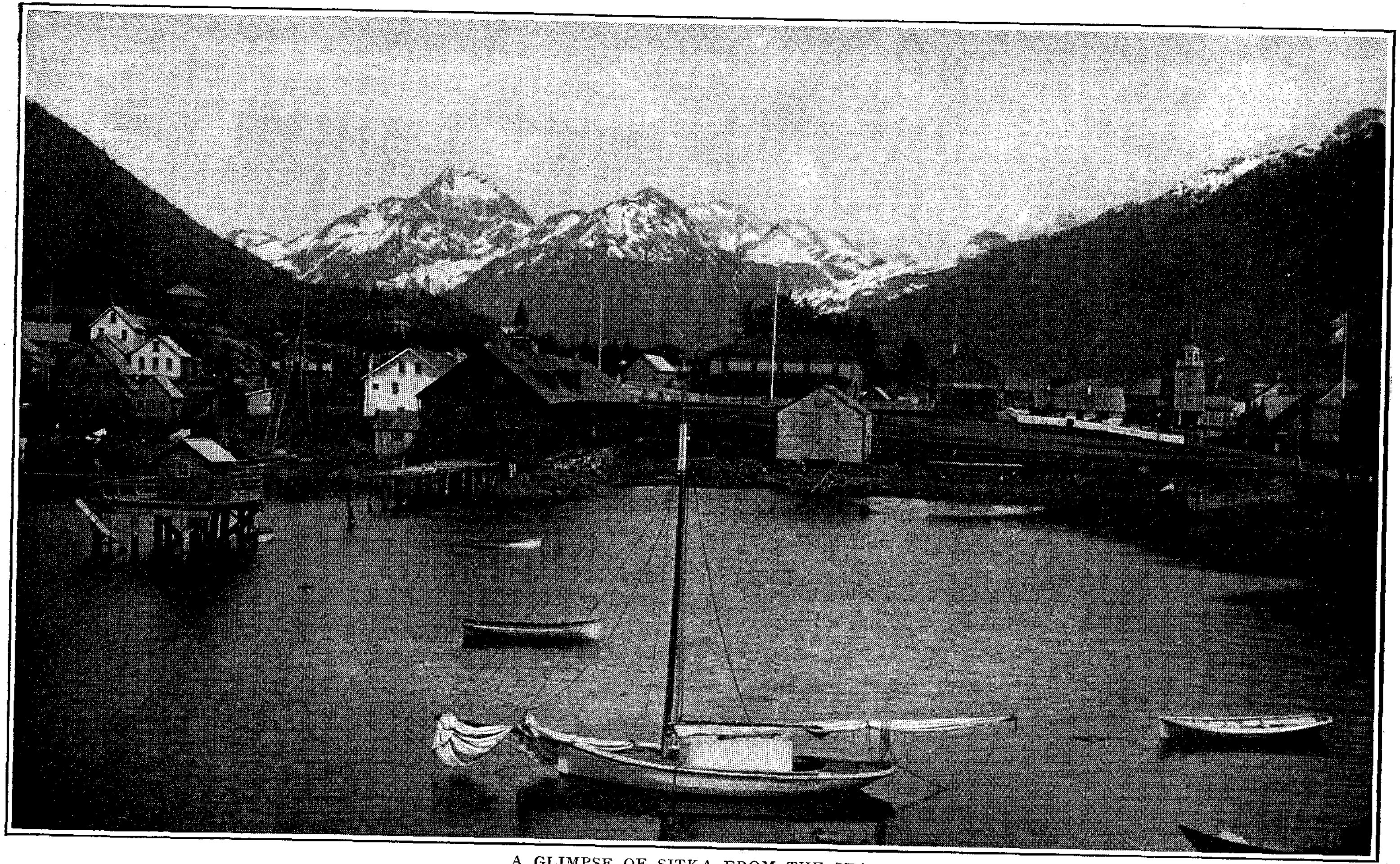
With this reservation, not one among the many apostles of the doctrine of "manifest destiny," whose voices were so loudly raised in the years immediately preceding the acquisition of Texas, Oregon, and California, surpassed Seward in preaching territorial expansion. With Jefferson, he "viewed the Confederacy as the nest from which all America, North and South, is to be peopled." With Benton, he beheld the American people continuing their westward movement until they had fairly established themselves on the Asiatic shores of the Pacific. At one time, in imagination, he located the "ultimate capital" of the United States in the "valley of Mexico," where "the glories of the Aztec capital would be renewed." And even when he "corrected this view," possibly from a growing distrust of the advantages to be gained from absorption of the restless and unruly Latin-American republics, Seward still placed the "future and ultimate central seat of power" in such a quarter—"at the head of navigation on the Mississippi River and on the Great Lakes"—as to indicate his belief that the Stars and Stripes would one day wave over the entire continent from the frozen Arctic to the tropical Caribbean.

Nor did he exhaust his expansionistic

sentiments in flamboyant generalities and high-sounding predictions. To the best of his ability, and perhaps more earnestly than any other builder of the prospective American Empire, he toiled to make his dreams come true. When he was first in a position to turn his energies in this direction—with his election to the United States Senate in 1849—the growing contest over slavery claimed and held his attention, to continue uppermost in his heart and mind until Appomattox brought it to its dramatic close. Then, as Secretary of State under President Johnson, he hastened to promote his darling project of creating a greater America than even that which had been born of the irresistible sweep to the Pacific. All over the world he cast his eye, seeking here and seeking there for territory which the United States might advantageously possess.

THE OLDEST GREEK CHURCH IN AMERICA, AT SITKA

He had all the fire, one might almost say the recklessness, of the true enthusiast. Besides Russian America, the concrete additions which he endeavored to make included Hawaii, Cuba, Hayti, San Domingo, and the Danish West Indian Islands of St. John and St. Thomas. It was even reported that he had it in mind to annex a part of China; and that this rumor did not altogether do him injustice is evident from a letter he wrote to Cassius M. Clay. "Russia and the United States," he warned Clay, "may remain good friends until, each having made a circuit of half the globe in opposite directions, they shall meet and greet each other in regions where civilization first began, and where, after so many ages, it has become now lethargic and helpless." With respect to the Danish islands he actually succeeded in negotiating a treaty of cession, but this failed of ratification in the United States Senate, chiefly owing to Congressional animosity to the Johnson Administration. The same influence played a part in paralyzing his other efforts, and to such an extent that, for all his ambition and high hopes, when he stepped out of office he could boast of but one territorial achievement—and that an achievement held in scorn and derision by the vast majority of his fellow-countrymen. To-day, time having proved that Seward was right and the Nation wrong,



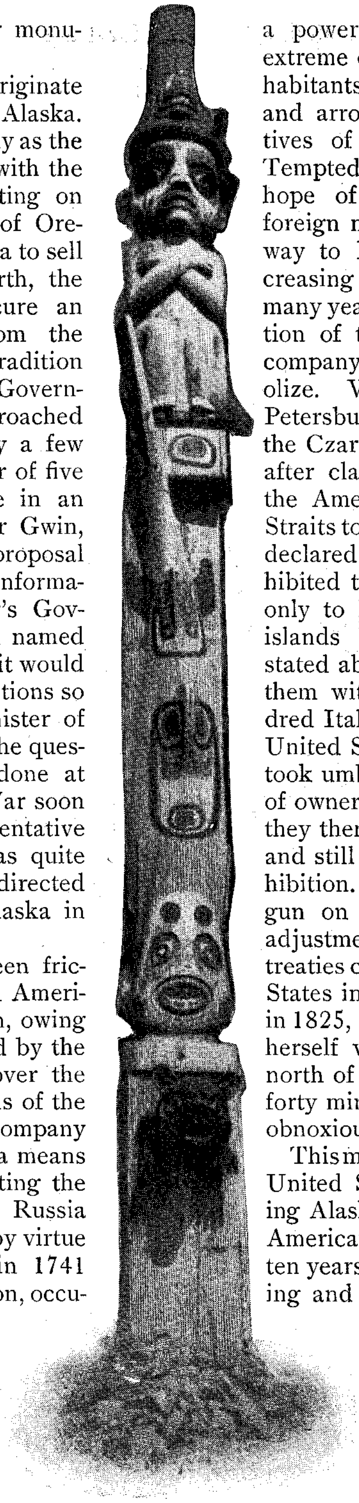
A GLIMPSE OF SITKA FROM THE SEA

it stands as an enduring monument to his fame.

He did not, however, originate the idea of acquiring Alaska. That was broached as early as the Oregon debates of 1846, with the suggestion that, by insisting on possession of the whole of Oregon, and persuading Russia to sell her territory in the north, the United States would secure an unbroken coast line from the Arctic to California. Tradition has it that the Russian Government was at that time approached on the subject. Certainly a few years later a definite offer of five million dollars was made in an informal way by Senator Gwin, of California. Gwin's proposal elicited the interesting information that, while the Czar's Government deemed the sum named too low for consideration, it would be willing to open negotiations so soon as the Russian Minister of Finance could look into the question. But nothing was done at the time, and, the Civil War soon following, the fact that tentative steps had been taken was quite forgotten until chance directed Seward's attention to Alaska in 1866.

For years there had been friction between Russian and American traders and fishermen, owing to the monopoly exercised by the Russian Fur Company over the waters as well as the lands of the North Pacific. This company was organized in 1799 as a means of developing and exploiting the colonial territories which Russia had acquired in America by virtue of Bering's discoveries in 1741 and subsequent exploration, occupation, and conquest. Besides full commercial privileges, the Russian Government granted it such extensive administrative rights that it enjoyed practically sovereign authority within the sphere of its operations, a power which it wielded with extreme cruelty to the native inhabitants and singular harshness and arrogance to the representatives of other civilized nations. Tempted, nevertheless, by the hope of winning golden profit, foreign merchantmen made their way to Russian America in increasing numbers, and before many years captured a goodly portion of the fur trade which the company was seeking to monopolize. Vigorous protests to St. Petersburg followed, and in 1821 the Czar issued a ukase in which, after claiming for Russia all of the American coast from Bering Straits to the fifty-first parallel, he declared that "it is therefore prohibited to all foreign vessels not only to land on the coasts and islands belonging to Russia as stated above, but also to approach them within less than one hundred Italian miles." At once the United States and Great Britain took umbrage at this assumption of ownership to a region to which they themselves had pretensions, and still more at the trading prohibition. Negotiations were begun on the basis of a territorial adjustment, and ultimately, by treaties concluded with the United States in 1824 and Great Britain in 1825, Russia agreed to content herself with the coastal country north of latitude fifty-four degrees forty minutes, and to modify the obnoxious restriction in trade.

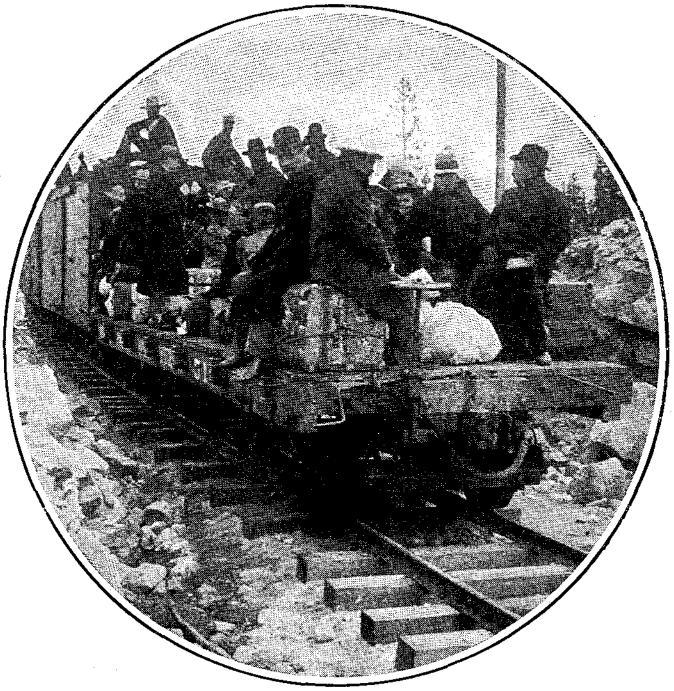
This modification, as affected the United States, consisted in opening Alaskan waters and ports to American vessels for a period of ten years "for the purpose of fishing and trading with the natives of the country." Unfortunately, unscrupulous traders so abused the privilege by selling liquor and firearms to the natives, in defiance of the Russian regulations, that at the termination of the ten-year



COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

A TRIBAL MONUMENT OF THE OLD HYDAH INDIANS period it was not renewed. Some diplomatic correspondence followed, but in the end the United States Government submitted, and in 1837 officially warned American skippers to keep away from Alaska. With the passage of time and the settlement and steady growth of Oregon and California the limitation thus imposed upon American commerce came to be more and more keenly felt. But no measures were taken to remedy the situation until, in 1866, the Legislature of Washington Territory adopted a memorial to President Johnson, in which, after stating that "abundance of codfish, halibut, and salmon of excellent quality have been found along the shores of the Russian possessions," they begged the President "to obtain such rights and privileges of the Government of Russia as will enable our fishing vessels to visit the ports and harbors of its possessions."

In due course this memorial came to Secretary of State Seward for action; and about the same time he learned that a number of Californians had organized a fur trading company in the hope of persuading the Russian Government to renew to them the privileges of the Russian Fur Company, whose charter had expired. Forthwith a brilliant prospect unfolded before Seward's boundless imagination. Russia, he was well aware, was beginning to consider her American holdings a source of embarrassment rather than of profit. Mismanagement and the successful competition of the Hudson's Bay Company, which had literally forced a large territorial lease in Russian America as compensation for damages inflicted in violation of the Treaty of 1825, had wrecked the Russian Fur Company. Instead of yielding a handsome revenue, the settlements now showed an annual deficit. Moreover, they were remote and difficult to defend—so weak, in fact, that they were certain to fall at the first attack. That attack, in all probability, would come from Great Britain, Russia's deadliest foe. On the other hand, it would be to the interest of the United States to forestall any attempt by Great Britain thus



COPYRIGHT BY C. H. GRAVES

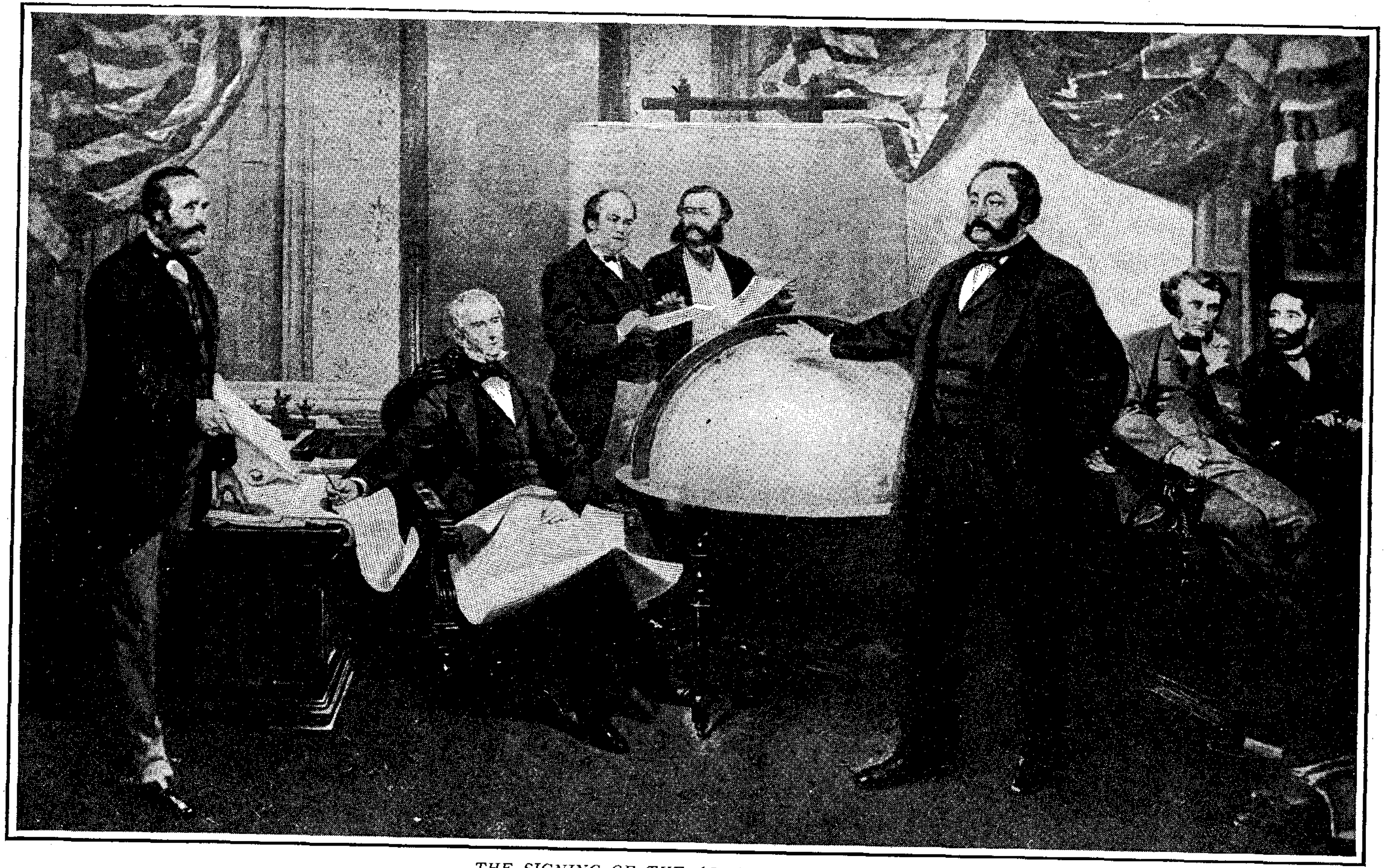
THE FIRST TRAIN FROM SKAGWAY OVER THE WHITE PASS, ON THE ROAD WHICH WAS COMPLETED IN 1902 to extend her coast line on the Pacific. Besides which, Alaska was unquestionably a country of great possibilities, from both a military and an economic standpoint. If Russia wished or could be induced to sell, there was, in Seward's opinion, every reason why the United States should buy. And rumor credited him with further believing the purchase might be made the occasion of rallying the Nation to the support of the discredited Johnson Administration.

COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

LAKE BENNETT, THE STARTING-POINT FOR DAWSON CITY, SITUATED IN THE KLONDIKE REGION

Confiding his plans and hopes to no one, he went to work. His first step was to call the attention of the Russian Minister, Edward de Stoeckel, to the Washington memorial, and to urge upon de Stoeckel the desirability of effecting a comprehensive arrangement between Russia and the United States to prevent difficulties arising on account of the Alaska fisheries. He then instructed Cassius M. Clay, the American Minister at St. Petersburg, to take up with the Russian Chancellor, the great Gortchakoff, the question of granting a franchise to the projected California Fur Company. This Clay did, and reported to Seward that the Russian Government seemed to think favorably of his proposal. "The Russian Government," he similarly wrote to a promoter of the California organization, "has already ceded away its rights in Russian America for a term of years, and the Russo-American Company has also ceded the same to the Hudson's Bay Company. This lease expires in June next, and the President of the Russo-American Company tells me that they have been in correspondence with the Hudson's Bay Company about a renewal of the lease for another term of twenty-five or thirty years. Until he receives a definite answer he cannot enter into negotiations with us or your California company. My opinion is that if he can get off with the Hudson's Bay Company he will do so, when we can make some arrangements with the Russo-American Company."

Meantime, de Stoeckel had returned to St. Petersburg on leave of absence, and the attitude of his superiors soon underwent a complete change. Whether



THE SIGNING OF THE ALASKAN TREATY
From a painting by Leutze

this was a result of representations made by Seward to de Stoeckel before his departure it is impossible to say, the veil of secrecy in which the negotiations were conducted not having been entirely lifted to the present day. In any event, the eager Secretary of State was informed that Russia had no inclination to make temporary and minor arrangements of the nature proposed, but would willingly enter into negotiations looking to a sale of her American possessions. The story is told that, on the very night de Stoeckel was leaving St. Petersburg to resume his official duties in Washington, he was abruptly accosted by the Archduke Constantine, the Czar's brother and chief adviser, and given permission to negotiate a treaty of cession.

Arriving at Washington early in March, 1867, the preliminaries were quickly arranged. Seward's first offer of five million dollars was met by a counter-demand for ten millions, de Stoeckel finally agreeing to accept seven. Then a slight hitch arose on the question of the rights and privileges still held by the Russian Fur Company and the Hudson's Bay Company, Seward insisting that the territory must be delivered to the United States free of all encumbrances, and offering to pay in addition two hundred thousand dollars if this demand were met. De Stoeckel consenting, the terms of the proposed treaty were telegraphed to St. Petersburg via the Atlantic cable, which had been put into successful operation only the year before. Anxiously Seward awaited the response, fearful lest it should come too late to permit of action by Congress, then in extra session to insure execution by President Johnson of the reconstruction bill recently passed over his veto. But the Secretary's anxiety was short-lived. Before the end of March the desired permission had been received.

Then Seward acted with a promptitude unparalleled in the annals of diplomacy. He was at home, playing whist with his family, when de Stoeckel, on the evening of March 29, called to inform him that the imperial consent had been given. "If you like, Mr. Seward," said he, "I will come to the department to-morrow, and we can draw up the treaty." "Ah," responded Seward, pushing back his chair from the whist table, "why wait until to-morrow, Mr. de Stoeckel? Let us make the treaty to-night." To de Stoeckel's objection that the State Department was closed and that his own secretaries were scattered about Washington, Seward insistently replied: "If you can muster your legation before midnight, you will find me at the department, which will be open and ready for business." Carried away by Seward's enthusiasm, de Stoeckel gasped acquiescence, and soon messengers were hurrying in all directions to summon department and legation officials. At four o'clock on the morning of March 30, after unremitting toil throughout the night, the treaty transferring Alaska from Russia to the United States was engrossed, signed, sealed, and ready for transmission to the Senate.

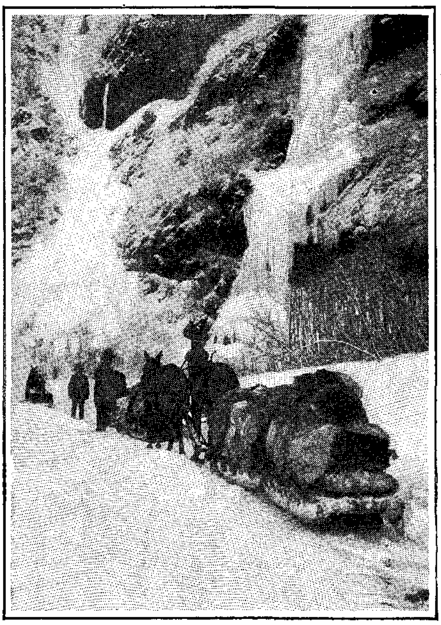
There its sponsor was to be Charles Sumner, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations. Even from Sumner Seward had kept the secret of his negotiations until de Stoeckel brought him the welcome news from St. Petersburg, and the Massachusetts Senator's amazement on learning of the treaty may be better imagined than described. He promised, none the less, to use all his influence to secure its ratification, though by no means in favor of it himself. "The Russian treaty," he wrote to a friend a few days later, "tried me severely; abstractly I am against further accessions of territory, unless by the free choice of the inhabitants. But this question was perplexed by considerations of politics and comity and the engagements already entered into by the Government. I hesitated to take the responsibility of defeating it." Others were outspoken in their hostility to the treaty and in denunciation of Seward for having arranged it. In fact, a flood of criticism rolled towards Washington from almost every section of the country, and especially from the States of the East and Middle West. Russian America was declared to be a "barren, worthless, God-forsaken region," whose only products were "icebergs and polar bears." Its streams were "glaciers," its ground was "frozen six feet deep," for vegetation it had nothing but "mosses." Some one, with cheap sarcasm, suggested that it be called "Walrussia," and there were many who thought that "Seward's Folly" was the only fitting designation for it. All of which had no effect whatever on the imperturbable Secretary of State, who amused himself and his friends by reading from old newspapers the similar comment passed in former times on Jefferson's purchase of the "desert waste" of Louisiana, and the later acquisition of the "noxious swamps" of "snake-infested" Florida.

What did disturb him was the thought that the Senate, influenced by the treaty's evident unpopularity among the Nation at large, might reject it. But in the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations he had an all-powerful ally. Whatever his private opinions, Sumner for the time being kept them rigidly to himself, and while the treaty was being considered in committee, labored diligently in the preparation of a speech which should insure ratification by an overwhelming vote. This speech, afterwards elaborated and published as a monograph on the resources and possibilities of Alaska, he delivered April 9 to an audience that followed his every word with the greatest interest. He began by hinting at the reasons which had induced Russia to part with her holdings, and reminded his hearers of the motives impelling Napoleon to cede Louisiana. "Perhaps," he suggested, "a similar record may be made hereafter with regard to the present cession. . . . All must see that in those 'coming events' which now, more than ever, 'cast their shadows before,' it will be for her advantage not to hold outlying possessions from which, thus far, she has obtained no income commensurate with the possible expense for their protection. . . . In ceding possessions so little within the sphere of her empire, embracing more than one hundred nations or tribes, Russia gives up no part of herself. And even if she did, the considerable price paid, the alarm of war which begins to fill our ears, and the sentiments of friendship declared for the United States, would explain the transaction." Turning to the reasons why the United States should accept the cession, he summarized in vivid outline all the information he had been able to obtain concerning the timber, minerals, furs, fisheries, physical features, climate, and inhabitants of Alaska, drawing a picture in sharp contrast with that of the "iceberg and polar bear" critics. It was an unanswer-

COPYRIGHT BY C. H. GRAVES

NOME CITY, AT THE MOUTH OF THE SNAKE RIVER able argument, silencing all opposition so far as the Senate was concerned, and that same day the necessary "advice and consent" to ratification was given by the impressive vote of thirty-seven to two, Fessenden and Morrill of Vermont alone voting in the negative.

Danger now threatened, however, from the House of Representatives, where certain members, jealous of their rights, asserted that the President and the Senate were in duty bound to consult the House with reference to a treaty involving the payment of money—this view finding its justification in the fact that appropriation bills had to originate in the House. For more than a year, and until long after the United States had taken possession of its new Territory, the necessary bill appropriating the seven million two hundred thousand dollars called for by the treaty was not passed, and in passing it the House took occasion to assert its right to consider the stipulations of a treaty of this kind before it could go into effect. Incidentally the debate revealed the continuance of a widespread hostility to the cession. "The country," declared Washburn, of Wisconsin, the leader in the attack, "is absolutely without value," and he condemned the treaty acquiring it as "an outrage on the rights of the American people." But Seward still rejoiced in his achievement, and died accounting it among his most meritorious efforts. To the present generation, well aware of the riches that have since been discovered in the supposedly icy wastes of Alaska—the name of which, by the way, was selected by Seward himself—there cannot be the slightest doubt that he had indeed labored wisely and well for his country.



ON THE GOLD TRAIL

DWELLERS IN CAPRI

THE HERITAGE OF THE EMIGRANT

BY BERTHA POOLE WEYL

THE cathedral bell tolled eleven. Market was over in the Italian village square, and the women, grumbling over their scanty sales, packed away their vegetables, waiting a more propitious morrow. From under the mediæval arch that led to the quay a long file of heavily laden figures, their bare feet firm on the smooth stones, slowly wound their way. It was an ill-assorted line. The young and strong moved swiftly with rhythmic step, great barrels of wine balanced with ease on bright-kerchiefed heads; others, older, more sedate, walked with slower, longer stride, their muscles trained by long years to the heavy weight; last of all, staff in hand, came the aged, tottering, staggering under crushing hempen sacks of charcoal, their bent figures hardly distinguishable from those of the stooping, panting children moving by their side. Women all, these beasts of burden.

"Where are the men of the village?" I asked, as the hand-organ ceased its creaking two-step, and the musician, cap in hand, stood by my table at the corner café.

"I am they, Signora," he replied, pocketing my coin and replacing his tattered cap on his sable, silvered hair. "The men are in America. The land of the illustrious lady perhaps? Yes? That one can see with closed eyes. Ah, Signora, I should like to go to America. Those who go have it good. Only for the women left behind is it hard. Work and trouble, work and trouble, that's the song here."

"But surely," I questioned, "women cannot do their own work as well as that of men?"

"And yet they do," he answered, with an Italian shrug of the shoulders. "Both in fields and vineyards. I, of course, give advice, I and the padre; yet the women do the work. If the men send home the money, the women go to America. If they send not home the money, then harder must the women work. And why not? They are strong, with arms like a man. Have they not always worked?"

So asks the South Italian; so he has asked for hundreds of years. Yet to-day his words have a deeper significance, for a new and heavier burden has fallen upon women as a result of the present excessive emigration.

Last year from one province alone in the south of Italy almost one hundred thousand able-bodied men sailed for the Americas. These emigrants, workers in the fields for generations, discouraged by hard, fruitless labor and the growing needs of growing families, had left, not unwillingly, for the new lands. Here, where dollars are more plentiful than lire in Italy, a man after three or four years might save enough to send for his family; or, better still, come himself.

But meanwhile, during these interminable years of waiting, there are children to be clothed and fed, rents to be paid, fields to be cultivated. No dreams of future opulence can solve the increasing problem of providing bread and macaroni for growing young mouths.

To the woman is left the solution of this problem. Everywhere we see her toiling, in fields, in streets, in workshops. We see her competing with donkeys for the poor privilege of carrying barrels of wine and oil, great bundles of wood, bulky sacks of charcoal. We see her on the quay, eagerly awaiting the incoming steamer, her shrill clamor proclaiming ability to carry the stranger's valise, his heavy trunk, or anything unto him belonging. In the gray silence of the cold winter dawn we hear a sound like the muffled beat of a drum. It is the clatter of wooden shoes on the stone pavements. Grimly the shawled, shiver-

ON A CAPRI HILLSIDE

ing figures pass, stopping an instant in the dim light to pray at the shrine of a sleeping Madonna. Then on, on to the fields, where a man's work must be finished by sunset. Even then the day is not over. Late in the night we catch the faint gleam of her candle. She is working again, bending, with arms bare to the shoulder, over great vats of water, cleansing the linen of the village. For seven days each week this labor goes on. A rest on the seventh may be possible in heaven, thinks Lucia, but not in South Italy for the mother of an emigrant's children. Seven days must she work, toiling at tasks beyond the strength of men, bending, breaking under the burden, aging, dying under the strain.

Nor does age exempt from the growing burden of labor. In Amalfi, bowed white-haired women act as portresses for the great hotel. For a few cents they stagger daily up the steep, rocky path, carrying on their heads brown sacks of charcoal greater than their wasted bodies. In factories, also, we find the old. Here they toil at the least skilled tasks, thankful for the few cents, their recompense for ten and twelve hours' labor. In the attic of a paper factory, where the dampness stood in great drops on the stone walls and ceiling, I found these mothers of mothers, sorting rags. The dim light from small barred windows just rendered visible the great piles of rags heaped to the ceiling. At a long wooden table stood tattered old women, their faces gray with the dust which rose in clouds under the trembling stir of their hands. One, who had seen her threescore years and ten, crippled by a life of servitude, surreptitiously held out her hand. "A penny, Signora," she whispered, "a penny. My sons are all in your country. For the love of our blessed Madonna, one little soldo."

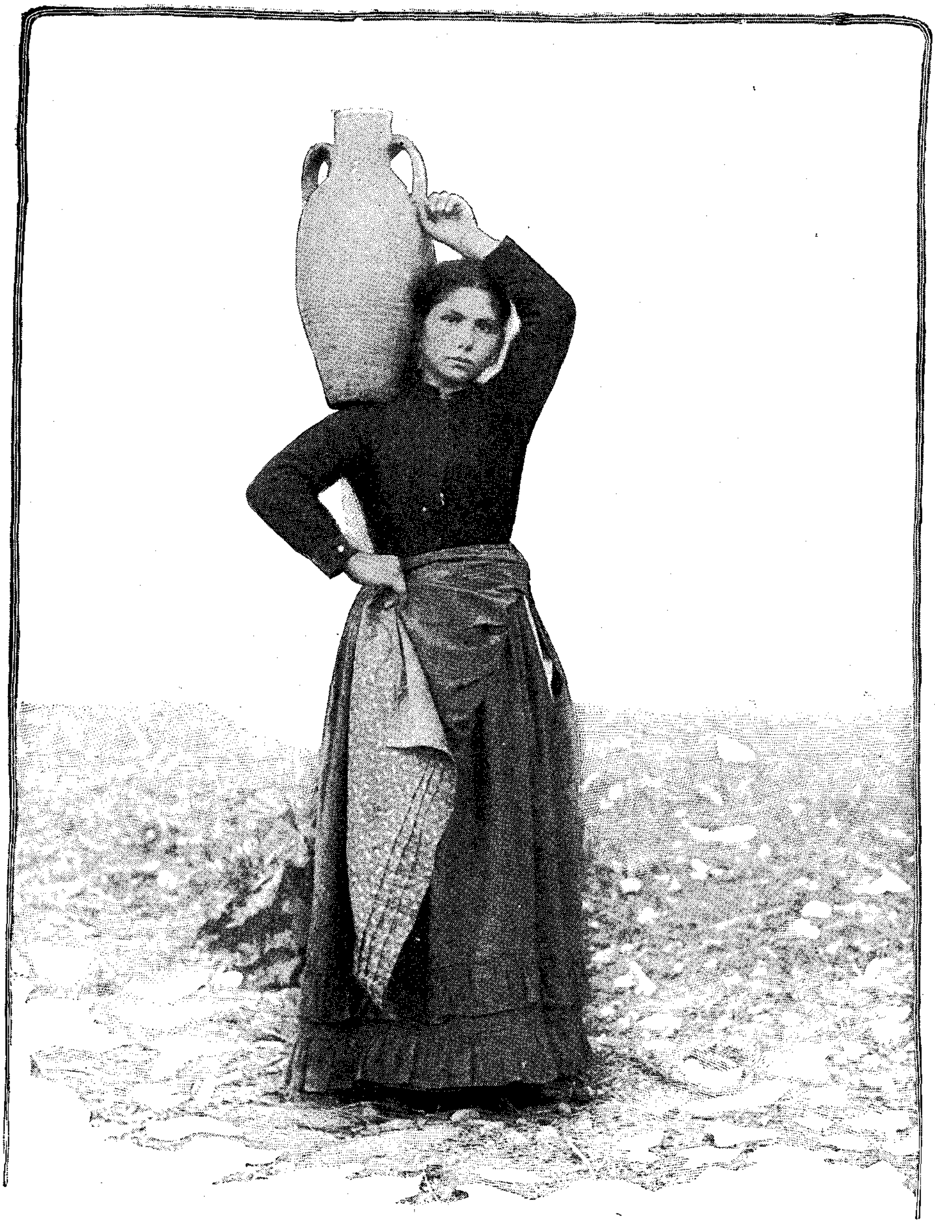
Later I learned her story. As her life began so it must end, in two windowless stone rooms hardly larger than closets. Three sons had been born here. "Fine boys," she told me, "with arms good for the work." But they had grown dissatisfied with the dullness of the life, the long hours and little pay, and years ago they had left for America. At first they had sent her money. She had learned to depend upon the monthly stipend. Then there were weddings in the new land, and the post-office order came on *festas* only. In those days she was strong and able to earn her sixteen cents with the best of them, but her muscles had stiffened since, the rheumatism had crippled her fingers. Yes, she was glad of any work—even sorting rags, and the wage of fourteen cents a day. Annetta, her daughter, helped her. If she married—well, at seventy, one cannot live much longer.

I met Annetta, a strong, buxom girl, as I was crossing the wooden bridge that connected the little village with the outside world. She was rubbing the hotel's heavy sheets against the smooth surface of a rock, rinsing them out in the mountain stream, hanging them to dry on the low gnarled branches of an olive tree stretched like arms for the purpose.

"Your brothers are in America?" I asked, seeing her face sadden as she watched the receding steamer.

"Ah, Signora, yes! Men are all in America. In this village there are twenty fine girls, with arms strong for the work, yet of what good is it all? The few men who remain in the village ask forty, even eighty dollars before they will marry. Eighty dollars! Can a girl earning twenty cents a day save such a fortune? 'Pray to the Madonna of the Rock,' says my mother. Talking is easy. Of what use are prayers when you have not a penny to pay for a candle? I have twenty-four years, since the third of last May. If my lottery ticket wins not a prize I must stay single."

IN A CAPRI TOWN



A WATER-CARRIER OF BIVONA

Giuseppina, the sister of Antonio, my coachman, was one of the fortunate. She had always worked in the village bakery, lifting, turning, and kneading the great clods of dough. Her face had lined, her figure stooped, still she had worked on, good, patient, uncomplaining, the drudge of the family. In a night all was changed. Cinderella of yore was not more bewildered by the suddenness of her fortune than Giuseppina when the numbers on her lottery ticket, carefully chosen from the Book of Dreams, won the first prize of two thousand lire ($400). The news spread through the country, and for miles around men sought the hand of the heiress. But Giuseppina had her prince. On Pasquale, lame, poor, despised, who daily carried her fresh loaves to the hotel on the cliff; on

NEAPOLITAN WATER-CARRIER

Pasquale the maternal longings of her hungry heart had centered. When the next steamer sailed for America, Pasquale, with two thousand lire carefully concealed in one of Giuseppina's long stockings, sailed also. The village, first outraged, then amused, laughed roundly when Giuseppina, placid, contented, returned to her baking. But Giuseppina smiled quietly. Two years passed; then Pasquale, successful proprietor of "The Manhattan Italian Bakery," returned to the village. Giuseppina, arrayed in a new gown of black shiny silk, went proudly to the padre, and brother Antonio himself drove the smiling pair to the nearest railway station. The *banco* at the corner of the piazza doubled its business.

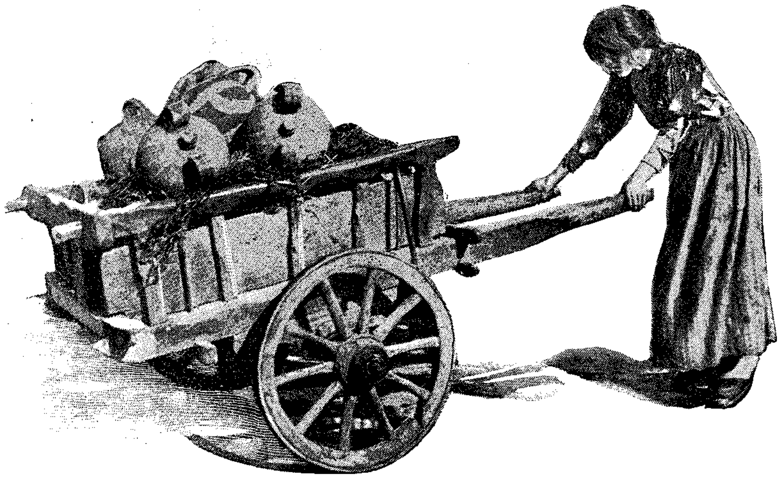
But the lottery ticket is not the only

solace for the heirs of the emigrant. Letters from America break the monotony of the long, dull months. In the village wine-shop a professional letter-writer will, for a few cents, send word of the home ones to those beyond the great sea. He will read, too, the mysterious envelope which the old carrier brings in his bag up the steep mountain path. Wondrous strange are the tales which the brown bag carries, tales told over and over in the little stone homes, tales not to be credited, did not the padre indorse them. "It is a land," writes Pasquale, "where all wear shoes, a land where trains shoot through the air, and trains shoot through the ground. Even the poor ride. No one needs an umbrella, for cars pass everywhere."

And then there are homecomings to which to look forward. With cold weather the sun-loving Italians frequently return to their own land, if not to remain, at least to escape our American winter. With them are American trunks full of strange American wonders, luxuries undreamed of in the little Italian village. American caps, shoes, and shirts are shown to admiring friends, and yards upon yards of cheap cotton are unrolled before wondering eyes. There is also a black oilcloth table-cover with a gold Brooklyn Bridge in a crooked center, and last but not least are the Sunday supplement pictures and the flaunting American advertisements.

This influx of wealth has its effect on the village. The linen table-cover with its edging of hand lace, stained by long service to a wonderful écru, no longer satisfies the heart of Maria. She covets the black oilcloth with bridge of bright gold. For her *bambini*, too, she has now aspirations. In Marino the children always went barefoot, or at most their sturdy young feet were protected by the rope-soled or wooden shoes of the village; but if Vanna's boy and girl walk past her window in creaking leather, is it strange that Maria, too, covets for her *bambini* the new footwear? She must work harder, or, that being impossible, demand higher wages. So the price of labor goes up. Landlords grumble, housewives threaten, but Maria, fortified by a consuming desire, stands firm, and the women of Marino receive twenty cents per day in place of sixteen. And so the burden is lightened.

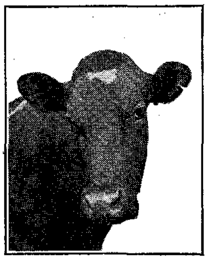
Yet it falls heavily enough. All through South Italy one meets the young impotently rebelling against a lonely, joyless future, giving their youth that a few cents may be added to the family income; one meets girl wives, unresigned to the years of separation forced upon them by poverty and emigration; girl mothers deserted, bitterly taking upon themselves the burden left by the emigrant. Wives fill the place of absent breadwinners, and the old strive with senile courage to earn the pittance that keeps alive the feeble spark. It is the heritage of the emigrant!



A VENDER OF MINERAL WATER

TWO GREAT DAIRYMEN

BY ANDREW W. HOPKINS AND FRANK B. SWINGLE



IT is because of the genuine importance of milk and milk products that the problem of the milk supply has become national in many countries. We would no more care to imagine ourselves deprived of this necessity of our daily fare than we would speculate upon the elimination of some component part of the atmosphere we breathe. Hence our universal interest in all that pertains to facilities for obtaining milk and milk products in a state of freshness and purity, and also the related interest in the content of milk and its closely associated commercial side. The price of butter and cheese strikes us all, though it does not touch all pocketbooks on the same side as it does the farmer's.

It is more particularly their work in the determination of the milk constituents that are marketable, as butter and cheese, that has brought into international prominence the men who are the subjects of this article. In spite of their modesty, Dr. S. M. Babcock and Dr. E. B. Hart are known to the world as men who have revolutionized the dairy industry.

But before we can attempt to tell the reader anything concerning the work done by these Wisconsin dairymen, we must acquaint him with the essential characteristics of milk. If we take a quart of milk to the laboratory and let the chemist analyze it into its component parts, he will give us some such description of its contents as this:

Water	87.5	per cent
Fat	3.6	"
Casein	2.5	"
Sugar	5.	"
Albumen	0.7	"
Ash or Salts	0.7	"

These are approximate percentages, and of course vary with the tests of milk from different cows, or from the same cows at different seasons of the year. For our present purpose it will be sufficient to say that milk fat gathered into a mass and separated from most of the other milk constituents is the butter of commerce; also that the casein of milk, coagulated by means of rennet or acids, and made solid, becomes the cheese of commerce.

It is with relation to the manufacture of butter and cheese that the study and interest of the subjects of this sketch have become known to all. It was but a few years ago that there was no "square deal" standard for the guidance of the butter and cheese maker or for the men who sold the milk. The only test for the determination of the amount of butter-fat present in milk brought to the factory, or sold to the city milk depot by any one, was the measuring of cream which had risen to the surface of the milk in the cans. This, of course, was very misleading and inaccurate. There was no attempt made at that time to gauge the amount of casein or cheese content; the per cent being then considered to be in like relation to the butter fat contained in the milk of several cows. We know now that the per cent of casein is not identical with that of butter fat. This state of affairs regarding these two important elements of milk served as a starting-point for the evolution of the butter fat test by Dr. Babcock and of the casein test by Dr. Hart, which have so effectually placed butter and cheese making upon a firm basis of fact and fairness.

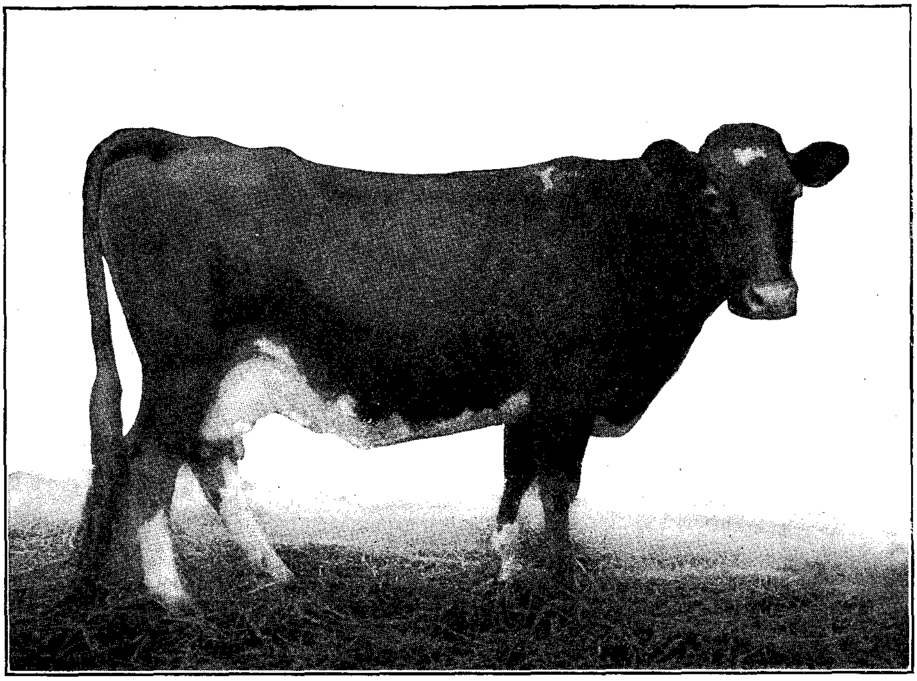
Americans possess at least one trait in common—they like to be assured of getting the value of their money. This is particularly true in respect to their purchases of food and wearing apparel. It matters not whether it be a pint of cream, a barrel of apples, or a suit of clothes, if there is a real or fancied shortcoming, there is a vigorous kick forth-coming. So Professors Babcock and Hart have perpetuated for themselves a warm, cozy corner in the hearts of their countrymen by giving (yes, giving is right) to their fellow-men their perfected methods and apparatuses for simple and precise determination of the exact amount of butter fat or casein furnished from the lacteals of any and every kind of cow in the United States of America or Oceanica.

Furthermore, if any farmer or dairyman should so far forget his catechism and its early lessons as to act as unrighteous agent in bringing about any alteration that would tend to eliminate a just proportion of the water content of milk, the simple testing apparatus will silently attest the fact, for the test does not lie if given a fair chance.

Dr. S. M. Babcock has for some time been a National figure. Most country boys and girls are quite familiar with the purpose of the Babcock gravity test in determining the percentage of fat; and most wide-awake rural children to-day know just how much butter fat the milk of their fathers' herds contains, how that figure compares with those of the neighbors, and just what effect an increase or decline of one-half per cent would have upon the monthly pay check.

It will readily be seen how such a knowledge and interest concerning the business affairs of the homestead must act as an influence toward a higher and more genuine respect on the part of the young men and women of the country for the business of farming. The home croft will be forsaken less and less when it holds forth to its young people social and educational advantages equal to those offered by the city. Dr. Babcock realizes this truth, and counts his work of value, particularly because his discovery provides for the placing of the milk product of the country upon a fair footing, whereby the man who sells the best milk receives the most pay.

Since his college days Dr. Babcock has always shown a penchant for the study of milk. He believed lactealology to be a subject worthy of life work. It was the perfection of the Babcock test, however, that made him a famous man; and in verification of the statement that



A CHAMPION BUTTER COW

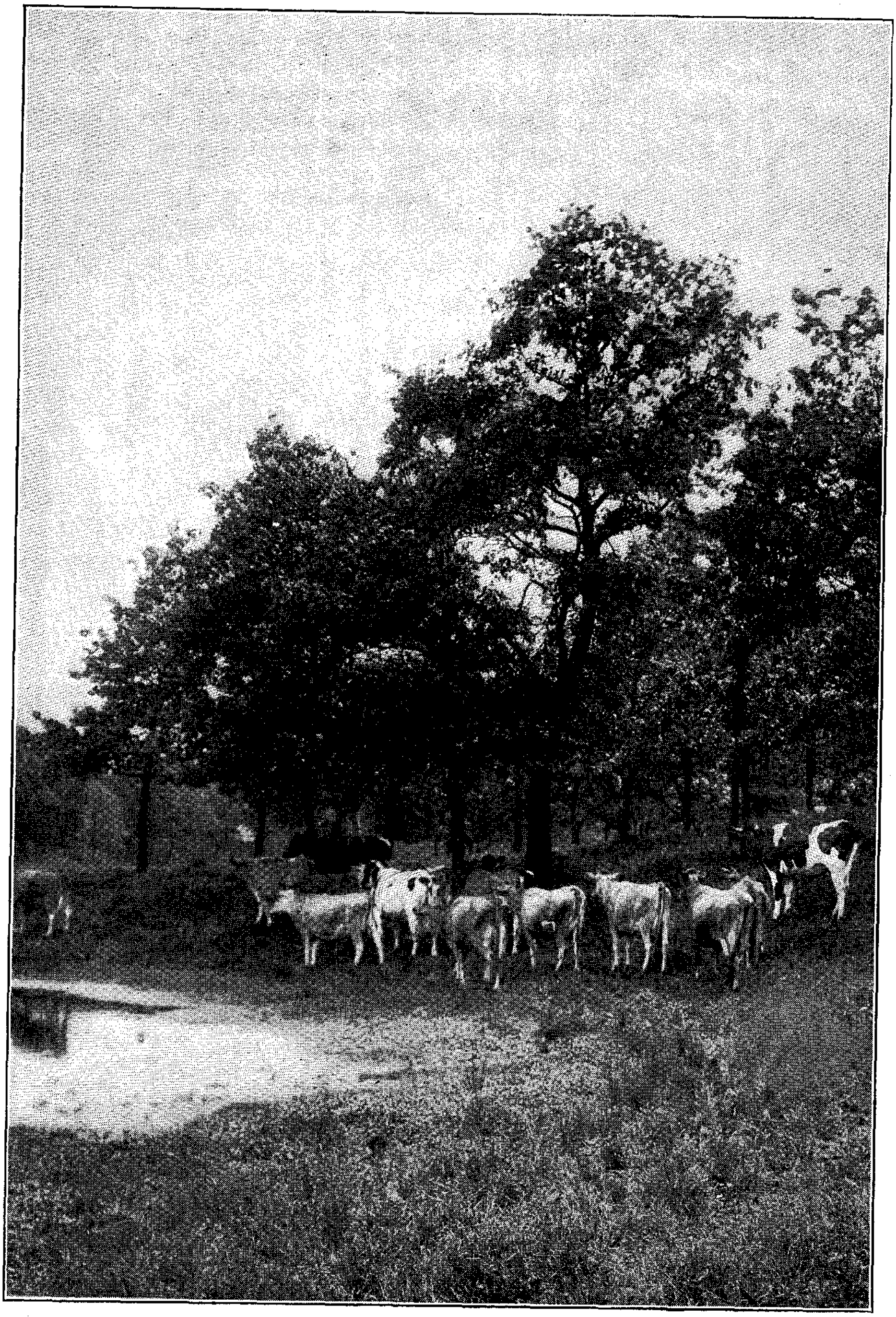
This Guernsey produced one thousand pounds of butter in one year. Her present owners, managers of the Helendale Farms at Athens, Wisconsin, purchased her from a city milkman who could not find time to test the milk of his herd nor to keep a daily milk sheet, and consequently never discovered the wonderful capabilities of his cow

DR. S. M. BABCOCK

he is working for the welfare of the boys and girls of the farmer's family, it must be said that he has given them his work. No patent was ever taken out to secure for himself the benefits of his gravity and acid test. For his discovery we respect him; for his unselfishness we like him.

The test is so simple that any bright boy or girl can easily make it after a little practice. Besides the machine for revolving the bottles, the apparatus consists of a test bottle, carefully graduated, an acid measure, and a pipette for measuring the milk to be tested. By means of the pipette 17.6 cubic centimeters of fresh or well-stirred milk are measured into the test bottle. Then almost as much sulphuric acid is added to the milk in the bottle, and carefully shaken with a rotary swing of the wrist. After all the test bottles are filled with samples of milk and are placed in the machine, the power is applied, at regulated speed, for a period of about six minutes. The velocity of the machine depends upon the diameter of the bottle-carrier. A speed of one thousand revolutions per minute gives the required force if a carrier fifteen inches in diameter is used. The principle of the process is that the acid acts upon the casein and other elements of milk composition, excepting the fat. The acid, with these elements in solution, tends toward the outer part of the circle, which will be the bottom of the test bottle, for when the motion is applied the bottles take a horizontal position. The required speed produces a pressure of 30.65 pounds upon the contents of the bottle, which is sufficient to force the lighter fat contents to the point of least resistance, the inner part of the circle, which is the neck of the horizontal bottle. After adding hot water to the mixture and again whirling for two or three minutes, the test is completed and ready to be read from the graduations on the neck of the bottle.

The intrinsic value of this simple



A HERD OF GUERNSEYS, "BUTTER COWS"

operation in its relation to the six hundred and seventy-five million dollar milk product of this country alone will be made easily apparent by a single illustration. If the measure of fat shown in the neck of the test bottle containing the milk of Farmer Smith's herd amounts to five per cent, he will receive twenty cents more for each one hundred pounds of milk than will Farmer Jones, whose test shows but four per cent of fat, butter being at such price as would allow eighty cents per hundredweight for milk reaching the four per cent test.

Several notable advantages have followed in the wake of the introduction of this test. Payment for milk according to its true value to the butter-maker is now possible. Unprofitable herds and individual cows are detected and improved, or removed, thus establishing the principle of the survival of the fittest. Cows may be bred for a purpose, according to their records, and for the purpose of establishing new records. Skimming and watering of milk are made unprofitable to the man who is inclined to such dishonesty. The test has proved a source of educational inspiration and of general satisfaction to all concerned.

A statistician who assisted in the compilation of the Twelfth Census ascribed the appearance of dairying as a special branch of agriculture to the rapid growth of cities and the development of transportation facilities. These causes, he argued, have been instrumental in increasing the demand for products of the dairy, and, by making possible the delivery of such products to and in cities at a profit to the farmers, have thereby induced many to adopt dairy farming as a specialty instead of following it as incidental to general agriculture. As far as it goes, this is all true, but serious omissions have been made from these calculations, for, as every successful dairyman knows, nothing has contributed or will contribute more generously to dairying as a profession and specialty than improved methods and utensils for handling the milk and its products. In the early years of the nineteenth century these were extremely crude, and to a great extent the milch cows were of a nondescript sort. The silo, with its tons of green corn and fodder preserves, had not yet arrived to supply summer succulence in the dead of winter. The day of the Babcock test, with its astounding revelations, was then in the future, and Dr. E. B. Hart's generation was then unborn. But before the close of the first decade of the twentieth century dairy conditions have been completely transformed. The silo, Dr. Babcock's butter fat tester, and Dr. Hart's casein tester are to-day enthroned as the mighty triumvirate of the dairy world, and are destined to work mighty changes on the four and a half million dairy farms of this country.

The Babcock test is essential in buying milk for the manufacture of butter, but it is scarcely possible that its economic importance is greater than that of the Hart test for the determination of the cheese-producing content of milk. Since the introduction of the butter fat test, however, a well-defined belief has grown up in certain sections of the country that the valuation of any milk for butter manufacture or cheese production should be determined on the basis alone of the amount of fat contained therein. Such, however, should not be the case, and, thanks to the good work of Dr. Hart, will not be the case; for by the recent production of his apparatus the cheese industry of the country has been established upon a new basis.

Dr. Hart, the originator of the casein test, was born on a northern Ohio farm in 1874. His early education was received at the country schools and at the Sandusky high school. During his grammar and high school days his spare moments were spent on the farm. After completing high school he entered the University of Michigan, and pursued the chemical course for five years. He remained at this institution a year after completing his course, serving in the capacity of assistant in the chemical laboratory. In 1897 he became Assistant Chemist at the New York Experiment Station at Geneva. In 1900 he went abroad and studied in the universities at Heidelberg and Marburg. He remained at these institutions for one year studying his chosen line of work, which then consisted of biological

DR. E. B. HART

chemistry. Upon returning from Europe Dr. Hart was made Associate Chemist of the Geneva Station, which position he held until the summer of 1906, when he was called to the chair of Agricultural Chemistry at the University of Wisconsin at Madison. His work at Geneva during the time he was connected with that institution was mainly with the chemistry of milk and cheese. The cheese-ripening problem was being jointly attacked by the chemical and bacteriological department, and Dr. Hart had complete control of the chemical side. During this time he made several chemical discoveries, and these placed him in the foreground among biological chemists.

While Dr. Hart likes to delve deep into the hidden mysteries of biology and chemistry, he is nevertheless quite as much in league and sympathy with young farmers and the problems of the farm as is Dr. Babcock. Like his older associate, he was a farmer's boy, and can never forget the smell of the sod, though his great work has been done in the laboratory. His is a farmer's success.

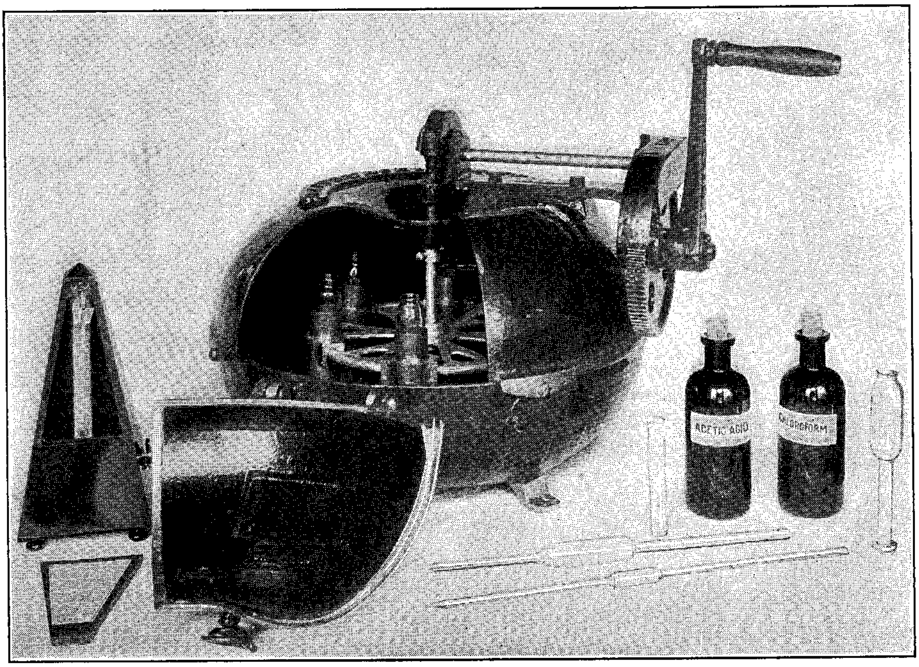
Before allowing Dr. Hart to describe his casein test to the readers it will be well to interpose a brief definition of "casein." It is not generally known that casein is one of the most important elements of milk. However, it is that portion, as we have said, which is most largely used in the manufacture of cheese. In fact, its presence alone makes it possible to convert milk into cheese, and it has a high value as food. It is perhaps most familiar to us in the form of the solid white substance called curd, which forms in milk when it sours, and from which our mothers made the "good old cottage cheese." It is one of the most complex combinations found in milk, for it contains a portion of all of the following elements: carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, sulphur, and phosphorus.

Cheese is made up almost entirely of

fat, casein, and water. However, the yield of cheese from any milk very largely depends upon the amounts of casein and fat which it contains. As casein is the main cheese-producing element, it naturally follows that milks rich in casein are best for the manufacture of cheese. Of course milks vary greatly in composition, and are generally affected by a great variety of conditions, such as individuality, breed, management, feed, surroundings, advance of lactation, etc. To illustrate, Professor Hart has found that one cow may yield milk containing 2.7 per cent of casein and 6 per cent of fat, while another produces a milk of 2.7 per cent casein and but 4 per cent of fat, and still another a milk carrying 3.5 per cent of casein and 6 per cent of fat. Expressed in more common terms, there are milks in which for every one hundred pounds of fat there may be anywhere from forty-five to seventy or more pounds of casein. Of course a milk containing for every one hundred pounds of fat seventy or more pounds of casein will yield more cheese than one carrying but forty-five pounds of casein.

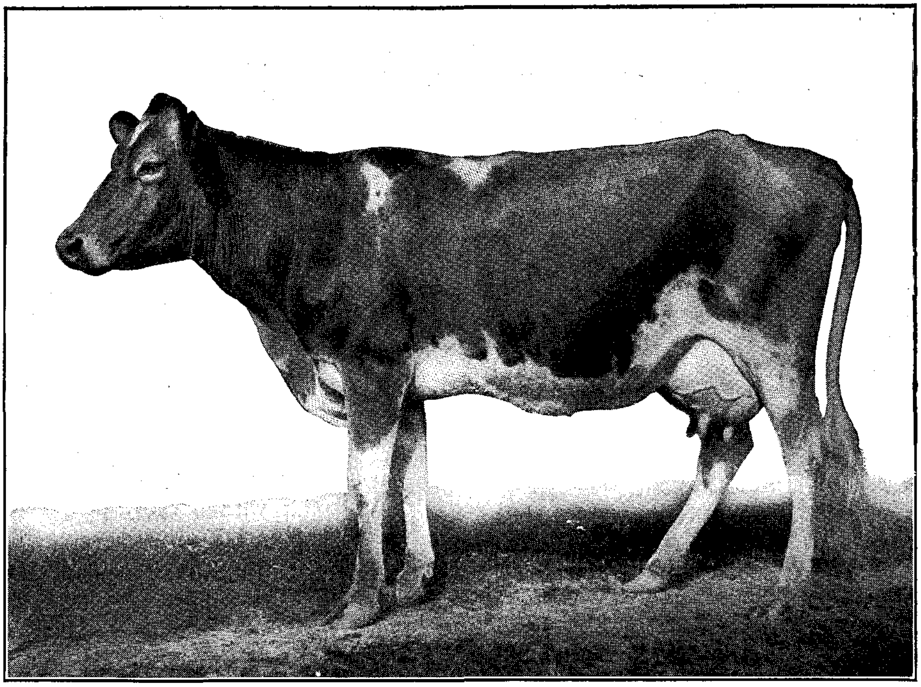
The estimation of but a single constituent, as fat, only leaves the producer and manufacturer to guess how much of any other milk constituent is present. Of course this is unfair to all concerned. It encourages deception upon the part of unscrupulous producers, which in turn works injustice upon the buyer; it discourages the improvement in the quality of dairy herds, for where milk is pooled the incentive for improved stock-breeding is, to a large extent, withdrawn.

The breeder, through the Babcock test, has made a butter cow, one in which the fat is unusually high, and he has done this by selection. It seems highly probable that, with a simple casein test, the cheese cow can also be developed—a cow which, for instance, instead of giving a milk with seventy pounds of casein per hundred pounds of fat, will produce a milk containing nearer one hundred pounds of casein for one hundred pounds of fat. It is probably extremely rare that the milk from a herd of cows contains casein and fat in the relation of 70 or 80 to 100, but it certainly is not uncommon in certain strains of certain breeds, and among individuals in any breed, to find as high a ratio or



THE HART CASEIN TESTER OUTFIT

It consists of a machine for inclosing and revolving the bottles and contents at high speed, two pipettes, a glass graduate, flasks of acetic acid and chloroform, a graduated bottle, and a metronome



A FINE DAIRY COW

In one year this Guernsey cow produced 11,363 pounds of milk that yielded 582.33 pounds of fat or 679.38 pounds of butter. This record would have been impossible without the aid of the silo, Babcock test, and milk scales

a still higher one. We need a strain of cows which will habitually produce milk rich in casein. Right here lies one of the important fields of a simple casein test.

It being well established that there is an actual need and demand for a casein tester or some reliable means of determining the amount of cheese-producing elements in milk to be used for that purpose, a description of the apparatus and methods employed may be profitably considered at this point.

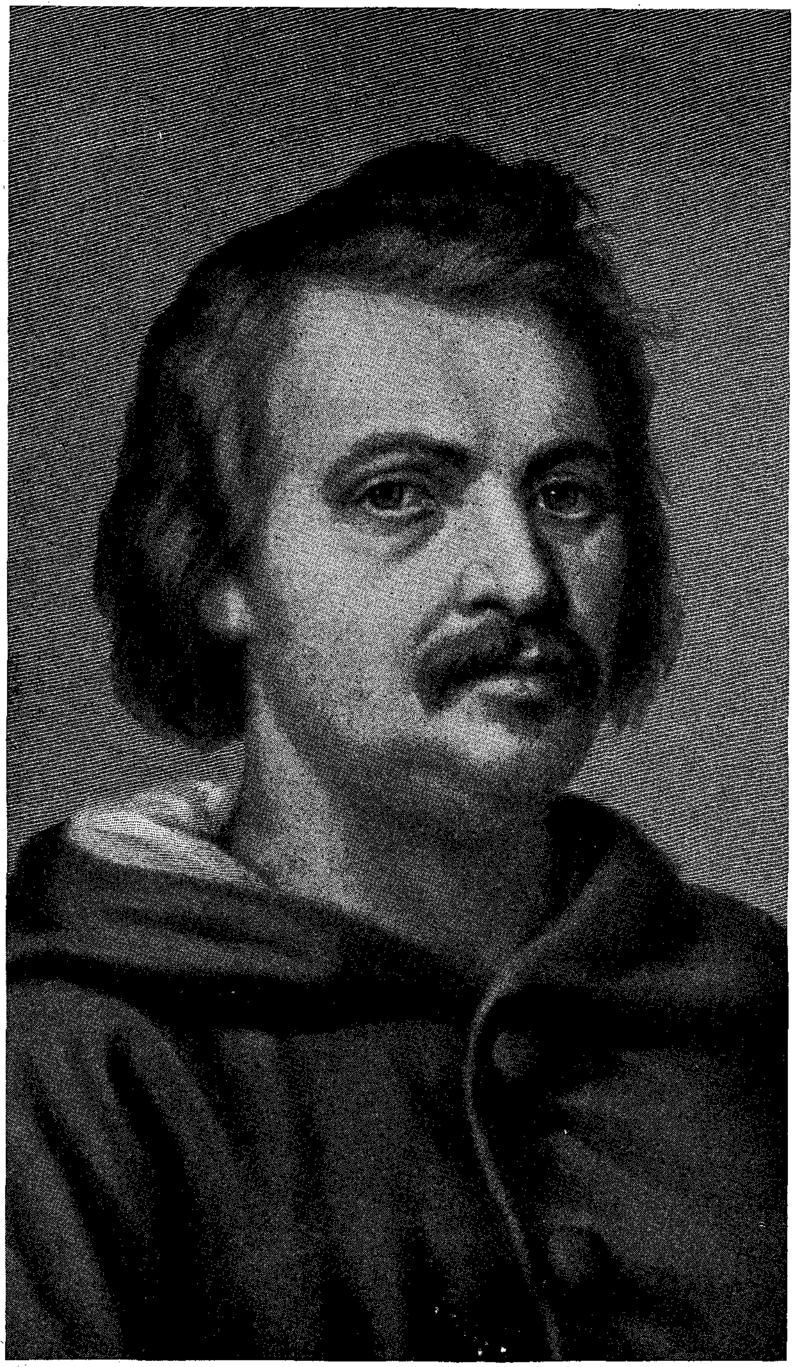
The apparatus is, in many ways, similar to that used in making the Babcock test, and consists of: a graduated test tube, such as is seen on the preceding page; a centrifuge, or a machine for holding and revolving the bottles when properly filled with milk and other elements; a flask of acetic acid; a flask of chloroform; pipettes for measuring the different liquids; a metronome; and, lastly, the milk to be tested. The graduated test tube should be of sufficient size to contain not less than 35 cubic centimeters. Each division on the graduated neck of the tube represents .1 cubic centimeter and .2 per cent of casein, where 5 cubic centimeters of milk are used under normal conditions. The graduations extend from zero to 10 per cent, which is a sufficient range for milks produced on the farms at the present time. (The milk from 15,000 cows in one State has been tested, with the result that the casein content has been found to vary from 1.93 to 3.00 per cent.) The centrifuge commonly used in making the test is fifteen inches in diameter, and is easily made to revolve at a speed of 2,000 revolutions per minute.

In making the test or determination, two cubic centimeters of chloroform, accurately measured, are placed in the test tubes. The purpose of the chloroform is to dissolve the fat in the milk and hold it in solution where it will not impede the action of the test. On top of the chloroform are added twenty cubic centimeters of a 0.25 per cent solution of acetic acid, which produces a precipitation of the casein. Seventy degrees Fahrenheit has been established as the proper temperature at which to make the test, as this is the average normal temperature. To the chloroform and acetic acid are added five cubic centimeters of milk, and pains are expended to have the sample represent as nearly as possible the whole lot of milk from which it is taken. The tube and its contents are then vigorously rotated by a movement of the hand, the operator stopping the mouth of the tube with his thumb to prevent the loss of any of the mixture. The purpose of the shaking is to break up the chloroform mass and properly dissolve the fat globules. The tube or tubes are then placed in the pockets of the centrifuge, and the power is applied at a rate of 2,000 revolutions per minute and for about eight minutes. The metronome, a mechanical device made use of by musicians in beating time, is employed for a similar purpose, to audibly beat the given number of revolutions of the crank-shaft per minute. After a little practice the operator is able to turn the centrifuge in perfect rhythm with the beats of the metronome.

The test completed, the tubes are removed from the centrifuge and placed in a rack to allow the chloroform and fat solution to settle below the casein. Above the casein or curd will be a water-like solution of the other milk solids. The amount of casein contained in the sample will be readily read from the scale, and the per cent of casein will be the difference between the marks on the scale which represent the highest and lowest limits of the casein pellet.

Like the Babcock tester, the Hart tester is a means of determining the profit-producing powers of the dairy cows on our farms. Its intelligent use will eliminate the unproductive animals from our herds and improve the character of the herds and animals yet to be. It seems only reasonable to anticipate that breeders, through a process of selection and careful mating, will build up families of cows with phenomenal cheese-producing capabilities.

These men have shown the American dairymen that they may reach a definite mark in dairy breeding and feeding. They have given them new purposes, and made it possible to know when they have accomplished these. Wise men may say that there is nothing new. However, we are not living altogether in the past. The stream of time has worn a deep chasm between the pioneer days and the era in which we live. The farmer's life may be constituted of the same work-units as it was a century ago, but, if he is performing the same tasks as his grandfathers, he is quite certainly doing them in a different way, doing more in less time, and, best of all, working and planning with more perfect aim, with standards to be raised, and with tangible objects ahead at the goal for which he strives. These are not the old conditions of the dairy world.



HONORÉ DE BALZAC

THE CONSCRIPT

BY HONORÉ DE BALZAC

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

BALZAC is one of the greatest figures in French literature, and yet he lacks some of the prime qualities of the French genius—charm, lucidity, simplicity, atmosphere. His work bears the marks of prodigious toil; he often writes like a weary Titan. The marvelous talent which has made his fellow-novelists masters of a delicate and artistic craft was denied him. The classical spirit and tone were never within his reach; he was a born romancer, and at the same time a tireless student of facts; he had a sensitive touch on subtle and beautiful things, but for the most part he was a heavy-handed son of toil, endowed with genius and with almost incredible energy of mind and will.

Born at Tours, in a province of wide horizons, sunny skies, and bountiful fertility, where French is spoken not only with accuracy as at Geneva, but with a certain flexibility, the future novelist was of a sensitive temperament, gave little thought to regular study, and became early a passionate and omnivorous reader of all kinds of books. At the age of fifteen, weary of the monotony of provincial life, he followed the trail of French boys of genius or ambition and went to Paris. His real education was gained largely in the narrow streets of the old city, in its numberless cafés, and on its newer and more brilliant boulevards. He heard lectures at the Sorbonne, studied with some regularity under private teachers, became a devout habitué of the libraries; and, to placate his father, went through a course in law.

Nature had other plans for him, however, and he was given a very slender allowance and two years' time in which to find himself and his work. He was a youth of ardent passions, great ambitions, and wholly unorganized wealth of intellectual resource, and the time of probation fixed by his family was much too short. At its expiration he was compelled to retreat from Paris. He was made, however, of masterful stuff, and it was not long before he was half starving in a Parisian attic, absorbed in the spectacle of life, and dreaming of the conquest of that brilliant, many-sided, highly sophisticated world. He saw all sides of life with a dispassionate eye, was as deeply interested in its most corrupt as in its most spiritual forms, and became a recorder of social phenomena on a colossal scale.

At twenty-three he was already writing romances, and in seven years he had filled a shelf with apprentice work, and had toiled terribly to get his material into shape and to form a style. He made the mistake which cost Walter Scott heartbreaking work, and went into publishing and printing enterprises, emerging from both with heavy debts and an experience which made him master of the processes and miseries of bankruptcy.

He was twenty-eight years old, had piled up a handsome indebtedness, and written nothing which he was willing later to keep, when the publication of "The Chouans" caught public attention and became the starting-point of his career. It was written with a heavy hand, and it abounds in arid passages, but it was fresh and powerful, and its method was new. His apprenticeship ended with the writing of this story of Brittany in the last year of the eighteenth century; the sails of his fortune, long drooping about the mast, caught the wind, filled out, and carried him far on his wonderful voyage of discovery. Story after story came from his tireless hand, and it was not long before he had conceived the colossal scheme of the "Comédie Humaine;" not a series of detached novels, but a complete picture and record of modern society, not only in Paris, but in the provinces, and in every profession and walk of life. Other novelists have rivaled him in volume of production; none has attempted so colossal a task as the portrayal of the whole social movement of life in his time.

For this task Balzac had an extraordinary equipment: indomitable energy and working power, genius for observation and arrangement of facts, an imagination at once catholic and penetrating, boundless self-confidence and audacity. He lived in the streets for months, watching every turn of the hand, droop of the eye, lift of the head, movement of the body; he penetrated to the very springs of corruption, and sometimes he divined the sources of pure exaltation. All this time he seemed to be doing nothing but loiter in the sun and brood in the cafés; he was, however, with intense and concentrated attention, getting his material. Then he disappeared from the places he had haunted, shut himself in his room, drank deep potations of coffee, wore the white robe of a Dominican, and wrote with a kind of fury, three or four weeks at a stretch. He was driven almost to desperation by the people of his imagination who crowded about him, begging to be born. He was "devoured by his genius and the consciousness of his genius," to quote Taine. For he was not simply an observer of the more than two thousand characters who appear in his stories; he lived with them, knew every turn of their thought, foresaw their several fates while they were taking the first fateful steps. "In listening to these people," he wrote, "I could espouse their life. I felt their rags upon my back; I walked with my feet in their tattered shoes; their desires, their wants—everything passed into my soul, and my soul passed into theirs; it was the dream of a waking man."

It must be added that it was too often a nightmare. Balzac created on a colossal scale, but he was a demiurge, not an Olympian. He lived chiefly in the lower strata of character, and he used coarse clay. It is a somber, sinister, semi-brutal world which his genius irradiates with searching power. Abounding in detail, reporting the most minute circumstances of dress, gesture, and physiognomy, as if he were recording facts, he rarely succeeds in making us wholly believe in his men and women. He thought he knew his Parisians as they had never been known before; but half of them are monsters. His greatest novels, "Le Père Goriot," "Eugénie Grandet," "The Magic Skin" ("La Peau de Chagrin"), "Le Curé de Tours," are haunted by hideous figures, even when some great nobility or purity shines from the central characters. Some of the stories, "La Cousine Bette," for instance, are studies of character far gone in rottenness.

Mr. James has said of him that he is never simple, and that, in a sense, he is always corrupt; it was not that he was attracted by corruption, but that he studied a corrupt society, and was fascinated by its processes of degeneration. He was a coarse rather than a corrupt man; no novelist has written of money with such relish, nor has any other described luxury of furnishings and dress with more evident enjoyment. His "Contes drolatiques" have a Rabelaisian flavor and with unflinching fidelity reproduce the atmosphere and speech of the "good old times" with a frank animalism of language quite unknown in English writing. His essays in spiritual romance, "Louis Lambert," "Séraphita," show a great force at work in an alien field. He could and did portray virtue in very simple forms, but he was at his best in analysis of complex vice.

Balzac is great by virtue of an immense achievement of the most solid structure; the very magnitude of his production proves him great. He is great also by virtue of the fertility and breadth of his imagination, his genius for characterization, his free invention, his power of analysis, and his dramatic energy. He has been called the father of modern realism; he was also a romanticist of the most audacious temper; the world in his stories, buttressed as it is with facts, is as partial and individualistic as the world which is reflected in George Sand's romances. The contradictions in his character both as observer and as artist are many and puzzling; he attempted too much, and he attempted some things which were beyond his power. He was of the earth, earthy, and therefore he ranks with the Titans rather than with the Olympians; and Mr. James touches the very heart of the question of his rank and achievement in the phrase, "Our last word about him is that he had incomparable power." The tale which The Outlook gives its readers this week, in the series of representative short stories by foreign writers, is one of Balzac's most striking short stories. H. W. M.

ON a November evening in the year 1793, the principal citizens of Carentan were assembled in Mme. de Dey's drawing-room. Mme. de Dey held this reception every night of the week, but an unwonted interest attached to this evening's gathering, owing to certain circumstances which would have passed altogether unnoticed in a great city, though in a small country town they excited the greatest curiosity. For two days before Mme. de Dey had not been at home to her visitors, and on the previous evening her door had been shut, on the ground of indisposition. Two such events at any ordinary time would have produced in Carentan the same sensation that Paris knows on nights when there is no performance at the theaters—existence is in some sort incomplete; but in those times when the least indiscretion on the part of an aristocrat might be a matter of life and death, this conduct of Mme. de Dey's was likely to bring about the most disastrous consequences for her. Her position in Carentan ought to be made clear, if the reader is to appreciate the expression of keen curiosity and cunning fanaticism on the countenances of these Norman citizens, and, what is of most importance, the part that the lady played among them. Many a one during the days of the Revolution has doubtless passed through a crisis as difficult as hers at that moment, and the sympathies of more than one reader will fill in all the coloring of the picture.

Mme. de Dey was the widow of a Lieutenant-General, a Knight of the Orders of Saint Michael and of the Holy Ghost. She had left the Court when the Emigration began, and taken refuge in the neighborhood of Carentan, where she had large estates, hoping that the influence of the Reign of Terror would be but little felt there. Her calculations, based on a thorough knowledge of the district, proved correct. The Revolution made little disturbance in Lower Normandy. Formerly, when Mme. de Dey had spent any time in the country, her circle of acquaintance had been confined to the noble families of the district; but now, from politic motives, she opened her house to the principal citizens and to the Revolutionary authorities of the town, endeavoring to touch and gratify their social pride without arousing either hatred or jealousy.

Gracious and kindly, possessed of the indescribable charm that wins good will without loss of dignity or effort to pay court to any, she had succeeded in gaining universal esteem; the discreet warnings of exquisite tact enabled her to steer a difficult course among the exacting claims of this mixed society without wounding the overweening self-love of parvenus on the one hand, or the susceptibilities of her old friends on the other.

She was about thirty-eight years of age, and still preserved, not the fresh, high-colored beauty of the Basse-Normandes, but a fragile loveliness of what may be called an aristocratic type. Her figure was lissome and slender, her features delicate and clearly cut; the pale face seemed to light up and live when she spoke; but there was a quiet and devout look in the great dark eyes, for all their graciousness of expression—a look that seemed to say that the springs of her life lay without her own existence.

In her early girlhood she had been married to an elderly and jealous soldier. Her false position in the midst of a gay Court had doubtless done something to bring a veil of sadness over a face that must once have been bright with the charms of quick-pulsed life and love. She had been compelled to set constant restraint upon her frank impulses and emotions at an age when a woman feels rather than thinks, and the depths of passion in her heart had never been stirred. In this lay the secret of her greatest charm, a youthfulness of the inmost soul betrayed at times by her face, and a certain tinge of innocent wistfulness in her ideas. She was reserved in her demeanor, but in her bearing and in the tones of her voice there was still something that told of girlish longings directed toward a vague future. Before very long the least susceptible fell in love with her, and yet stood somewhat in awe of her dignity and high-bred manner. Her great soul, strengthened by the cruel ordeals through which she had passed, seemed to set her too far above the ordinary level, and these men weighed themselves, and instinctively felt that they were found wanting. Such a nature demanded an exalted passion.

Moreover, Mme. de Dey's affections were concentrated in one sentiment—a mother's love for her son. All the happiness and joy that she had not known as a wife, she had found later in her boundless love for him. The coquetry of a mistress, the jealousy of a wife, mingled with the pure and deep affection of a mother. She was miserable when they were apart, and nervous about him while he was away; she could never see enough of him, and lived through and for him alone. Some idea of the strength of this tie may be conveyed to the masculine understanding by adding that this was not only Mme. de Dey's only son, but all she had of kith or kin in the world, the one human being on earth bound to her by all the fears and hopes and joys of her life.

The late Comte de Dey was the last of his race and she, his wife, was the sole heiress and descendant of her house. So worldly ambitions and family considerations, as well as the noblest cravings of the soul, combined to heighten in the Countess a sentiment that is strong in every woman's heart. The child was all the dearer because only with infinite care had she succeeded in rearing him to man's estate; medical science had predicted his death a score of times, but she had held fast to her presentiments and her hopes, and had known the inexpressible joy of watching him pass safely through the perils of infancy, of seeing his constitution strengthen in spite of the decrees of the Faculty.

Thanks to her constant care, the boy had grown up and developed so favorably that at twenty years of age he was regarded as one of the most accomplished gentlemen at the Court of Versailles. One final happiness that does not always crown a mother's efforts was hers—her son worshiped her; and between these two there was the deep sympathy of kindred souls. If they had not been bound to each other already by a natural and sacred tie, they would instinctively have felt for each other a friendship that is rarely met with between two men.

At the age of eighteen, the young Count had received an appointment as sub-lieutenant in a regiment of dragoons, and had made it a point of honor to follow the emigrant Princes into exile.

Then Mme. de Dey faced the dangers of her cruel position. She was rich, noble, and the mother of an Emigrant. With the one desire to look after her son's great fortune, she had denied herself the happiness of being with him; and when she read the rigorous laws in virtue of which the Republic was daily confiscating the property of Emigrants at Carentan, she congratulated herself on the courageous course that she had taken. Was she not keeping watch over the wealth of her son at the risk of her life? Later, when news came of the horrible executions ordered by the Convention, she slept, happy in the knowledge that her own treasure was in safety, out of reach of peril, far from the scaffolds of the Revolution. She loved to think that she had followed the best course, that she had saved her darling and her darling's fortunes; and to this secret thought she made such concessions as the misfortunes of the times demanded, without compromising her dignity or her aristocratic tenets, and enveloped her sorrows in reserve and mystery. She had foreseen the difficulties that would beset her at Carentan. Did she not tempt the scaffold by the very fact of going thither to take a prominent place? Yet, sustained by a mother's courage, she succeeded in winning the affection of the poor, ministering without distinction to every one in trouble; and made herself necessary to the well-to-do by providing amusements for them.

The procureur of the commune might be seen at her house, the mayor, the president of the "district," and the public prosecutor, and even the judges of the Revolutionary tribunals went there. The four first-named gentlemen were none of them married, and each paid court to her in the hope that Mme. de Dey would take him for her husband, either from fear of making an enemy or from a desire to find a protector.

The public prosecutor, once an attorney at Caen, and the Countess's man of business, did what he could to inspire love by a system of devotion and generosity, a dangerous game of cunning! He was the most formidable of all her suitors. He alone knew the amount of the large fortune of his sometime client, and his fervor was inevitably increased by the cupidity of greed, and by the consciousness that he wielded an enormous power, the power of life and death in the district. He was still a young man, and owing to the generosity of his behavior, Mme. de Dey was unable as yet to estimate him truly. But, in despite of the danger of matching herself against Norman cunning, she used all the craft and inventiveness that Nature has bestowed on women to play off the rival suitors one against another. She hoped, by gaining time, to emerge safe and sound from her difficulties at last; for at that time Royalists in the provinces flattered themselves with a hope, daily renewed, that the morrow would see the end of the Revolution—a conviction that proved fatal to many of them.

In spite of difficulties, the Countess had maintained her independence with considerable skill until the day when, by an inexplicable want of prudence, she took occasion to close her salon. So deep and sincere was the interest that she inspired, that those who usually filled her drawing-room felt a lively anxiety when the news was spread; then, with the frank curiosity characteristic of provincial manners, they went to inquire into the misfortune, grief, or illness that had befallen Mme. de Dey.

To all these questions, Brigitte, the housekeeper, answered with the same formula: her mistress was keeping her room, and would see no one, not even her own servants.

The almost claustral lives of dwellers in small towns foster a habit of analysis and conjectural explanation of the business of everybody else; so strong is it, that when every one had exclaimed over poor Mme. de Dey (without knowing whether the lady was overcome by joy or sorrow), each one began to inquire into the causes of her sudden seclusion.

"If she were ill she would have sent for the doctor," said gossip number one: "now the doctor has been playing chess in my house all day. He said to me, laughing, that in these days there is only one disease, and that unluckily it is incurable."

The joke was hazarded discreetly. Women and men, elderly folk and young girls, forthwith betook themselves to the vast fields of conjecture. Every one imagined that there was some secret in it, and every head was busy with the secret. Next day the suspicions became malignant. Every one lives in public in a small town, and the womenkind were the first to find out that Brigitte had laid in an extra stock of provisions. The thing could not be disputed. Brigitte had been seen in the market-place betimes that morning, and, wonderful to relate, she had bought the one hare to be had. The whole town knew that Mme. de Dey did not care for game. The hare became a starting-point for endless conjectures.

Elderly gentlemen, taking their constitutional, noticed a sort of suppressed bustle in the Countess's house; the symptoms were the more apparent because the servants were at evident pains to conceal them. The man-servant was beating a carpet in the garden. Only yesterday no one would have remarked the fact, but to-day everybody began to build romances upon that harmless piece of household stuff. Every one had a version.

On the following day, that on which Mme. de Dey gave out that she was not well, the magnates of Carentan went to spend the evening at the mayor's brother's house. He was a retired merchant, a married man, a strictly honorable soul; every one respected him, and the Countess held him in high regard. There all the rich widow's suitors were fain to invent more or less probable fictions, each one thinking the while how to turn to his own advantage the secret that compelled her to compromise herself in such a manner.

The public prosecutor spun out a whole drama to bring Mme. de Dey's son to her house of a night. The mayor had a belief in a priest who had refused the oath, a refugee from La Vendée; but this left him not a little embarrassed how to account for the purchase of a hare on a Friday. The president of the district had strong leanings towards a Chouan chief, or a Vendean leader hotly pursued. Others voted for a noble escaped from the prisons of Paris. In short, one and all suspected that the Countess had been guilty of some piece of generosity that the law of those days defined as a crime, an offense that was like to bring her to the scaffold. The public prosecutor, moreover, said, in a low voice, that they must hush the matter up and try to save the unfortunate lady from the abyss towards which she was hastening.

"If you spread reports about," he added, "I shall be obliged to take cognizance of the matter, and to search the house, and then! . . ."

He said no more, but every one understood what was left unsaid.

The Countess's real friends were so much alarmed for her that on the morning of the third day the *Procureur Syndic* of the commune made his wife write a few lines to persuade Mme. de Dey to hold her reception as usual that evening. The old merchant took a bolder step. He called that morning upon the lady. Strong in the thought of the service he meant to do her, he insisted that he must see Mme. de Dey, and was amazed beyond expression to find her out in the garden, busy gathering the last autumn flowers in her borders to fill the vases.

"She has given refuge to her lover, no doubt," thought the old man, struck with pity for the charming woman before him.

The Countess's face wore a strange look that confirmed his suspicions. Deeply moved by the devotion so natural to women, but that always touches us, because all men are flattered by the sacrifices that any woman makes for any one of them, the merchant told the Countess of the gossip that was circulating in the town, and showed her the danger that she was running. He wound up at last with saying that "if there are some of our public functionaries who are sufficiently ready to pardon a piece of heroism on your part so long as it is a priest that you wish to save, no one will show you any mercy if it is discovered that you are sacrificing yourself to the dictates of your heart."

At these words Mme. de Dey gazed at her visitor with a wild excitement in her manner that made him tremble, old though he was.

"Come in," she said, taking him by the hand to bring him to her room, and as soon as she had assured herself that they were alone, she drew a soiled, torn letter from her bodice—"Read it!" she cried, with a violent effort to pronounce the words.

She dropped as if exhausted into her arm-chair. While the old merchant looked for his spectacles and wiped them, she raised her eyes, and for the first time looked at him with curiosity; then, in an uncertain voice, "I trust in you," she said softly.

"Why did I come but to share in your crime?" the old merchant said simply.

She trembled. For the first time since she had come to the little town her soul found sympathy in another soul. A sudden light dawned meantime on the old merchant; he understood the Countess's joy and her prostration.

Her son had taken part in the Granville expedition; he wrote to his mother from his prison, and the letter brought her a sad, sweet hope. Feeling no doubts as to his means of escape, he wrote that within three days he was sure to reach her, disguised. The same letter that brought these weighty tidings was full of heartrending farewells in case the writer should not be in Carentan by the evening of the third day, and he implored his mother to send a considerable sum of money by the bearer, who had gone through dangers innumerable to deliver it. The paper shook in the old man's hands.

"And to-day is the third day!" cried Mme. de Dey. She sprang to her feet, took back the letter, and walked up and down.

"You have set to work imprudently," the merchant remarked, addressing her. "Why did you buy provisions?"

"Why, he may come in dying of hunger, worn out with fatigue, and—" She broke off.

"I am sure of my brother," the old merchant went on; "I will engage him in your interests."

The merchant in this crisis recovered his old business shrewdness, and the advice that he gave Mme. de Dey was full of prudence and wisdom. After the two had agreed together as to what they were to do and say, the old merchant went on various ingenious pretexts to pay visits to the principal houses of Carentan, announcing wherever he went that he had just been to see Mme. de Dey, and that, in spite of her indisposition, she would receive that evening. Matching his shrewdness against Norman wits in the cross-examination he underwent in every family as to the Countess's complaint, he succeeded in putting almost every one who took an interest in the mysterious affair upon the wrong scent.

His very first call worked wonders. He told, in the hearing of a gouty old lady, how that Mme. de Dey had all but died of an attack of gout in the stomach; how that the illustrious Tronchin had recommended her in such a case to put the skin from a live hare on her chest, to stop in bed, and keep perfectly still. The Countess, he said, had lain in danger of her life for the past two days; but after carefully following out Tronchin's singular prescription, she was now sufficiently recovered to receive visitors that evening.

This tale had an immense success in Carentan. The local doctor, a Royalist *in petto*, added to its effect by gravely discussing the specific. Suspicion, nevertheless, had taken too deep root in a few perverse or philosophical minds to be entirely dissipated; so it fell out that those who had the right of entry into Mme. de Dey's drawing-room hurried thither at an early hour, some to watch her face, some out of friendship, but the more part attracted by the fame of the marvelous cure.

They found the Countess seated in a corner of the great chimneypiece in her room, which was almost as modestly furnished as similar apartments in Carentan; for she had given up the enjoyment of luxuries to which she had formerly been accustomed, for fear of offending the narrow prejudices of her guests, and she had made no changes in her house. The floor was not even polished. She had left the old somber hangings on the walls, had kept the old-fashioned country furniture, burned tallow candles, had fallen in with the ways of the place, and adopted provincial life without flinching before its cast-iron narrowness, its most disagreeable hardships; but knowing that her guests would forgive her for any prodigality that conduced to their comfort, she left nothing undone where their personal enjoyment was concerned; her dinners, for instance, were excellent. She even went so far as to affect avarice to recommend herself to these sordid natures; and had the ingenuity to make it appear that certain concessions to luxury had been made at the instance of others, to whom she had graciously yielded.

Towards seven o'clock that evening, therefore, the nearest approach to polite society that Carentan could boast was assembled in Mme. de Dey's drawing-room, in a wide circle, about the fire. The old merchant's sympathetic glances sustained the mistress of the house through this ordeal; with wonderful strength of mind, she underwent the curious scrutiny of her guests, and bore with their trivial prosings. Every time there was a knock at the door, at every sound of footsteps in the street, she hid her agitation by raising questions of absorbing interest to the countryside. She led the conversation on to the burning topic of the quality of various ciders, and was so well seconded by her friend who shared her secret, that her guests almost forgot to watch her, and her face wore its wonted look; her self-possession was unshaken. The public prosecutor and one of the judges of the Revolutionary Tribunal kept silence, however; noting the slightest change that flickered over her features, listening through the noisy talk to every sound in the house. Several times they put awkward questions, which the Countess answered with wonderful presence of mind. So brave is a mother's heart!

Mme. de Dey had drawn her visitors into little groups, had made parties of whist, boston, or reversis, and sat talking with some of the young people; she seemed to be living completely in the present moment, and played her part like a consummate actress. She elicited a suggestion of lotto, and saying that no one else knew where to find the game, she left the room.

"My good Brigitte, I cannot breathe down there!" she cried, brushing away the tears that sprang to her eyes, that glittered with fever, sorrow, and impatience. She had gone up to her son's room, and was looking round it. "He does not come," she said. "Here I can breathe and live. A few minutes more, and he will be here, for he is alive, I am sure that he is alive! my heart tells me so. Do you hear nothing, Brigitte? Oh! I would give the rest of my life to know whether he is still in prison or tramping across the country. I would rather not think."

Once more she looked to see that everything was in order. A bright fire blazed on the hearth, the shutters were carefully closed, the furniture shone with cleanliness, the bed had been made after a fashion that showed that Brigitte and the Countess had given their minds to every trifling detail. It was impossible not to read her hopes in the dainty and thoughtful preparations about the room; love and a mother's tenderest caresses seemed to pervade the air in the scent of flowers. None but a mother could have foreseen the requirements of a soldier and arranged so completely for their satisfaction. A dainty meal, the best of wine, clean linen, slippers—no necessary, no comfort, was lacking for the weary traveler, and all the delights of home heaped upon him should reveal his mother's love.

"Oh, Brigitte! . . . " cried the Countess, with a heartrending inflection in her voice. She drew a chair to the table as if to strengthen her illusions and realize her longings.

"Ah! madame, he is coming. He is not far off. . . . I haven't a doubt that he is living and on his way," Brigitte answered. "I put a key in the Bible and held it on my fingers while Cottin read the Gospel of St. John, and the key did not turn, madame."

"Is that a certain sign?" the Countess asked.

"Why, yes, madame! everybody knows that. He is still alive; I would stake my salvation on it; God cannot be mistaken."

"If only I could see him here in the house, in spite of the danger."

"Poor Monsieur Auguste!" cried Brigitte; "I expect he is tramping along the lanes!"

"And that is eight o'clock striking now!" cried the Countess, in terror.

She was afraid that she had been too long in the room where she felt sure that her son was alive; all those preparations made for him meant that he was alive. She went down, but she lingered a moment in the peristyle for any sound that might waken the sleeping echoes of the town. She smiled at Brigitte's husband, who was standing there on guard; the man's eyes looked stupid with the strain of listening to the faint sounds of the night. She stared into the darkness, seeing her son in every shadow everywhere; but it was only for a moment. Then she went back to the drawing-room with an assumption of high spirits, and began to play at lotto with the little girls. But from time to time she complained of feeling unwell, and went to sit in her great chair by the fireside. So things went in Mme. de Dey's house and in the minds of those beneath her roof.

Meanwhile, on the road from Paris to Cherbourg, a young man, dressed in the inevitable brown *carmagnole* of those days, was plodding his way towards Carentan. When the first levies were made, there was little or no discipline kept up. The exigencies of the moment scarcely admitted of soldiers being equipped at once, and it was no uncommon thing to see the roads thronged with conscripts in their ordinary clothes. The young fellows went ahead of their company to the next halting-place, or lagged behind it; it depended upon their fitness to bear the fatigues of a long march. This particular wayfarer was some considerable way in advance of a company of conscripts on the way to Cherbourg, whom the mayor was expecting to arrive every hour, for it was his duty to distribute their billets. The young man's footsteps were still firm as he trudged along, and his bearing seemed to indicate that he was no stranger to the rough life of a soldier. The moon shone on the pasture-land about Carentan, but he had noticed great masses of white cloud that were about to scatter showers of snow over the country, and doubtless the fear of being overtaken by a storm had quickened his pace in spite of his weariness.

The wallet on his back was almost empty, and he carried a stick in his hand, cut from one of the high, thick box hedges that surround most of the farms in Lower Normandy. As the solitary wayfarer came into Carentan, the gleaming moonlit outlines of its towers stood out for a moment with ghostly effect against the sky. He met no one in the silent streets that rang with the echoes of his own footsteps, and was obliged to ask the way to the mayor's house of a weaver who was working late. The magistrate was not far to seek, and in a few minutes the conscript was sitting on a stone bench in the mayor's porch waiting for his billet. He was sent for, however, and confronted with that functionary, who scrutinized him closely. The foot-soldier was a good-looking young man, who appeared to be of gentle birth. There was something aristocratic in his bearing, and signs in his face of intelligence developed by a good education.

"What is your name?" asked the mayor, eying him shrewdly.

"Julien Jussieu," answered the conscript.

"From?—" queried the official, and an incredulous smile stole over his features.

"From Paris."

"Your comrades must be a good way behind?" remarked the Norman, in sarcastic tones.

"I am three leagues ahead of the battalion."

"Some sentiment attracts you to Carentan, of course, citizen-conscript," said the mayor, astutely. "All right, all right!" he added, with a wave of the hand, seeing that the young man was about to speak. "We know where to send you. There, off with you, *Citizen Jussieu*," and he handed over the billet.

There was a tinge of irony in the stress the magistrate laid on the two last words while he held out a billet on Mme. de Dey. The conscript read the direction curiously.

"He knows quite well that he has not far to go, and when he gets outside he will very soon cross the market-place," said the mayor to himself as the other went out. "He is uncommonly bold! God guide him! . . . He has an answer ready for everything. Yes, but if somebody else had asked to see his papers it would have been all up with him!"

The clocks in Carentan struck half-past nine as he spoke. Lanterns were being lit in Mme. de Dey's antechamber, servants were helping their masters and mistresses into sabots, greatcoats, and calashes. The card-players settled their accounts, and everybody went out together, after the fashion of all little country towns.

"It looks as if the prosecutor meant to stop," said a lady, who noticed that that important personage was not in the group in the market-place, where they all took leave of one another before going their separate ways home. And, as a matter of fact, that redoubtable functionary was alone with the Countess, who waited trembling till he should go. There was something appalling in their long silence.

"Citoyenne," said he at last, "I am here to see that the laws of the Republic are carried out—"

Mme. de Dey shuddered.

"Have you nothing to tell me?"

"Nothing!" she answered, in amazement.

"Ah! madame," cried the prosecutor, sitting down beside her and changing his tone. "At this moment, for lack of a word, one of us—you or I—may carry our heads to the scaffold. I have watched your character, your soul, your manner, too closely to share the error into which you have managed to lead your visitors to-night. You are expecting your son, I could not doubt it."

The Countess made an involuntary sign of denial, but her face had grown white and drawn with the struggle to maintain the composure that she did not feel, and no tremor was lost on the merciless prosecutor.

"Very well," the Revolutionary official went on, "receive him; but do not let him stay under your roof after seven o'clock to-morrow morning; for to-morrow, as soon as it is light, I shall come with a denunciation that I will have made out, and—"

She looked at him, and the dull misery in her eyes would have softened a tiger.

"I will make it clear that the denunciation was false by making a thorough search," he went on in a gentle voice; "my report shall be such that you will be safe from any subsequent suspicion. I shall make mention of your patriotic gifts, your civism, and *all* of us will be safe."

Mme. de Dey, fearful of a trap, sat motionless, her face afire, her tongue frozen. A knock at the door rang through the house.

"Oh! . . ." cried the terrified mother, falling upon her knees; "save him! save him!"

"Yes, let us save him!" returned the public prosecutor, and his eyes grew bright as he looked at her, "if it costs *us* our lives!"

"Lost!" she wailed. The prosecutor raised her politely.

"Madame," said he, with a flourish of eloquence, "to your own free will alone would I owe—"

"Madame, he is—" cried Brigitte, thinking that her mistress was alone. At the sight of the public prosecutor, the old servant's joy-flushed countenance became haggard and impassive.

"Who is it, Brigitte?" the prosecutor asked kindly, as if he too were in the secret of the household.

"A conscript that the mayor has sent here for a night's lodging," the woman replied, holding out the billet.

"So it is," said the prosecutor, when he had read the slip of paper. "A battalion is coming here to-night."

And he went.

The Countess's need to believe in the faith of her sometime attorney was so great that she dared not entertain any suspicion of him. She fled upstairs; she felt scarcely strength enough to stand; she opened the door, and sprang, half dead with fear, into her son's arms.

"Oh! my child! my child!" she sobbed, covering him with almost frenzied kisses.

"Madame! . . ." said a stranger's voice.

"Oh! it is not he!" she cried, shrinking away in terror, and she stood face to face with the conscript, gazing at him with haggard eyes.

" *O saint bon Dieu!* how like he is!" cried Brigitte.

There was silence for a moment; even the stranger trembled at the sight of Mme. de Dey's face.

" Ah! monsieur," she said, leaning on the arm of Brigitte's husband, feeling for the first time the full extent of a sorrow that had all but killed her at its first threatening; " ah! monsieur, I cannot stay to see you any longer . . . permit my servants to supply my place, and to see that you have all that you want."

She went down to her own room, Brigitte and the old serving-man half carrying her between them. The housekeeper set her mistress in a chair, and broke out—

" What, madame! is that man to sleep in Monsieur Auguste's bed, and wear Monsieur Auguste's slippers, and eat the pasty that I made for Monsieur Auguste? Why, if they were to guillotine me for it, I—"

" Brigitte!" cried Mme. de Dey.

Brigitte said no more.

" Hold your tongue, chatterbox," said her husband, in a low voice; " do you want to kill Madame?"

A sound came from the conscript's room as he drew his chair to the table.

" I shall not stay here," cried Mme. de Dey; " I shall go into the conservatory; I shall hear better there if any one passes in the night."

She still wavered between the fear that she had lost her son and the hope of seeing him once more. That night was hideously silent. Once, for the Countess, there was an awful interval, when the battalion of conscripts entered the town, and the men went by, one by one, to their lodgings. Every footfall, every sound in the street, raised hopes to be disappointed; but it was not for long, the dreadful quiet succeeded again. Towards morning the Countess was forced to return to her room. Brigitte, ever keeping watch over her mistress's movements, did not see her come out again; and when she went, she found the Countess lying there dead.

" I expect she heard that conscript," cried Brigitte, " walking about Monsieur Auguste's room, whistling that accursed *Marseillaise* of theirs while he dressed, as if he had been in a stable! That must have killed her."

But it was a deeper and a more solemn emotion, and doubtless some dreadful vision, that had caused Mme. de Dey's death; for at the very hour when she died at Carentan, her son was shot in le Morbihan.

This tragical story may be added to all the instances on record of the workings of sympathies uncontrolled by the laws of time and space. These observations, collected with scientific curiosity by a few isolated individuals, will one day serve as documents on which to base the foundations of a new science which hitherto has lacked its man of genius.

I WANDERED IN THE WOOD

BY MARY PERSIS CRAFTS

I wandered in the wood,
And well-nigh lost my way.
Spiteful branches snapped
Their stinging twigs at me,
Till I was blind with rage,
And could not—if I would—
Have found my way.

And berry-vines reached out
Their arms and pulled me back.
I got me out at last,—
Out of the woods,
And came upon a meadow,
And there I stood knee-deep
In grass and clover.

For very thankfulness, I sat me down
To bide a wee, and rest:
A-left behind me were
The petty, stinging things
That teased and tore
At me, and left me not
A moment's peace.

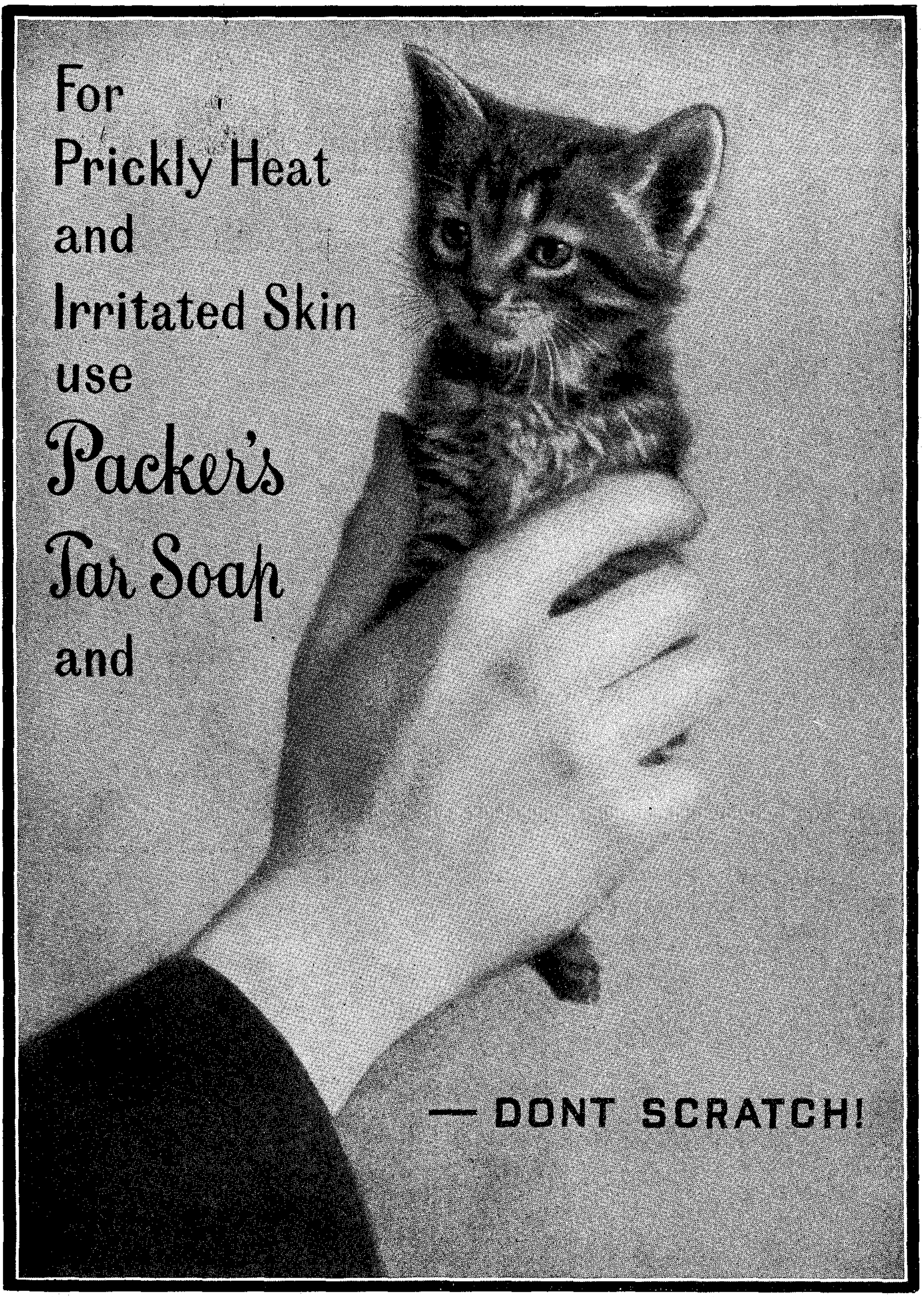
A backward glance, and, lo!
'Twas so I could not see at all
What vexed me sore awhile ago.
Instead, the mighty trunks of trees
That grew up tall.
And, listening, I heard the wind
A-singing low among the tree-tops.

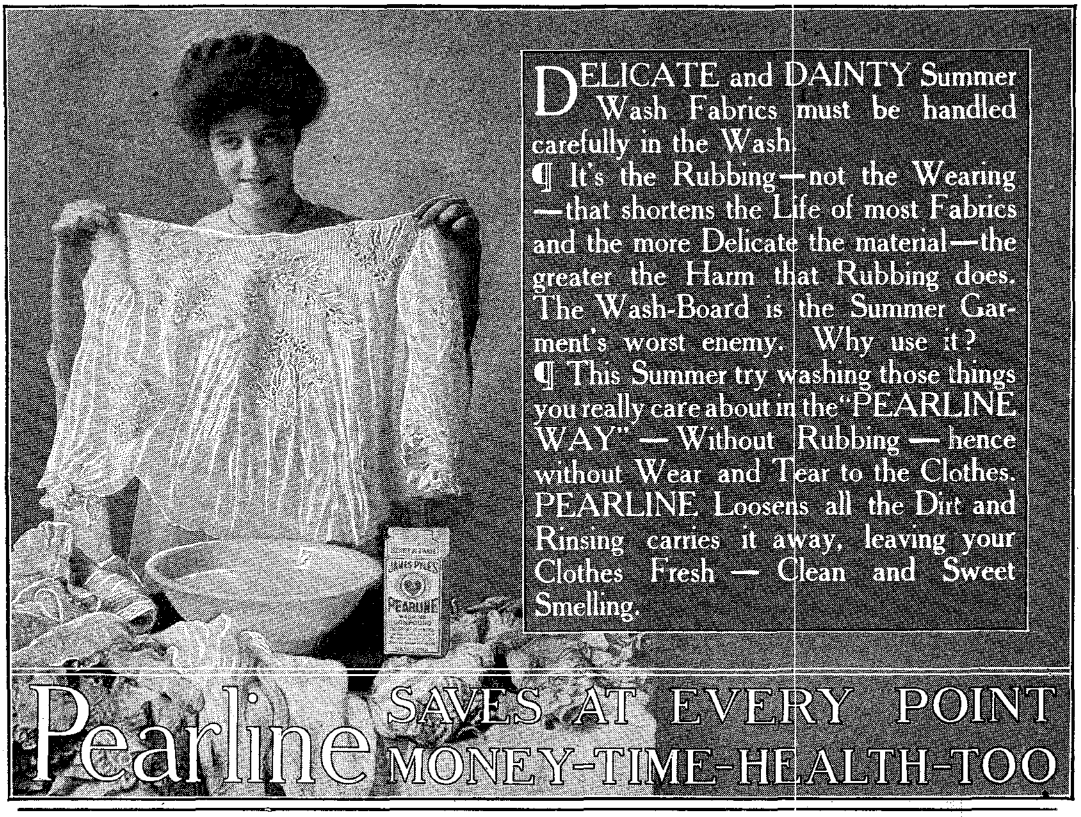
. . . . .

I wandered in the Wood of Life,
And well-nigh lost myself
Amid the teasing pettiness
Of little things,—

When, all at once, I stood
Aside, and looked, and saw,
Lo! naught but great things
Round about me, and all
That little was and small
Was out of sight,—

Not seen, or seen afar,
And dwarfed by greater things.
And all the while
There breathed above
God's wind.


For
Prickly Heat
and
Irritated Skin
use
Packer's
Tar Soap
and
— DONT SCRATCH!

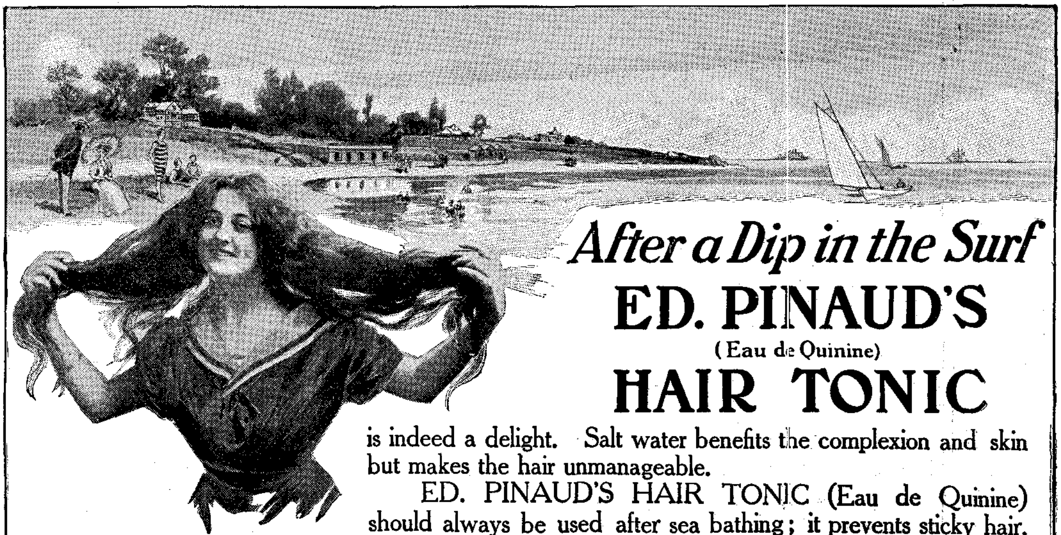


DELICATE and DAINTY Summer Wash Fabrics must be handled carefully in the Wash.

¶ It's the Rubbing—not the Wearing—that shortens the Life of most Fabrics and the more Delicate the material—the greater the Harm that Rubbing does. The Wash-Board is the Summer Garment's worst enemy. Why use it?

¶ This Summer try washing those things you really care about in the "PEARLINE WAY" — Without Rubbing — hence without Wear and Tear to the Clothes. PEARLINE Loosens all the Dirt and Rinsing carries it away, leaving your Clothes Fresh — Clean and Sweet Smelling.

Pearline SAVES AT EVERY POINT
MONEY-TIME-HEALTH-TOO



After a Dip in the Surf

ED. PINAUD'S
(Eau de Quinine)
HAIR TONIC

is indeed a delight. Salt water benefits the complexion and skin but makes the hair unmanageable.

ED. PINAUD'S HAIR TONIC (Eau de Quinine) should always be used after sea bathing; it prevents sticky hair, makes it soft, lustrous and fluffy, and is a wonderful comfort in Summer.

This famous French preparation keeps the scalp and hair in healthy condition in any climate or temperature. Its exquisite perfume overcomes the unpleasant effects of excessive oil and perspiration and imparts a lasting fragrance to the hair.

Ask any first-class dealer anywhere. Send 10 cents (to pay postage and packing) for a liberal sample.

PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD, ED. PINAUD BUILDING Dept. 201 Fifth Avenue **NEW YORK**

Another Summer delight—**Ed. Pinaud's Lilac Vegetal** Toilet Water for handkerchief, atomizer and bath.

DROPPED COFFEE

Doctor Gains 20 Pounds on Postum

A physician of Wash., D. C., says of his coffee experience:

"For years I suffered with periodical headaches which grew more frequent until they became almost constant. So severe were they that sometimes I was almost frantic. I was sallow, constipated, irritable, sleepless; my memory was poor, I trembled and my thoughts were often confused.

"My wife, in her wisdom, believed coffee was responsible for these ills and urged me to drop it. I tried many times to do so, but was its slave.

"Finally Wife bought a package of Postum and persuaded me to try it, but she made it same as ordinary coffee and I was disgusted with the taste. (I make this emphatic because I fear many others have had the same experience.) She was distressed at her failure and we carefully read the directions, made it right, boiled it full 15 minutes after boiling commenced, and with good cream and sugar, I liked it—it invigorated and seemed to nourish me.

"That was about a year ago. Now I have no headaches, am not sallow, sleeplessness and irritability are gone, my brain clear and my hand steady. I have gained 20 lbs. and feel I am a new man.

"I do not hesitate to give Postum due credit. Of course dropping coffee was the main thing, but I had dropped it before, using chocolate, cocoa and other things to no purpose.

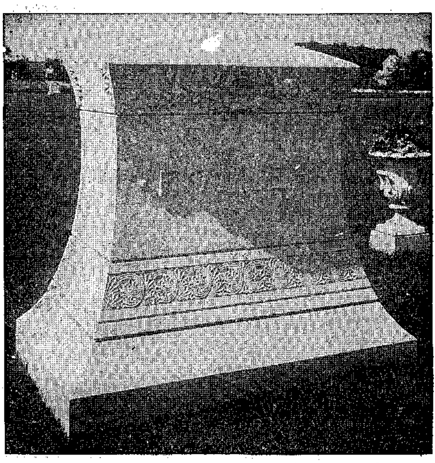
"Postum not only seemed to act as an invigorant, but as an article of nourishment, giving me the needed phosphates and albumens. This is no imaginary tale. It can be substantiated by my wife and her sister, who both changed to Postum and are hearty women of about 70.

"I write this for the information and encouragement of others, and with a feeling of gratitude to the inventor of Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Miller Monuments



Nothing but highest grade granite used.

Designs original with me—or according to your ideas.

Carving by finished artists—not stone-cutters.

Every detail to the final setting-up is under my personal care.

My life-work has been monument making, and I guarantee satisfaction in every particular—price included.

My illustrated booklet on memorials is free to those interested.

J. L. MILLER (Successor to Thomas & Miller)
45 Liberty St., Quincy, Mass.

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE

A complete and unexcelled service of four trains daily in each direction is maintained via The North Western Line between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis. The route is ***most direct,*** and the train service includes the famous electric lighted

TO St. Paul Minneapolis

North Western Limited

Leaves Chicago daily at 6:30 p. m. with Pullman drawing room and private compartment sleeping cars, buffet smoking car, dining car (table d'hote dinner) and chair cars. Other trains leave Chicago daily at 9:00 a. m., 10:15 p. m. and 3:00 a. m.

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING

W. B. KNISKERN
Pass'r Traffic Mgr., C. & N. W. Ry.
Chicago, Ill.

N.W. 727

The Outlook Classified Advertising Department

Advertising rates are: Hotels and Resorts, Apartments, Summer Camps, Tours and Travel, Real Estate, Pet Stock and Poultry, forty cents per agate line. Not less than four lines accepted. In calculating space required for an advertisement, count an average of six words to the line unless display type is desired. "Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., seven cents for each word, initial, or number. The first word in each advertisement is uniformly set in capitals. *Any other words may be set in capitals, if desired, at double rates. If answers are sent in care of The Outlook, to be forwarded,* the advertiser is charged twenty-five cents for the address.

Orders and copy for Classified Advertisements must be received eight days before the Saturday on which it is intended the advertisement shall appear. Address Advertising Department, The Outlook, 287 Fourth Ave., New York City.

Hotels and Resorts

ENGLAND

LONDON BOARD RESIDENCE

MISS GREENE, 24 Gordon Street, Gordon Square, W.C. Moderate tariff by day or week.

CANADA

Digby, Nova Scotia

LOUR LODGE AND COTTAGES

Write for booklet, with rates, floor plans, etc., to A. BROWN.

The Hotel Algonquin

at **Joe Lake Station** on Ottawa Division, Grand Trunk Railway System. Best trout fishing in Ontario. Outfitting establishment in connection supplies every requisite for canoeists, campers, and fishermen. First-class boat and canoe livery. Address L. E. MERRELL, Mowat P. O., Ontario.

The Queen's Royal

Niagara-on-the-Lake

Ontario, Canada

Delightfully situated in a private park on the shore of Lake Ontario, at the mouth of the Niagara River. Thirty miles from Buffalo! Six steamers daily to Toronto. Low fares. Unequaled facilities for the enjoyment of tennis and golf. There are two golf links, one of nine holes which adjoins the Hotel Park, and the 18 hole links is about ten minutes' walk from the Hotel. Casino and New Country Club. Cuisine and service unexcelled in Canada. Booklet and terms on application. WINNETT & THOMPSON, The Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, Canada.

CONNECTICUT

Crest View Sanatorium

Greenwich, Ct.—First-class in all respects; home comforts. H. M. HITCHCOCK, M.D.

SUMMER BOARD IN THE BERKSHIRES

Attractive house, modern conveniences; extensive views of mountains and lake; tennis, golf, driving, boating, fishing. References exchanged. P. O. Box 215, Lakeville, Conn.

BERKSHIRE HILLS INTERLAKEN INN

At LAKEVILLE, CONN. Open May 15 to Nov. 1

Two hours from New York. Situated between two beautiful mountain lakes; elevation 900 feet; fine views of Berkshire and Litchfield Hills. Service and appointments first-class. Accommodation for automobile parties. Address Manager.

The Litchfield Inn **Litchfield Conn.**

Open all the year. Situated in the center of the village. 1,200 feet elevation. Large, well-heated, sunny rooms. Excellent cuisine and service. Home cooking and comforts. Moderate prices. Booklet on application. GEO. H. BROWNE, Proprietor.

WHITE HART INN

Delightfully situated at foot of Berkshire Hills. Finest accommodations. For booklet, address E. S. BOGERT, Salisbury, Ct.

CONNECTICUT

BOXWOOD MANOR

Lyme, Conn. New management. 30 acres, own garden and milk; modern improvements.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

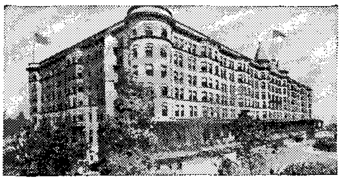
Carroll Springs Sanitarium

40 minutes by trolley, 15 min. by train from **Washington, D. C.** Especially attractive during early spring. Address for booklet Dr. G. H. WRIGHT, Forest Glen, Md.

ILLINOIS

Chicago Beach Hotel

American or European Plan



Finest Hotel on the Great Lakes

An ideal resort for rest or pleasure—ten minutes' *ride from city, close to the great South Park* System. There is the quiet of lake, beach and shaded parks, or the gayety of boating, bathing, riding or driving, golf, tennis, dancing and good music. Table always the best. Nearly 1000 feet of broad veranda overlooking on two sides the Lake Michigan beach. For handsomely illustrated booklet, rates, etc., address Manager, **51st Boulevard and Lake Shore, Chicago**

MAINE

KEEP COOL in MAINE AND SAVE MONEY

this summer by writing the Passenger Department, Maine Central Railroad, Portland, Me., for books on Maine Coast or Lakes, the White Mountains and the Provinces.

ROBINHOOD INN, Bailey's Island, Me. Three minutes to ocean or bay. Fine spring water; modern plumbing; sailing, bathing. Circular. Miss MASSEY.

THE HOMESTEAD

Bailey Island, Me. Seventh season opens June 15. Send for illustrated booklet. Address T. E. HAZELL.

DOME-OF-THE-ROCK

CASTINE, MAINE

Opens June 20th. Illustrated booklets.

Rockmere House and Cottages

Littlejohns Island, Casco Bay, Me.

Opens June 15. Send for booklet. G. H. HAMILTON, Prop.

THE BEECHES **Paris Hill, Maine**

A sanitarium for semi-invalids. Mountain scenery. 900 feet elevation. Electricity, baths, massage. Dr. CHARLOTTE F. HAMMOND.

MAINE

OXFORD SPRING HOUSE

OXFORD, MAINE

Mrs. M. F. HITCHINGS.

MASSACHUSETTS

BACK BAY BOSTON Room and bath $1.00 per day; also suites two and three rooms with private bath. Best residence section, on car line. Write for booklet. **The Mountfort,** 5 Mountfort, cor. Beacon St.

THE PINES

COTUIT BY THE SEA

Write for booklet. **Open June-Sept.** J. A. MORSE

THE HARBOR VIEW

East Gloucester, Mass.

Situated directly on Gloucester Bay. Piazza 400 feet long. Private telephone exchange connecting rooms. Tennis court. Table a special feature. Booklet. W. F. OSBORNE.

The Sanitarium **Harbor View,** Martha's Vineyard Island

No insane. Send for booklet. Dr. LAURA V. GUSTIN MACKIE, Oak Bluffs, Mass.

THE NEW GREENOCK INN

In the Heart of the Berkshires

LEE, MASS.

Accommodates 200 people; elevation 1,000 feet; two minutes' walk from Berkshire St. R. R. Music. Golf and Tennis. Everything new and up to date. Rates and booklet on application. H. C. SAVAGE, Prop., Lee, Mass.

THE OCEAN VIEW **Pigeon Cove,**

Cape Ann, Mass. An ideal resort on the Massachusetts coast. Hot sea water baths. Booklet. H. W. DUNKLEE, Prop.

The Nanepashemet

MARBLEHEAD NECK, MASS.

Opens June 15th. Finest location on North Shore. Every room ocean view. Special rates for September. Circular.

Muschopauge House **Rutland Mass.**

An ideal summer resort, 1,200 ft. above tide water; large, airy rooms, wide halls, broad piazzas; fine views, pleasant drives. Write for booklet. C. R. BARTLETT, Prop.

"The Maples," Stockbridge, Mass. High class summer resort for a refined patronage. Large grounds and piazza; large, airy rooms, fireplaces, bath, telephone connection. Mrs. CHAS. STAFFORD.

The Greylock **Berkshire Hills Williamstown Massachusetts**

Beautiful college town. Picturesque scenery. Quiet, homelike, and restful summer and fall resort. HOWARD ECKERT, Lessee.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillside Inn, White Mts., N. H.—Fine table; rates moderate; all popular amusements, finest mountain drives. Ill. booklet. L. T. CLAWSON, Bethlehem, N. H.

Hotels and Resorts

If you are going to New York why pay Extravagant Hotel Rates?

Clendening Apartment Hotel

200 WEST 103D STREET

Manhattan's Most Economical Hotel for Small or Large Parties

Suites of Parlor, Bedroom and Bath from $1.50 daily to Parlor, three Bedrooms and Bath at $3.50 per day for the Suite, not for each person.

Superior Table d'Hote Restaurant at Reasonable Prices

EXPRESS SUBWAY STATION 200 FT. AWAY

A refined house catering only to desirable people.

Write for descriptive booklet

Idylease Inn

Newfoundland NEW JERSEY

A MODERN HEALTH RESORT

AN IDEAL SUMMERING PLACE

LET US SEND YOU OUR BOOKLET

NEW HAMPSHIRE

FITZGERALD COTTAGE
BETHLEHEM, N. H.
Quiet, homelike, healthful, farm connected, pure spring water, good table, open fire, furnace, telephone, tennis. Rates $8 to $12 week.

The UPLANDS, Bethlehem, N. H. Highest point. Accommodates 200. Golf. F. H. ABBOTT, Proprietor.

"IDLEWILD" Intervale White Mts., N. H. Open July 1 under its old management. Apply to Miss LOUISE B. CRAIG, 42 Cypress St., Brookline, Mass.

The Lakeside on Umbagog, the most beautiful of the Rangeley Lakes. High elevation, charming scenery, trout and salmon fishing, boating, and driving. E. H. DAVIS, Lakeside, N. H.

LAKESIDE HOUSE Sunapee Lake For booklets write GEO. S. PRESCOTT, New London, N. H.

MICHIGAN

The Battle Creek Sanitarium

The world's foremost Health Resort in physiological and dietetic methods. 200 kinds of baths; large indoor and outdoor swimming pools, electricity, massage, Swedish movements, mechanical vibration, delicious unequaled health cuisine, trained nurses. Cool, breezy dining room on top floor. Luxurious, modern appointments. Boating, riding, driving, golf, tennis, picnicking. Cool, bracing Michigan climate, 600 feet above sea level. The ideal place to rest, recuperate, and build up permanent health. Beautiful Souvenir Portfolio **FREE.**

Box 83, Battle Creek, Mich.

NEW JERSEY

Sea Girt, N. J.

The Tremont Right on the beach. A Family Hotel, capacity 200. Modern improvements. Delightful country surroundings. Reasonable rates. Send for booklet. S. HINKSON-WOODWARD, Manager.

Tubercular Patients accommodated in well equipped institution. Rates from $20 per week up, depending on amount of care. Physician, Drawer C, Caldwell, N. J.

NEW JERSEY

"The salt breath of the sea brings health"

GALEN HALL

Hotel and Sanatorium. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Baths and massage in our well equipped departments will help many suffering from the strain of recent financial disturbance. Trained attendants only. Baths open to guests of other hotels. F. L. YOUNG, Manager.

Montclair, N. J.—Wahnfried Private sanatorium. No tuberculous or mental cases. Outdoor life a specialty. Tent life, if desired. Booklet. The Misses Clapp.

NEW YORK CITY

HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square, adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates $2.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines. Mrs. JAMES KNOTT, Proprietor.

HOTEL PIERREPONT Absolutely fireproof. **West 32d St.,** near B'way, New York City. A superior, perfectly appointed hotel, appealing especially to people of refinement. European plan. Room, with bath, $2.50 to $4.00. HARRY L. BROWN, of Hotel Victoria, Boston, and Islesboro Inn.

Grand Union Opp. Grand Central Station. Rooms $1 per day up. Restaurants moderate prices. Baggage to and from station free. Carriage hire saved. Send 2c. stamp for guide & map.

NEW YORK

ADIRONDACKS

Hunters' Home

An ideal summer home for families and people seeking rest and comfort. We will treat you right. Don't forget, September the nicest month in the year. We will furnish very best references. Write for our booklets. LAVERTY BROS., Elizabethtown, N. Y.

Goldthwaite Inn

Great South Bay, Bellport, L. I.

Cool, comfortable, charming. With bluff site and neighboring pine trees, it combines the Adirondacks with the seashore. The Great South Bay offers the perfection of sailing. Golf links, tennis, etc. Ideal place for family summering and week-end visits. Circular.

NEW YORK

Adirondacks The Osprey House and Cottages. Open June 1st. For booklet and information apply to C. E. Van Denburgh, Blue Mountain Lake.

THE CROSSWAYS BALLSTON SPA, N. Y. Farmhouse $6.00 to $9.00 per week. Circular.

Spa Sanatorium Ballston Spa, N. Y. Restful home. Modern equipments, 6 miles from Saratoga. A. I. THAYER, M.D.

Briarcliff Lodge

BRIARCLIFF MANOR, N. Y.

A practical Summer Home for the Business man.

An ideal resort for the family.

One hour from Grand Central Station to Scarborough.

Ten minutes from Scarborough to Hotel by Automobile.

Swimming Pool, Golf, and all outdoor sports.

DAVID B. PLUMER, Manager.

New York Office, 5½ W. 46th St.
Phone 3278—38th.

GRAND VIEW MT. HOUSE, E. Windham, N. Y.—Catskills' finest location. El. 3,000 ft.; view 5 States. $10 up. A. J. GALER.

The Gleason Health Resort

ELMIRA, NEW YORK

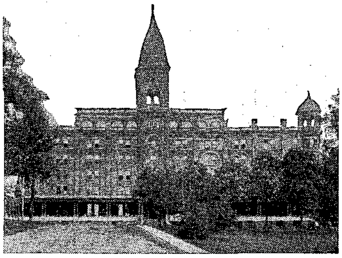
All forms of baths, electricity, massage; elevation 1,000 ft. Fine climate; all modern conveniences. **Dr. JOHN C. FISHER,** resident physician. Write for booklet to **Edward B. Gleason, Prop.**

SENECA VIEW FARM.—Graduate nurse having a pleasant home with modern improvements, overlooking Seneca Lake, with delightful scenery, dry bracing air, would take a limited number of chronic cases. Open all the year. Physician in attendance. Located nine miles north of Watkins Glen, on Penna. R. R. For further particulars address IDA L. CONNOLLY, Lakemont, Yates Co., N. Y.

WHEN ILL THE STEUBEN SANITARIUM at **HORNELL, N. Y.,** offers every known advantage to the invalid, and it is unexcelled as a place for genuine rest and recuperation. Beautiful surroundings and outlook—natural grove of ten acres. Every form of physical treatment. Electricity, hydrotherapy, etc. Pure air, pure water, pure food and plenty of it. Liberal variety and no fads. Perfect hygiene; every want supplied—an ideal summer home. Moderate rates. Write for booklet.

Hotels and Resorts

NEW YORK



The Clifton Springs Sanitarium

This popular institution, with its able corps of physicians, nurses, attendants, and nearly sixty years' experience in caring for guests in need of rest and treatment, has won a world-wide reputation.

The bathing and treatment facilities are unexcelled by any in this country, and the rates most reasonable.

We are pleased to send booklets and quote rates to any who apply. No Insane or Tubercular Cases received.

THE CLIFTON SPRINGS SANITARIUM
Clifton Springs, New York

The Ouleout **Franklin, Delaware Co., N. Y.** $8—$10. Nothing better for the money. Send for Booklet.

The New Clarendon
HOLLAND PATENT, N Y.

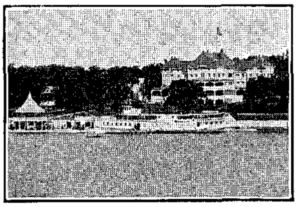
Located on the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg R.R., at the foothills of the Adirondack Mountains, making a beautiful summer resort. The hotel offers quiet, homelike accommodations. Rooms single and en suite. Steam, gas, and running water in every room which is very soft and a fine drinking water. 14-foot verandas. A beautiful nine-acre park just across the road from the hotel, filled with beautiful elms and maples.
IRA D. THOMSON, Prop.

Millbrook Inn
Millbrook, Dutchess Co., N. Y.
Tennis Golf
Automobile Accommodations
Phone 38—Y—2, Millbrook, N. Y.
M. E. SNIFFEN, Prop.

CORNISH HOUSE
Catskill Mountains, Pine Hill, N. Y.
Capacity 100. Established reputation.
J. C. CORNISH.

PAUMONOK INN

In quaint SOUTHOLD, L. I. On the 100 ft. cliff, directly overlooking L. I. Sound. Seashore and country. Finest sailing, bathing, fishing, driving. Special rates for September. Write for booklet. GEO. F. HUMMEL.



The Columbian
1,000 ISLAND PARK, N. Y.
L. A. JOHNSON, Proprietor.
The most delightful location at the Thousand Islands. Now open.

Hotels and Resorts

PENNSYLVANIA

Easton Sanitarium For treatment of the nervous or mentally ill. Superior location; skilled care. Visit here before selecting a place elsewhere, or call up Dr. Kinney for particulars. Phone 1661. Easton, Pa.

Lehigh Water Gap
LEHIGH GAP, PA., C. R. R. OF N. J.
THE HORSE HEAD INN
PALMERTON P. O., PA.
Modern house; all conveniences; mountain life and scenery; now open; rates reasonable.

Pocono Inn **Monroe Co. Pa.**

Under management of Friends. 1,800 feet above sea level, in midst of the finest scenery in the Pocono Mountains. For table, water, social advantages, and healthful recreation, the appointments are unsurpassed. Send for booklet. M. E. WISTAR, Manager,
Pocono Manor P. O., Penna.

Wernersville, Penna.
The Sunset

A mountain health resort. Fine dry air. Beautiful scenery. Special attention given to Neurasthenia. J. D. MOYER, M.D.,
Mountain Sunset P.O.

RHODE ISLAND

HOPEWORTH
SANITARIUM
Bristol, R. I.
On Shore of Narragansett Bay
NO INSANE
More like Home than Institution
W. C. CANFIELD, M.D.

Hotel Plimpton **WATCH HILL, R. I.**

Directly on the water, has gas and electric lighting, elevator, steam laundry; suites with baths; water and cuisine unsurpassed. Booklet. John C. Kebabian, owner and proprietor.

VERMONT

CHESTER, Vt.—The Maples. Delightful summer home. Pure water, bath, hot and cold; piazza, croquet, fine roads. Terms reasonable. The Misses Sargeant.

THE ELM HOUSE
Danville, Vermont. No hay fever. Booklet on application. H. M. OSGOOD.

Hillhurst Farmhouse **On Lake Champlain**
Rates $1.00 per day. Accommodates 20.
VICTOR HURLBURT, Grand Isle, Vt.

MAPLEHURST LODGE
HALIFAX, VERMONT

1,800 feet above sea level. Access by way of Shelburne Falls and Brattleboro, Vermont. Pure air. No noises. Sightly landscape. Tennis. Golf. Automobile, touring and excursion parties accommodated. Garage. A competent city caterer to take charge. Board, rates by day or week reasonable. References.

UP IN VERMONT

That's the place for a Real Vacation. Most delightful summer climate; unequaled scenery. $5 to $10 a week at hotels, farm and village homes, country camps in heart of Green Mountains and on shores of Lake Champlain. Express trains from New York and Boston via Central Vermont line. Send 6c. for 150-page ill. "Summer Homes." J. W. HANLEY, G.P.A., St. Albans, Vt.

ECHO LAKE HOTEL **TYSON, VT.**

Height 1,050 ft.; 3 lakes; boating, fishing, bathing, tennis; beautiful walks and drives: moderate rates; booklet. D. C. Fenn, Prop.

Hotels and Resorts

VIRGINIA

TUXEDO COTTAGE, OCEAN VIEW, VA. water front, On Atlantic Ocean. Rates $6, $8, $10, $15 per week. Address Ocean View, Va. Mrs. T. W. Bohannay.

WASHINGTON

Savoy Hotel, Seattle. "12 stories of solid comfort;" concrete, steel and marble. In fashionable shopping district. 210 rooms, 135 baths. $1 up.

Real Estate

CONNECTICUT

LYME, CONN.

To Let, OLD COLONIAL HOUSE, 15 rooms; and two cottages of 13 and 10 rooms; all with modern improvements and the first two fully furnished. Address Mrs. E. E. Salisbury, New Haven, Conn.

MAINE

Seal Harbor
Mt. Desert Island, Me.

Attractive, furnished modern cottage, seven bedrooms and bath. Convenient to hotel, beach, and boat landing. Rent very moderate. G. L. STEBBINS,
Seal Harbor, Me.

Mount Desert Island

SEAL COVE. Nearly new bungalow and 4½ acres land, cost $10,000. Will sell for $4,500. Beautiful secluded location. For particulars and photos apply to
ALVORD BROS., 79 Milk St., Boston.

RANGELEY LAKES. Well furnished camp, by month or season, to rent. Large fireplace; five rooms; boats. Location absolutely the best. Dr. R. I. DAVIS, 178 Bellingham Ave., Beachmont, Mass.

MASSACHUSETTS

FARMS IN NEW ENGLAND

Illustrated circular free upon receipt of address P. F. Leland, 21 Minot Bldg., Boston, Mass.

NEW JERSEY

Life at Princeton

A charming residential town with delightful surroundings — entirely away from all manufacturing. Handsome homes, magnificent lawns, grand old shade trees. Fast trains to New York and Philadelphia. Yearly rentals, $300 to $6,000. Attractively furnished homes also for rent.

Choice properties—town or country—furnished or unfurnished, for sale or rent in other desirable localities.

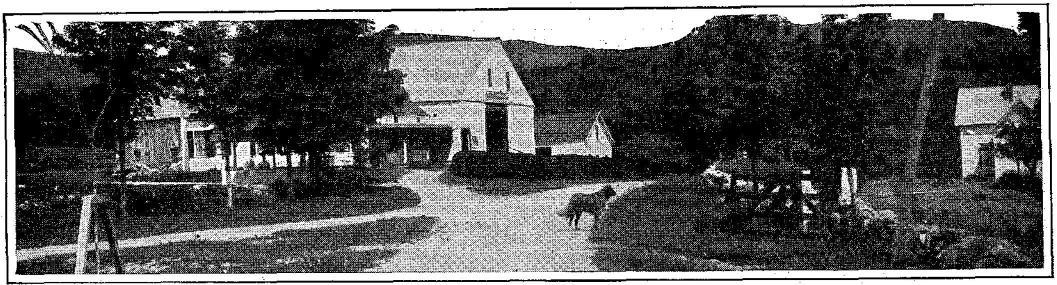
WALTER B. HOWE, Princeton, N. J.
New York Office, 43 Cedar St.

TO LET **furnished,** by the month or longer, attractive house in suburbs. Modern equipments. Accessible. Immediate possession. 8,301, Outlook.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

For Rent or Sale—Summer Cottage

Furnished; ten rooms, running water and bathroom; stable, five stalls, coachman's room; sixty acres of land; grand view, elevation 1,700 feet; two miles from Harrisville, N. H., same distance from Chesham. Rent reduced because of season's lateness. Address L., Room 1320, 30 Broad St., New York.



HIGH-GRADE PRACTICAL NEW HAMPSHIRE VILLAGE FARM

130 acres—60 tillage, 45 pasture, 25 woodland; 400 cords wood, cuts 75 tons of hay, will keep 5 horses, 40 cows; good variety of fruit, more than enough for home use; heavy loam soil, free of stone, rolling surface; brook through the farm feeding 10-acre pond on the place, for boating, fishing, and ice. Running spring water down and upstairs in house and at stable. Buildings, in first-class condition, consist of 1½-story white house, green blinds, 5 rooms, hall and pantry down, 4 rooms and bath upstairs, cemented cellar, with furnace. Cottage, 3 rooms and pantry down, 2 upstairs, good cellar, woodshed connected. Stable for cattle 40x100, for horses 24x48, basement under all, 7 horse stalls, 40 tie-ups. Carriage house 24x36. 3½ miles from station. Price $6,000.00. In the towns of Greenfield, New Boston, Temple, etc., surrounding Peterboro, are many choice farm bargains. Address **C. H. KNIGHT, Peterboro, N. H.**

Real Estate

NEW HAMPSHIRE

FOR SALE in N. H.

Successful Girls' Camp

Eighty acres. Lake. Bungalow. Purchaser can see it in operation in August. Board near by.
8,287, Outlook.

MICA QUARRY

FOR SALE. A good investment.
Box 21, Canaan, New Hampshire.

NEW YORK

ADIRONDACK CAMPS on **ST. REGIS LAKES**, **THE SARANACS**, **LAKE PLACID**

GEO. V. W. DURYEE
Real Estate, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Pelham Manor, N.Y.

FOR SALE or RENT

Two new cottages superbly situated, tastefully designed, well constructed. Running water, steam heat, gas, and electricity. Each house has 11 rooms and 2 baths, plot 75x150. Very low price and reasonable terms to a quick buyer. F. S. DICKERSON, Builder, Pelham Manor, N. Y.

VIRGINIA

Virginia Farm for Sale

56 acres in Amherst County, 3½ miles from city of Lynchburg. Good 7-room house, stone cellar, 2 tobacco barns, horse barn, cow barn, 4 chicken houses, etc. Peaches, plums, pears, apples, strawberries, raspberries. About 15 acres timber, balance tillable. Price $2,500. L. R. FRY, James River P. O., Va.

VIRGINIA COUNTRY HOMES

Free, handsomely illustrated Register describing Colonial homes; grain, grass, and fruit farms; river plantations and hunting preserves in best portions of State
H. W. HILLEARY & CO., Charlottesville, Va.

Tours and Travel

EGYPT TURKEY GREECE PALESTINE

A series of tours leaving America in January, February and March, 1909. Organized and directed by Dr. H. W. Dunning, author of "To-day on the Nile" and "To-day in Palestine." The time to plan your where trip is **now**. Full information of
H. W. Dunning & Co., 101 Cong'l House, Boston

Tours and Travel

ROUND THE WORLD

37th annual series of Tours leave San Francisco Westbound Aug. 25, Sept. 15, Oct. 6, 27, leave New York Eastbound Nov. 7, 28, Dec. 15, 1908. Six months' travel de luxe. All arrangements highest class.

NILE and HOLY LAND

Cook's luxurious Nile Steamers leave Cairo every few days during the season for First and Second Cataract, Khartoum, etc. Annual high-class tours to **Egypt, Palestine,** the **Levant,** etc., leave during January and February.

Individual Travel Tickets Everywhere.

THOS. COOK & SON

New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, and 140 Offices Abroad

LONDON & NORTH-WESTERN RY.

Premier route for travel in the
BRITISH ISLES
Tourist resorts and all chief Cities.
LIVERPOOL to LONDON (Euston)
Shortest and quickest route.
Special trains run on arrival of steamers.
Baggage (Hold) checked N. Y. to London.
Folders, Tickets, and all information,
A. G. WAND, Agent, 287b Fifth Ave., New York

JACOBS AUTUMN EUROPEAN COACHING TOUR

Aug. 22, Oct. 30. *Wait and enjoy foreign travel in cool season, avoiding crowds. Dull-season prices.* **Itinerary**—St. Lawrence River, English Lakes, Trossachs, Edinburgh Scottish Nat'l Exhibition, Dukeries, London (Franco-British Exhibits), Holland, Paris, Rhine River, Germany, Switzerland, Italy (Simplon Pass), Mediterranean Route to N.Y. Excellent service. 8 to 15 people. Cost inclusive. 155 miles coaching. References given and required. Particulars on application.
JACOBS TOURS, Rock Valley, Iowa.

SHORT VACATION TOURS

ENGLAND--PARIS
$250

Ideal inexpensive vacation outings abroad in July and August. Write for illustrated announcement, Bureau of University Travel, 20 Trinity Place, Boston

THE COLLVER TOURS
(AWAY-FROM-THE-USUAL)
JAPAN, TRANS-SIBERIA,
EUROPE By Motor Car and Train de Luxe
ROUND the WORLD
422 Boylston Street, Boston

Tours and Travel

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB'S TOURS
ALL TRAVELING EXPENSES INCLUDED
225 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

POPULAR TOURS for 1909
No vacancies this year.
Special Terms to Organizers.
American Travel Club, Wilmington, Del.

Tour around the world. Electrical engineer in Milwaukee, 28 years old, with moderate means, speaking several languages, wants companion to take trip around the world and solicits correspondence. 8,293, Outlook.

ONE BOY WANTED
to complete a
Foreign Travel School

party sailing October 1st for eight months in Europe. In charge of a Harvard man of long experience in teaching and in the care of boys. School work carried on in connection with travel and no time lost. For detailed information address 6,349, Outlook.

AROUND THE WORLD

Small party will sail November 28. Six months. Write for particulars.
EDWIN C. ATKINSON
112 N. 19th St. Philadelphia

Summer Camps

CAMP PUKWANA for GIRLS
Lake Winnipesaukee New Hampshire,
White Mountains. Fifth season.
Rowing, swimming, athletics; instruction optional. The Misses Blake, Long Island, N.H.

Camp Eagle Point for Girls. Stinson **Lake, N. H., White Mts.** Horseback, swimming, etc. Separate camp for parents and children. Admission any time. Booklet.

QUANSET

The Cape Cod Camp for Girls

Offers to young women **real camping trips,** by land and sea, under the leadership of a camper of long experience in the Rockies and on the Pacific shore. Sailing, canoeing, all sports. A few vacancies.
Mr. and Mrs. E. A. W. HAMMATT,
Camp Quanset, So. Orleans, Mass.

Mrs. Hammatt will receive into her winter home, in an attractive Boston suburb, four young ladies who wish the musical and educational advantages of the city. References exchanged.

Live Stock & Poultry

Lady Peggy Primrose, Lady Sybil Primrose, rich cream mares, 4 & 5 yrs. Breeding, beauty and behavior. A fastidious lady's pair of cobs. FARRER, Orange, Va.

THE OUTLOOK CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

BOARD AND ROOMS

INVALIDS and convalescents desiring a quiet, refined home in country for rest and recuperation at moderate prices, with physician's references, address 9,552, Outlook.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

WANT change from old grind to ideal country life? Gentlewoman, experienced horticulturist, wants (woman) partner to join buying suburban ranch. Produce sells locally at retail prices. No hot weather, no winter. For particulars address Realty and Employment Exchange for Women, 1115 5th St., San Diego, Cal.

I made $50,000 in five years in the mail order business; began small. I will show you how to do the work. Send for particulars. Manager, Box 960A, Lockport, N. Y.

WANTED—To dispose of a manicure and massage business of many years' standing that has large and choice patronage. 9,548, Outlook.

CORPORATIONS or individuals having business interests in Colorado or neighboring States are invited to correspond with me when requiring investigation of properties, practical mining engineering, expert accounting, etc. References East and West of highest character. Address "Denver," 9,546, Outlook.

OFFER few beautiful Smith Premier Typewriters, $23.00 each. Trial allowed. Administrator, Box 105, Waterford, N. Y.

GIRLS' CAMP FOR SALE. Fully equipped camp for girls and young women, now running, full and prosperous, is for sale immediately on account of illness of proprietor. Best location in New England. Bargain at $10,000. 9,519, Outlook.

8% secured by first mortgage on improved city real estate. If interested, write for particulars. Security Savings & Loan Co., Birmingham, Ala.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES MANUSCRIPTS

A History of Italian Literature, by Florence Trail, brings the American reader for the first time in living, sympathetic touch with all the chief writers of Italy, from Dante to Fogazzaro. The Dowager Queen Margherita has sent the author her heartiest thanks for this splendid interpretation of her country's writers. Send to Dyrsen & Pfeiffer, 16 West 33rd St., New York.

SERMONS, lectures, addresses made into booklets. Gift editions. Inexpensive. Book composition and electrotypes. Write The Reid Howell Co., Publishers, Rutherford, N. J.

AUTHORS wishing book MSS. revised, corrected, or published, should address Literary Bureau, 303 Adelphi St., Brooklyn. Literary assistance of all sorts.

FOR THE CHILDREN

THUMB SUCKING CURED, and scratching from eczema prevented so soothingly that baby is delighted. Write for free booklet about Hand-I-Hold Babe Mits. Made in four sizes. R. Clarke & Co., 246 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

FOR THE HOME

DOMESTIC SCIENCE; correspondence courses; booklet free. American School Home Economics, Chicago.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

WANTED—Several first-class men in York State and Pennsylvania to devote all or a portion of their time representing one of the best known and most substantial investment houses of New York City. Securities interest-bearing and non-speculative. Commissions liberal. Ministers, life insurance agents, or school teachers preferred. Only men of character and ability need apply. If you are ambitious to improve your present conditions, address 9,545, Outlook.

CIVIL Service employees are paid well for easy work; examinations of all kinds soon; expert advice, sample questions, and Booklet 17, describing positions and telling easiest and quickest way to secure them, free. Write now. Washington Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

INCREASE your earning power by learning to write advertisements. Facts sent free. Page-Davis Co., Dept. 32, 90 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED for a girls' school near Philadelphia a resident trained nurse for the coming school year. Must be young, energetic, and experienced. Salary $50 a month with board and laundry. Address "Physic," 9,549, Outlook.

WANTED — Pupils for the Training School, White Plains Hospital, White Plains, N. Y.

FAMILIES, institutions, schools, and hotels in need of housekeepers, matrons, mother's helpers, companions, etc., address Miss Richards, 46 Olive St., Providence, R. I.

Teachers and Governesses

THE HOPKINS' EDUCATIONAL AGENCY, 1 Union Square, New York. Governesses, housekeepers, attendants, companions, secretaries, etc., supplied to families, schools, institutions.

TEACHERS needed to fill calls. Write for information to Interstate Teachers' Agency, Godchaux Building, New Orleans, La.

WANTED—First-class teachers for desirable academic and grade positions. College and normal school positions also. Send for Bulletin 15. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY! I want something exclusive to sell in Greater New York and New Jersey on a substantial percentage. Ten years general sales and advertising manager for one of the largest National concerns; three years for another known to every household. If you have a good article, it will pay you to deal liberally with me! Address 9,559, Outlook.

SOUTHERN lady, eight years' experience in literary work, accustomed to travel, desires position as amanuensis to author; stenography and typewriting. 9,557, Outlook.

YOUNG woman wishes literary, secretary, or office work, or tutoring. Experienced. Address Belle Ward, South Orange, N. J.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

DR. Mottet is interested in a parishioner, 18 years of age, who, with the consent of his parents, desires to earn his living in the country. A position is desired on a gentleman's place, where he can make himself generally useful, and where possibly he may learn to become an all-around farmer. Address 47 West 20th St., N. Y.

YOUNG lady desires position as nurse or companion. Elderly people or invalids preferred. Isabelle Small, Newton Way, Bar Harbor, Me.

GERMAN trained nurse wishes position for summer. First-class references. 98 So. Seventh St., Newark, N. J.

EXPERIENCED trained nurse desires position with semi-invalid or elderly person. City or country. Reasonable. References. 9,561, Outlook.

WANTED—Position by young lady as companion. Musical. 9,556, Outlook.

COMPANION-secretary. Cheerful young gentlewoman, musical, knowledge French and German. Practical housekeeper, or would travel. 9,555, Outlook.

CULTURED woman desires position, chaperon, companion; French, German, Italian, musical; traveled. Best references. Box 200, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

GRADUATE nurse wishes mental case. Much experience. Excellent references. Terms moderate. 9,544, Outlook.

THOROUGHLY accomplished lady wants position as attendant or companion. Massage, gymnastic, music, languages, oil and water coloring. Grubbe, 135 Remsen St., Brooklyn.

ENTIRE care of young children. EXPERIENCED. 9,550, Outlook.

SITUATION to care for elderly woman or as helpful companion. 9,541, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED lady desires position as supervising housekeeper or care motherless child. References exchanged. 9,530, Outlook.

YOUNG college-educated lady desires position as companion. References. 9,541, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, musical, desiring to go to Europe, would like position by September as companion to children or adult, or in refined home, in Boston or vicinity, where one proficient in almost any line would be appreciated. 9,538, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Position. Domestic Science graduate, experienced in industrial work, teaching, managing, catering, buying. Perfect health. South or West preferred. 9,490, Outlook.

BUREAU OF SOCIAL REQUIREMENTS. "THE LUDLOW," BOSTON, MASS. Governesses, managing housekeepers, companions, and private secretaries provided. Recommends teachers, housekeepers, companions, and secretaries to schools and families.

Teachers and Governesses

THE SUMMER TUTORING SCHOOL furnishes expert tutoring at your summer home, wherever that may be. Address A. von W. Leslie, A.M., Head Master, 537 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

THE Rector of St. John's Church, Northampton, Mass., specially recommends a Smith College graduate (1908) for teaching position.

WANTED—Position by experienced lady teacher, higher English, four languages, and music, or as housekeeper or chaperon. Address 9,558, Outlook.

HUSBAND AND WIFE, college graduates and experienced teachers, will furnish home and instruction, vacation or term time, to not more than four boys (from families of means) under fourteen, giving entire time to boys' welfare. 9,570, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED university graduate desires position as Latin teacher. 9,562, Outlook.

WANTED—Position after Oct. 1st by refined English girl, with experience, as nursery or kindergarten governess. Graduate of Miss Laura Fisher's Kindergarten Training School. Particulars, Miss Poole, Wayland, Mass.

KINDERGARTNER, experienced teacher, desires position October first, governess or teaching. 9,539, Outlook.

A thoroughly competent young lady, educated in America, Dresden, and Paris, desires position to teach German or German and French during summer months or for next school year. O. S. H., 258 South Union Street, Burlington, Vt.

ENGLISH literature student desires position in preparatory or normal school. Lady. Experienced. Post-graduate. Universities Chicago, Wisconsin. 9,524, Outlook.

MUSICAL

GENUINE bargains in high-grade pianos. Slightly used instruments; 7 Steinways from $300 up; 6 Webers from $250 up; 7 Knabes, $250 up; 3 Chickerings, $250 up; also good second-hand Uprights, $100 up. Easy payments. Lyon & Healy, 40 Adams St., Chicago. Write to-day.

FOR sale, Æolian Grand, twenty stops, perfect condition. Superior to any combined piano and player. Cost $750. Will sell for $400, and include rolls costing $100 and bench. J. G. Grant, Akron, O.

PATENT LAWYERS

PATENTS promptly obtained or no fee, and advertised at our expense. Wideawake inventors should have our free booklet on "patents that pay." D. Swift, Washington, D.C.

MISCELLANEOUS

SCHOOL for TRAINED ATTENDANTS, 45 Centre Street, Orange, New Jersey. Superintendent, Miss Lowrie. Six months' course. Fee $100, including tuition, board, lodging, uniforms, and books. For further information apply to school.

100 VISITING OR BUSINESS CARDS, FIFTY CENTS. On A No. 1 stock. Prompt delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Card case free with every order. Samples 10c. Agents wanted. Young & Johnston, P. O. Box 142, Chicago, Ill.

SOCIETIES, prepare for your Xmas sales. Unique pattern for clown doll, 10 cents. Finished doll with pattern, $2.00. Miss Savage, 148 S. East St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

ORIGINAL plays, entertainments. K. McDowell Rice, Worthington, Mass.

SAVE on household expenses. "Account Book," fifty cents, on approval. Am. School Home Economics, Chicago.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 44 West 22d St., New York.

THE NEW NOVEL by the author of "THE COMMON LOT"

Robert Herrick's Together

"A notable, in some respects a great, novel. It is exquisite art."
—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"A novel of tense interest and power. . . . It is a story all the time; . . . wherever the action goes on, it is real action."
—*The New York World.*

THE NEW NOVEL by the author of "CONISTON"

Winston Churchill's Mr. Crewe's Career

"Into this novel Mr. Churchill has concentrated his reading of an epoch, and he has done it with sympathy, power, and fine insight. The book is worthy to stand by the side of its brilliant predecessors, 'The Crisis' and 'Coniston.'"—*The Daily News, London.*

Each, cloth, 12mo, $1.50

NEW BOOKS FOR SCHOOL ADMINISTRATORS

DE GARMO—Principles of Secondary Education

By Prof. CHARLES DE GARMO, Cornell University.

I. The Studies. *Cloth, $1.25 net.*
II. Processes of Instruction. *$1.00 net.*
III. The Processes of Training. *In press.*

KILPATRICK—Departmental Teaching in Elementary Schools

By VAN EVRIE KILPATRICK.
Cloth, 12mo, 60 cents net.

PARK—Educational Woodworking for Home and School

By JOSEPH C. PARK.
Cloth, xiii+313 pages, illustrated, $1.00 net.

PERRY—The Management of a City School

By ARTHUR C. PERRY, Jr., Ph.D.
Cloth, viii+350 pages, $1.25 net.

SHALLOW and CULLEN—Nature Study Made Easy

By EDWARD B. SHALLOW and WINIFRED T. CULLEN, both of the New York City schools.
Cloth, xi+136 pages, illustrated, 40 cents net.

SNEDDEN and ALLEN—School Reports and School Efficiency

By DAVID S. SNEDDEN, Ph.D., and WM. H. ALLEN, Ph.D. For the New York Committee on Physical Welfare of School Children.
Cloth, xi+183 pages, $1.50 net.

VANDEWALKER—The Kindergarten in American Education

By NINA C. VANDEWALKER.
Cloth, xiii+274 pages, portrait, $1.25 net.

BAGLEY—Classroom Management: Its Principles and Technique

By WILLIAM CHANDLER BAGLEY, Superintendent Training Department, State Normal School, Oswego, N. Y.
Cloth, xvii+352 pages, 12mo, $1.25 net.

Published by THE MACMILLAN COMPANY 64–66 5th Ave., New York

TEACHERS' AGENCIES

The Pratt Teachers' Agency 70 Fifth Ave. New York
Recommends teachers to colleges, schools, and families.
Advises parents about schools. **Wm. O. Pratt, Mgr.**

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

CALIFORNIA

California Hospital Los Angeles **School for Nurses**
Three years. Ideal private hospital. 150 beds. Maternity, medical, surgical departments. Beautiful semi-tropic surroundings. Superior training. Illustrated booklet free. Write.

GIRLS' COLLEGIATE SCHOOL
Seventeenth year begins September 29th. (Casa de Rosas.) Certificate admits to all leading colleges. Post-graduate work added this year. Outdoor study. "An ideal school amid ideal surroundings."
Los Angeles, Cal.

MILLS COLLEGE FOR YOUNG WOMEN
Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; non-sectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location. Fall term begins Aug. 12, '08. Address Mills College P. O., Cal.

Mount Tamalpais Military Academy
SAN RAFAEL, CAL.
Accredited by the Universities. U. S. Army Officer. Only school west of the Rockies with Cavalry. 19th year begins August 19th.
ARTHUR CROSBY, A.M., D.D., Headmaster.

COLORADO

COLORADO COLLEGE Colorado Springs, Colorado
At the foot of Pike's Peak, in the beautiful city of Colorado Springs. Dry, invigorating outdoor winter climate. A non-sectarian Christian College. Credits received at Colorado College accepted by all best Eastern colleges.

Cutler Academy Colorado Springs Colo.
Fits for any American college. Ideal surroundings. Students have many of the advantages offered by Colorado College. Terms moderate. For catalogue address J. W. Park, Head Master.

CONNECTICUT

INGLESIDE—A School for Girls
New Milford, Litchfield Co., Conn.
School year begins Tuesday, October 6, 1908.
MRS. WM. D. BLACK, Patroness

Connecticut, Norwalk.
Miss Baird's School for Girls
35th year. Intermediate, College Preparatory and General Courses. Superior advantages in Music, Art and the Languages. Gymnasium. The home life is replete with inspiration.

Mrs. Mead's School for Girls, "Hillside," Norwalk, Conn.
Certificate admits to leading colleges. Attractive general courses for girls who do not enter college. Musical and Art instruction. Laboratory and Studio work. Circulars on application.
Martha Williams Alden, Margaret R. Brendlinger, A.B., Vassar, Principals.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Mrs. ROBERT J. WALKER, Jr. will from Oct. to June receive into her home and chaperon young ladies desiring to study and enjoy a season in Washington. For particulars address 1313 Q St.

EUROPE

BERLIN, GERMANY
WILLARD SCHOOL for GIRLS. German, French, Art, Music, History, Literature. Foreign travel. College Preparation. Twenty-fourth year. School party sails with chaperon in September. For circular address
Miss Alice H. Luce, Ph.D. (Heidelberg), 27 Luitpold Strasse, Berlin, Germany
American address, 333 Broadway, Winter Hill, Boston, Mass.

ILLINOIS

HOME STUDY

THE
UNIVERSITY of CHICAGO
offers
350 of its class-room courses by correspondence. One may take up High School or College studies at almost any point and do half the work for a Bachelor degree. Courses for Teachers, Writers, Ministers, Bankers, Farm and Home Economists, and future Engineering, Law, Medical Students.
The University of Chicago, Div. E Chicago, Ill.

Girton School WINNETKA ILLINOIS
Suburban to Chicago. A Middle West School for Girls. Preparatory course for college. General course for non-collegians. Seminary course for young women. Special courses in Music, Art, Elocution, Arts and Crafts, Physical Training, and Domestic Science. A home school situated in a beautiful estate of twelve acres, affording advantages alike of city and country life. Undenominational. Tenth year.
Send for catalog 35. Address F. K. Cooke. 3978

MAINE

WAYNFLETE SCHOOL PORTLAND, MAINE
Home School, 14 girls. Day School, 60.
Principals: Miss Crisfield, Miss Lowell.

MASSACHUSETTS

Massachusetts, Auburndale.
Lasell Seminary
A high grade school for young women. Strong courses in all departments, including Music, Art, Elocution, and Household Economics. Certificate admits to colleges. Fine gymnasium. Ten miles from Boston. C. C. Bragdon, Principal.

School for Social Workers, Boston
Maintained by Simmons College and Harvard University. Study and practice of neighborhood and civil service, charity, etc.; preparing for paid or volunteer work. Instruction and guidance by experienced specialists. One-year course. Fifth year begins Sept. 29. A Department of Research, for advanced workers. For circulars address **9 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.**

Miss Annie Coolidge Rust's 17th Year.
Froebel School of Kindergarten Normal Classes. Pierce Building, Copley Square, Boston, Mass. Regular two-year course. Post-graduate and special courses. Circular on request.

Perry Kindergarten Normal School
18 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. ANNIE MOSELEY PERRY, Principal

FRANKLIN, MASSACHUSETTS

Dean Academy

Young men and young women find here a homelike atmosphere, thorough and efficient training in every department of a broad culture, a loyal and helpful school spirit. Liberal endowment permits liberal terms, $250 per year. For catalogue and information address
ARTHUR W. PEIRCE, Litt.D., Principal.

Massachusetts, Great Barrington, Berkshire County.
The HALLOCK SCHOOL FOR BOYS
A modern school with thorough instruction, aiming to inculcate the highest ideals. 3½ hrs. from New York without change. The "Hamilton Grange" estate. Gerard Hallock, M.A., Head Master.

GROTON, MASSACHUSETTS
Lawrence Academy
FOR BOYS. Limited to 40
College Scholarships. Athletics. Healthful location.
Catalogs and particulars of
ARTHUR J. CLOUGH, A.M., Principal.

MASSACHUSETTS

WHEATON SEMINARY For Young Women

Norton, Mass. Healthfully located within 30 miles of Boston. 74th year begins Sept. 16, 1908. Endowed. Certificates to college. Advanced courses for high school graduates and others. Art and music. Native French and German. Modern gymnasium, with resident instructor; tennis, basket-ball, field hockey, etc. For catalogue and views address the President, REV. SAMUEL V. COLE, A.M., D.D.

The MacDuffie School

169 Central Street, Springfield, Mass.

One of the pleasantest and most home-like schools for girls in New England. College certificates.
JOHN MACDUFFIE, Ph.D., MRS. JOHN MACDUFFIE, A.B., Prins.

MASSACHUSETTS, Springfield.

"The Elms." HOME, DAY, AND MUSIC SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

English, Music, Special, and College Preparatory courses. Certificate admits to Vassar, Smith, Mt. Holyoke, and Wellesley.
MISS CHARLOTTE W. PORTER, Principal.

The Allen School

A school for wholesome boys. Individual instruction. Thorough preparation for college or scientific schools. Athletic training. For catalogue address
Everett Starr Jones, Headmaster, Box D, West Newton, Mass.

MASSACHUSETTS, Worcester.

Worcester Academy

All advantages of a large school: master educators, complete equipment, enthusiasm. Eight buildings. Special laboratories. Gymnasium. "Megaron" containing noble Recreation Hall and big Swimming Pool. Eight Tennis Courts. Ample Oval. Cinder Track. 75th year. Catalogue. D. W. ABERCROMBIE, LL. D.

NEW JERSEY

SCHOOL OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD

ASBURY PARK, N. J.

Home School for girls. Price $275. Address Sister-in-Charge.

St. Mary's Hall

For Girls

Burlington, New Jersey

Centenary Collegiate Institute

Hackettstown, N. J.

Offers the hills of New Jersey for health of body; the halls of a new modern school building for ideal equipment; the régime prescribed by a strong faculty for culture of mind; a high moral atmosphere for character development; an exceedingly low rate in consideration of the advantages.

College preparatory, modern languages, music and other courses. Gymnasium, swimming pool, and the best of athletic facilities. Year opens Sept. 23d.

For catalogue address
Jonathan M. Meeker, Ph.D., President

NEW JERSEY, Montclair, 26 Walden Place.

Montclair Academy

22nd year under same headmaster. Military organization. Gymnasium and Swimming Pool. "Your Boy and Our School" is a little book which will interest parents, no matter where their sons are educated. JOHN G. MACVICAR, A.M.

NEW BRUNSWICK, New Jersey. **Send for Year Book.**

Rutgers Preparatory School for Boys

Founded 1776. Prepares for all colleges. Strong faculty of professionally trained teachers. Supervised athletics. Military drill.
MYRON T. SCUDDER, Headmaster, 46 College Ave.
Recently Principal of State Normal School, New Paltz, N. Y.

NEW JERSEY

The New Jersey State Normal and **Model Schools.** The Normal School is a professional school devoted to the preparation of teachers for the public schools of New Jersey. Cost per year for board, $154.00. The Model School offers a thorough academic course and prepares for the leading colleges and technical schools and for business. Total cost in the Model School, including board and tuition, $200.00 per year. Dormitories with modern, home-like equipment. J. M. GREEN, Principal, Trenton, New Jersey.

NEW YORK CITY

New York University Law School

74th Year opens Sept. 24.
Morning Class, 9:30—12.
Afternoon Class, 3:30—6.
Evening Class, 8—10.
Degrees LL.B., LL.M., J.D.

Address L. J. TOMPKINS, Sec., Washington Sq., N. Y.

MRS. HELEN SCOVILLE'S SCHOOL for Girls

Classical School. Music, Art, Languages. Advantages of the city. Home care and social life. Special and regular studies; physical culture, riding, gymnasium, and outdoor exercise. Annex in Paris. Summer Travel Party.
2042 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

The Staten Island Academy NEW BRIGHTON, NEW YORK CITY

Twenty-five minutes from Manhattan. A complete school system in one building. Offers unusual combination of superb equipment, modern methods, moderate rates. The year book will interest *you*.

CRANFORD, N. J.
Suburb New York

Miss Richmond's

College preparatory and residence school. Special protection to the younger members. Home influence and personal attention given each individual. Outdoor sports: canoeing, golf, tennis, skating. Limited number.

NEW YORK

MRS. FRANCES MARSHALL

(Formerly of the Veltin School, New York)
Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

Boarding and Day School for Little Girls, Kindergarten, Primary, Intermediate and Junior Departments.
Address Box 53, Briarcliff Manor, for circulars.

The Mountain School (for boys)

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS, N. Y. Elevation of School, 2,000 feet. Health, Character, Culture, Scholarship. Address
ELIAS G. BROWN, A.B., M.D., 481 West 145th St., New York City.

NEW YORK, Long Island, Garden City.

St. Mary's School

A SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, 18 miles from New York. Number limited. Healthful location; spacious buildings. College preparatory work. Excellent advantages in music and modern languages. References required. MISS ANNIE S. GIBSON, Principal.

Home School for Backward and Nervous Children

For circular and particulars address **THE SYCAMORE FARM SCHOOL, R. F. D. No. 4, Newburgh, N. Y.**

PUTNAM HALL SCHOOL

Boarding school for girls. College Preparatory Departments and General Course. Certificates admit to leading colleges. For catalogue, address Box 803.
ELLEN CLIZBE BARTLETT, Principal, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Rye Seminary,

Rye, New York.
For particulars address
Mrs. S. J. LIFE, The Misses STOWE

Miss C. E. Mason's Suburban School

FOR GIRLS **THE CASTLE, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.**

All departments. College preparatory, graduating and special courses. For circular address
Miss C. E. MASON, LL.M., Lock Box 711

Emma Willard School for Girls

(Formerly Troy Female Seminary). Certificate admits to Wellesley, Vassar, Smith, and Wells Colleges, and Cornell University. General and Special Courses. Music and Art Schools. Fireproof buildings. Basket-ball, hockey, and other out-of-door games. For circulars, address Miss ANNA LEACH, A.M., Principal, Troy, N.Y.

THE OAKWOOD SEMINARY Union Springs-on-Cayuga Lake

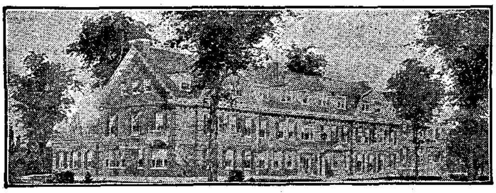
Endowed co-educational boarding school for college preparation, under management of Friends. Strong Christian faculty. Board and tuition $250. Capacity 75. Anyone of good character and habits received. For catalogue address
WALTER HALLOCK WOOD, A.B., Principal.

PENNSYLVANIA

BLAIRSVILLE COLLEGE FOR WOMEN Blairsville, Pa.

Preparatory Department preparing for admission to any college. Famous German Music Master. Faculty of Graduates from the best Universities and Conservatories in Europe and America. Cost moderate. 58th year begins September 17th, 1908.

Rev. NEWELL S. FISCUS, A.M., B.D., President.



Specially designed building with every improved equipment.

The Misses Shipley's School

Preparatory to Bryn Mawr College. College Preparatory and Academic courses. Small classes. Resident athletic director.

For illustrated circular address

THE SECRETARY, Box G, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Pennsylvania Military College Chester Pa.

47th Year begins September 16. Degrees in Civil Engineering, Chemistry, Arts. Also Preparatory Courses. Infantry, Artillery, Cavalry. Scholastic, Military, Moral, and Athletic training. Catalogues of COL. CHAS. E. HYATT, President.

SHIPPEN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

LANCASTER, PA.

College preparatory and general courses. Certificates to Wellesley, Smith, Woman's College of Baltimore. Price for boarding students, $365.

ALICE HILL BYRNE
ALICE WEBB STOCKWELL } Principals

OGONTZ SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES! Twenty minutes from Philadelphia, two hours from New York. The late Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. MISS SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, MISS A. A. SUTHERLAND, Principals, Ogontz School P. O., Pa.

ST. LUKE'S SCHOOL

WAYNE, PA. (14 miles from Philadelphia.)

Forty-four years successful in preparing boys for college or for business. Careful *individual* instruction. Buildings all new. 30 acres for all sports. Gymnasium, with swimming pool.

CHARLES HENRY STROUT, A.M., Headmaster.

VERMONT

St. Johnsbury Academy St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Sixty-sixth year opens Sept. 8. College Preparatory with certificate privileges. Commercial Department, Music, Art. Rooms for both boys and girls with modern conveniences. Historic school with high intellectual and moral standards. Send for illustrated catalogue. C. P. HOWLAND, Principal.

VIRGINIA

Mary Baldwin Seminary For Young Ladies

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

Term begins Sept. 10th, 1908. In Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. 327 students from 31 States past session. Terms moderate. Enter any time. Send for catalog. Miss E. C. WEIMAR, Principal.

WISCONSIN

Milwaukee-Downer College Milwaukee Wisconsin

College: Four Year Course. **Seminary:** College Preparatory School. **Music:** Instrumental, Vocal. **Art. Elocution. Home Economics:** Two Year Course for Teachers. Gymnastics, Athletics. Fine new buildings. Advantages of city and country in location. Moderate price. Miss ELLEN C. SABIN, President.

PULPITS, Platform Chairs, Sunday School Seats, Collection Plates, Church Pews, School Desks, Opera Chairs, Lodge and Bank Furniture, Office Desks. Ask for Catalog by number only

C101 Church F'rnit're	School Desks S101
L101 Lodge Furniture	Opera Chairs O101
B101 Bank Furniture	Office Desks D101

E. H. STAFFORD MFG. CO., CHICAGO

The Metropolitan Hospital Training School for Female Nurses

New York City

OFFERS A THREE YEARS' COURSE OF TRAINING. APPLICANTS MUST BE BETWEEN 21 AND 35 YEARS OF AGE, AND HAVE ONE YEAR IN HIGH SCHOOL OR ITS EQUIVALENT. THE SCHOOL IS REGISTERED AND CONNECTED WITH A HOSPITAL OF OVER 1,300 BEDS. THE NURSES RECEIVE $10.00 PER MONTH THE FIRST YEAR, $12.00 THE SECOND, AND $15.00 THE THIRD YEAR. CLASSES FORMED EVERY TWO MONTHS.

THE NEW HOME, WHICH IS NEARLY COMPLETED, AND IS LOCATED ON ONE OF THE FINEST SITES IN NEW YORK CITY, WILL GIVE SINGLE ROOMS TO ALL NURSES, WITH SPACIOUS ENTRANCE HALL, LIBRARY, AND SITTING ROOMS. APPLY TO

AGNES S. WARD, R. N., SUPERINTENDENT,
METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL TRAINING SCHOOL,
BLACKWELL'S ISLAND, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Children Die

in the tenements these hot days. Our FRESH AIR FARM is closing this month for lack of funds. Will you help us keep it open?

FRIENDLY AID SOCIETY

Mail checks to Charles F. Stone, Jr., 44 Hubert St., N.Y.C.

32 page specimen pamphlets of the new hymn book

HALLOWED HYMNS

loaned free for Camp, Union and Special Meetings.

THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., New York or Chicago

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

adds zest to gravies and spice to salads and improves the flavor of fish, game, and soups.

Hotel Martha Washington

29TH AND 30TH STREETS

Just East of Fifth Avenue

NEW YORK

Woman's Hotel Exclusively

Convenient to shopping and theatre district, and all transportation.

Caters especially to women travelling or visiting New York alone.

ROOF GARDEN—Refreshments Served

Restaurant and Tea Room on main floor for men and women. Cuisine exceptionally good.

Absolutely Fireproof

Over 400 rooms—$1.00 per day up.
Numerous baths on every floor free to guests.
Telephone in every room.
European plan only.

Send for booklet. **A. W. EAGER.**

$72.50 California and Return

For first-class tickets sold daily to September 30th, from Chicago. Return limit October 31st. Corresponding rates from other points; choice of routes going one way and returning another.

THE NORTH WESTERN LINE

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE

Three trains daily, from Chicago, via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line to San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland. The electric-lighted Overland Limited, the electric-lighted Los Angeles Limited, and the China & Japan Fast Mail—luxurious in every particular.

W. B. KNISKERN
Pass'r Traffic Manager, C. & N. W. Ry.
Chicago, Ill.

OL745

Hunyadi János FOR CONSTIPATION

The Natural Laxative Mineral Water
Nature's own way of cleansing the body is most simple. She provides a pure and wholesome Mineral water as a laxative and health tonic. Keep yourself in healthy condition by drinking half a glass on arising in the morning.

THE BEN GREET PLAYERS

Summer Season Open Air Plays. For Winter Plays, etc., address care of SANGER JORDAN, Empire Theatre Bldg., N. Y. City. Mr. Greet will open a studio for acting Oct. 19th.

OUTFITTERS FOR SPORTSMEN
LIGHT WEIGHT WATER AND ROTPROOF TENTS

OUTING CLOTHES CAMP OUTFITS FOOTWEAR

ABERCROMBIE'S TRADE **CAMP** MARK

CANOES FISHING TACKLE, GUNS & AMMUNITION

311 BROADWAY, N. Y.
DAVID T. ABERCROMBIE CO.
SEND 4C. STAMP FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE K

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT TRADE MARK REGISTERED

64th Year of Success with Sensitive Stomachs.

The Effervescent
Headache Cure
and Stomach Settler
"Tastes Like Soda Water."
No harmful drugs.
50c. & $1 at druggists or by mail.
THE TARRANT CO.
44 Hudson St., New York

KEEP A FILE OF THE OUTLOOK. A handsome Binder in jade-green cloth, with gilt side-stamp, will be sent postpaid on receipt of FORTY CENTS by THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE AUTHOR THAT THE

A Discount of 50%

MR. PICKWICK

DICKENS	Twenty Volumes. Full, flexible red leather covers, gold stamping, richly illustrated,	**$40.00**
YOUR RENEWAL SUBSCRIPTION to	The Outlook from July 1, 1908, to January 1, 1910	***4.50**
A NEW SUBSCRIPTION to The Outlook from	July 1, 1908, to January 1, 1910	**4.50**
		$49.00

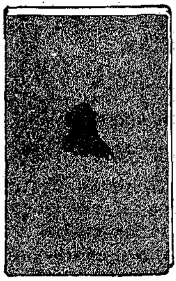
For just one half, $24.50 net cash

Or in Five Monthly Payments of $5 each, making $25 in all

*A subscriber may deduct 25 cents per month from this item for each month his subscription is paid beyond July 1, 1908. For example: A subscription expiring January 1, 1909, would figure in this quotation as $3—or a total of $47.50, making the net amount $23.75.

The publisher's price for this set of Dickens is Forty Dollars. We have made a special arrangement, and can offer you a really remarkable bargain. No more charming edition of this great author has ever been published. If you see it you will agree with this statement. We give you the full benefit of our bargain. Forty-nine Dollars' value for Twenty-four Fifty. We make the offer in order to increase The Outlook's circulation.

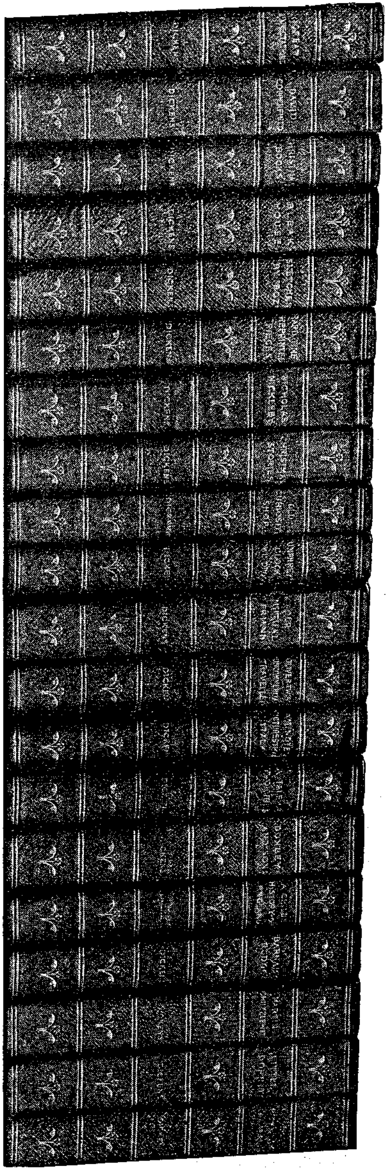
WHAT THE BOOKS ARE LIKE



Not too large for the pocket or too small for the pretentious book-shelf.

Twenty volumes, 4½ x 6¾ inches, and uniformly three-quarters of an inch thick, printed at the Oxford University Press on the famous Oxford Bible Paper, from new plates with large, clear type. Bound in full, flexible red English grain leather, with full gold back and edges, opening flat without breaking. Over seven hundred illustrations, beautifully reproduced from the originals of the master illustrators of Dickens, including "Phiz," Cruickshank, Walker, Landseer, Maclise, Leech, Stone, Cattermole, Fields, Stanfield, Tenniel, Green, Grieffenhagen, Furniss, Goodman, Townsend, and others. New portraits of Dickens. A list, in the front of each volume, of the leading characters for quick reference.

WHOLE WORLD LOVES



THE SET COMPRISES

Pickwick Papers
Master Humphrey's Clock and Edwin Drood
Christmas Stories
Martin Chuzzlewit
David Copperfield
Old Curiosity Shop
Oliver Twist and Uncommercial Traveller
Great Expectations
A Child's History of England
Sketches by Boz
A Tale of Two Cities
Hard Times and Reprinted Pieces
Christmas Books
Our Mutual Friend
Little Dorrit
Barnaby Rudge
Bleak House
Nicholas Nickleby
American Notes and Pictures from Italy
Dombey and Son

The Critics Say

"The edition is a marvel of perfection and portability."
"There is no better pocket edition of Dickens."
"A notable edition, admirably compact."
"A phenomenon in book-making."
"Exquisitely printed on the miraculous Oxford Paper."
"Light and portable, yet does not look small."
"A wonderful book-making triumph."

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

First send for the complete set *at our expense*. If the books are satisfactory, send us Five Dollars as the first of Five Monthly Payments of Five Dollars each, and the new subscription and renewal will then be entered on our subscription list. *It costs you nothing* to examine the set. If, after a week, you decide that you don't want the books, return the set, carefully packed in the same box, at our expense.

NOTE.—It is understood that the set of Dickens is our property until the Twenty-five Dollars has been paid *in full.*

THE OUTLOOK

287 Fourth Avenue, New York

USE THIS COUPON

SEND ME YOUR NEW DICKENS

Name______________________________

Address______________________________

____

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY - - - - 287 Fourth Ave., New York

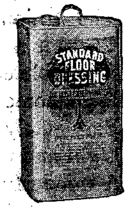
The Best Remedy for the Dust Evil

Medical authorities are constantly calling attention to the menace of disease-laden dust in public places. Large expanses of untreated floors are especially dangerous, because air currents and other disturbances will set the dust in circulation and so increase the liability of contagion.

STANDARD FLOOR DRESSING

is the only effective remedy for the dust evil. By holding the dust to the floor it keeps the air pure and clean. Tests prove that Standard Floor Dressing reduces dust *eleven-twelfths.*

Floors appear to better advantage when treated with this dressing. They last longer and will neither crack nor splinter. Three or four treatments a year afford best results. Sold in barrels and cans of varying sizes.



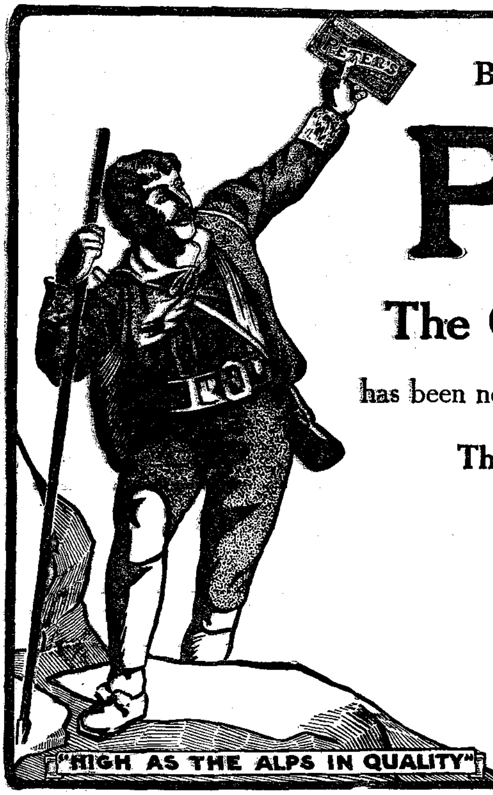
Not intended for household use.

DEMONSTRATION FREE OF CHARGE

We will prove the efficiency of Standard Floor Dressing at OUR OWN EXPENSE. Say the word and we will treat part of one floor in school, store or public building. Particulars for the asking.

Write for free book "Dust and Its Dangers."

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)


PETERS
"HIGH AS THE ALPS IN QUALITY"

By Direct Vote of the People

PETER'S

The Original Milk Chocolate

has been nominated and elected for another four years as

The World's Favorite Chocolate

Pure,
Wholesome,
Sustaining,
Irresistibly Delicious.

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., **Sole Importers**
78 Hudson Street, New York